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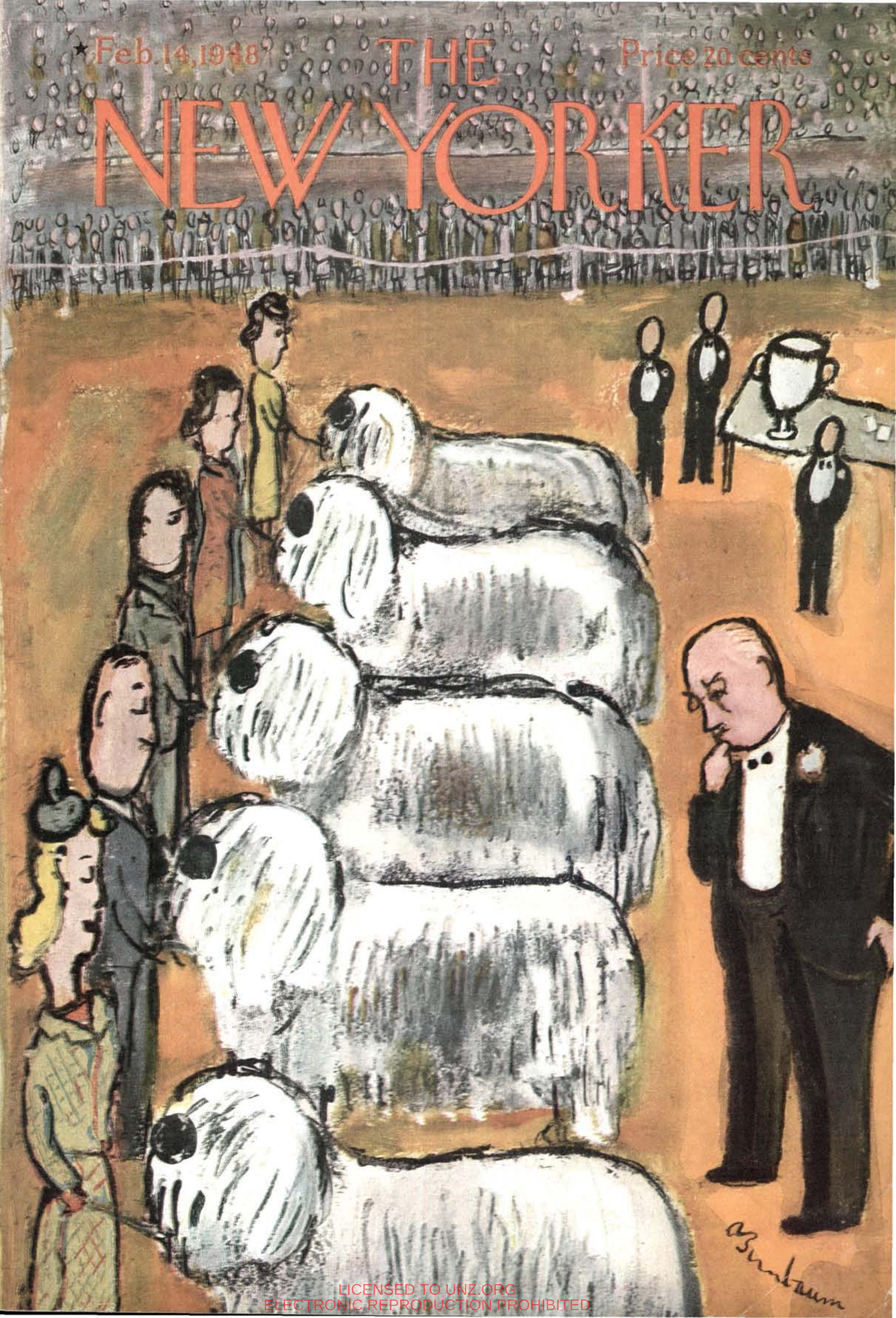
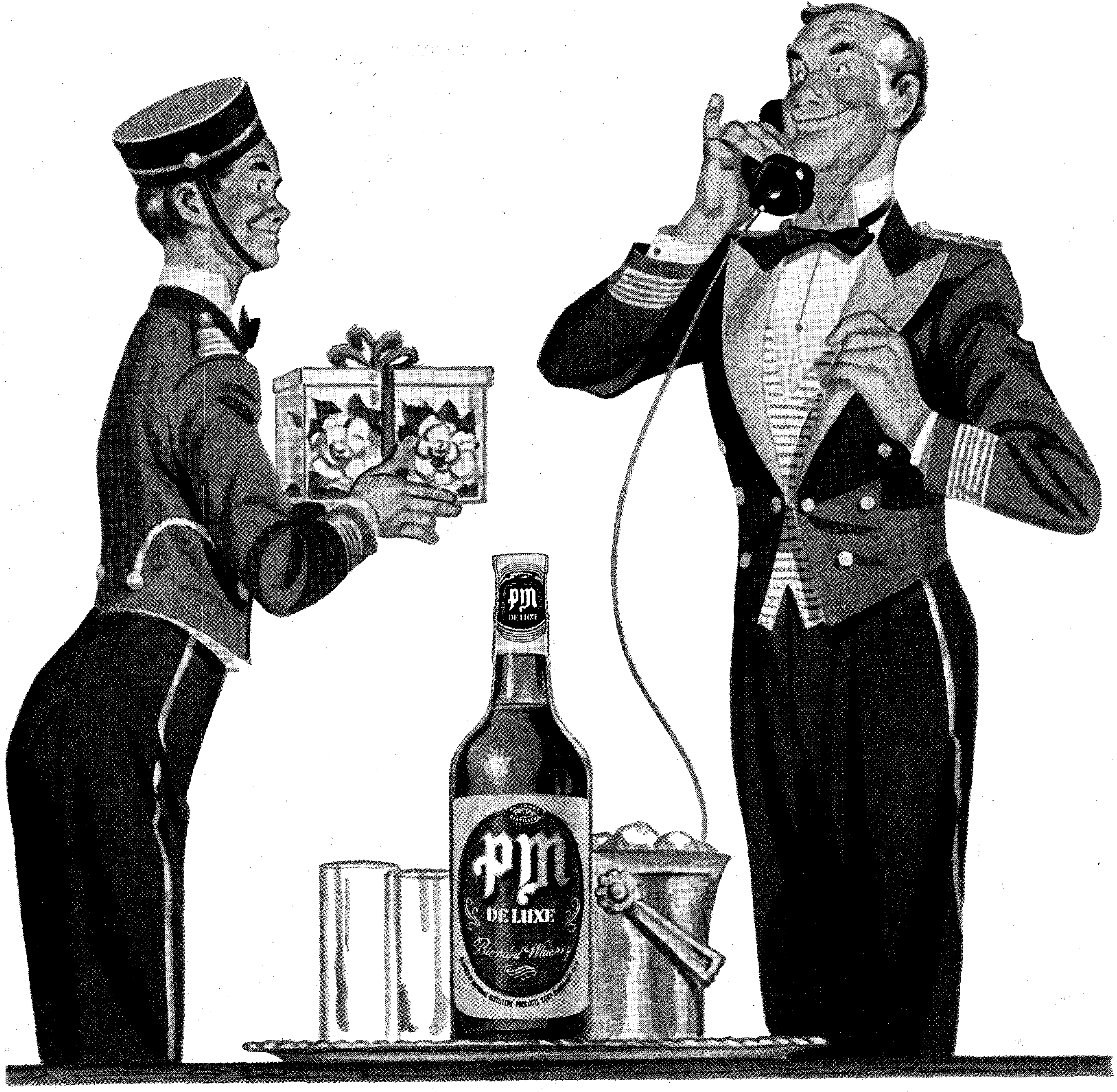
THE NEW YORKER

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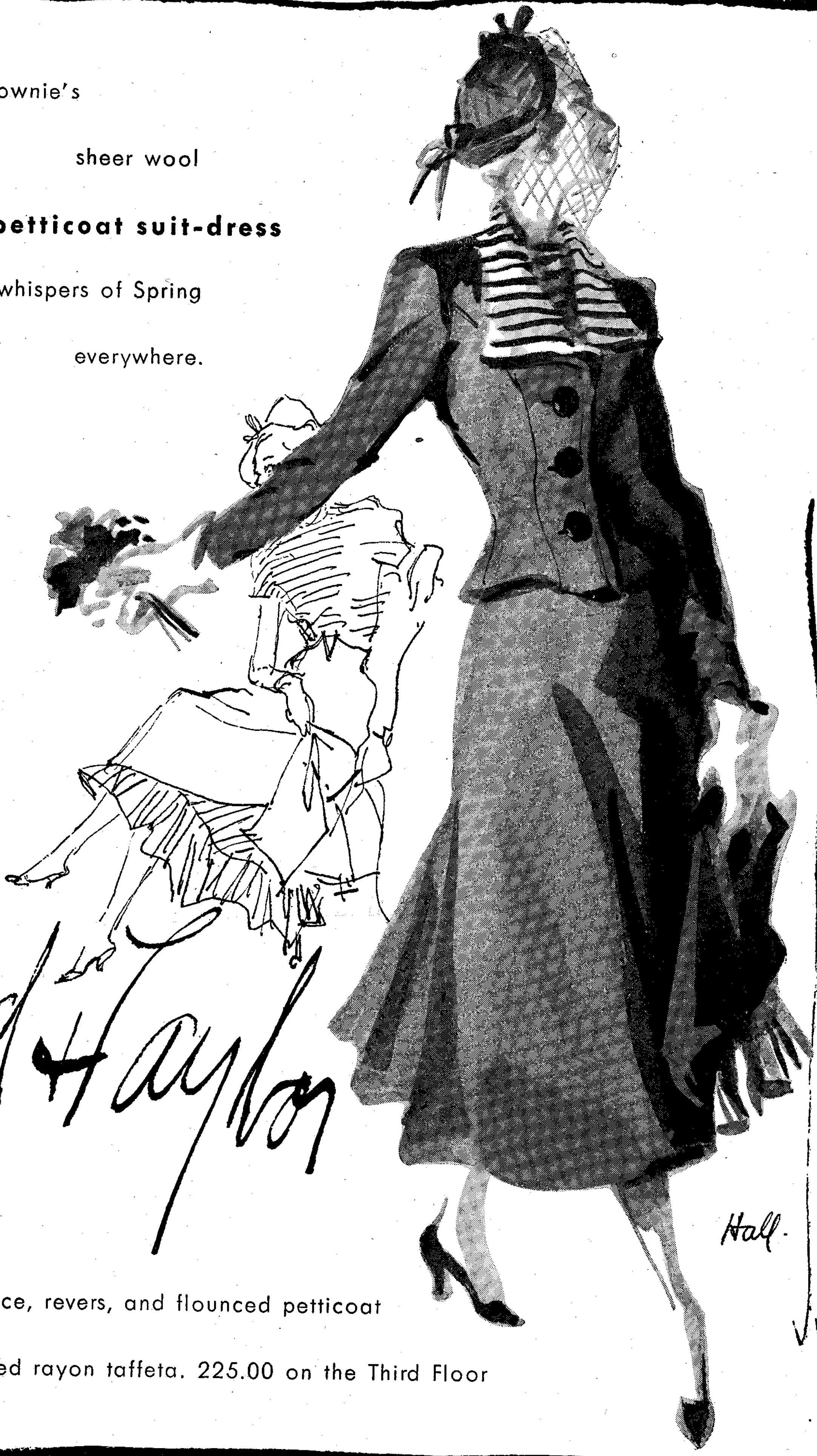

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their matinée schedules because of Lincoln's Birthday. There may be still further changes, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Antony and Cleopatra—Katharine Cornell is very regal and spirited, if not, perhaps, quite as abandoned as she might be, in this excellent revival. Godfrey Tearle makes a fine, touching Antony, and there are other effective performances, by Kent Smith, Ralph Clanton, and Ivan Simpson. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15; special matinée Thursday, Feb.12.)

Command Decision—A taut and expert drama having to do with our Air Forces in England and their difficulties with the boys in the Pentagon. With Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12, and, for the Stage Relief Fund, special evening performance Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Crime and Punishment—Rodney Ackland has captured all Dostoevski's gloom but not much else in this dramatization of the novel. John Gielgud, Lillian Gish, and Dolly Haas. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 14.)

For Love or Money—June Lockhart's unusual charm does a great deal to alleviate a somewhat mechanical play. With John Loder, Vicki Cummings, Paula Trueman, and Mark O'Daniels. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Heiress—An adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square" that is both a penetrating study of New York society in 1850 and an exciting play. Wendy Hiller is magnificent at the head of a cast that includes Basil Rathbone and Patricia Collinge. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

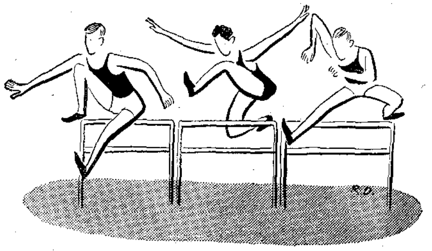
Man and Superman—It's probably no news these days that women chase men, but Maurice Evans has given this Shaw play devoted to the subject a very pleasing production. He also stars in it, and is aided by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Moves on Monday, Feb. 16, to the Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)

Medea—Judith Anderson is overpowering as the bloodiest heroine in literature. Robinson Jeffers did the "free adaptation," and in the supporting cast are Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The New York City Theatre Company—José Ferrer, Richard Whorf, and Paula Laurence in four Chekhov comedies: "A Tragedian in Spite of Himself," "The Bear," "On the Harmfulness of Tobacco," and "The Wedding." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 14.)

Skipper Next to God—John Garfield in Jan de Hartog's morally commendable but theatrically static play about the plight of the stateless Jew. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Strange Bedfellows—Prostitutes and suffragettes are wildly mixed up in this comedy, and, unfortunately, the total effect is pretty strained. Joan Tetzel and John Archer lead the big, enormously active cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' new play about a woman's disintegration is better than "The Glass Menagerie" and by far the best thing to appear this season. Jessica Tandy gives a lovely performance in the major role, and Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter assist her superbly. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)

The Winslow Boy—Except for a little interpolated romance, this Terence Rattigan play, based on a famous British trial, is most satisfactory. The cast, brought over from England by John C. Wilson and the Theatre Guild, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, Feb. 15.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.) . . . **happy birthday:** The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.) . . . **harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Doctor Social—Dean Jagger and Haila Stoddard in a play by Joseph L. Estry. Directed by Don Appell and produced by Harold Barnard. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)

Dublin Gate Theatre—This Irish company, imported by Richard Aldrich, Richard Myers, and Brian Doherty, in a repertory of Irish comedy, starting with Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island." The troupe is headed by Hilton Edwards and Micheál Mac Liammóir. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—A play with music, and two jokes, about the first thirty-five years of a doctor's life. Richard Rodgers' score is all right, but Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's ballets don't help at all. Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, Kathryn Lee, Muriel O'Malley, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Paul and Grace Hartman have six extremely comic numbers in this revue, but the rest of the program is fairly discouraging. With Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—This admirable company, which includes Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt, makes the old favorites seem just as nice as ever. "Patience" will run through Saturday, Feb. 14, followed by a week of "The Mikado." (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Some nonsense dealing with the 1913 Rutgers football team and a couple of confidence men, turned into a highly agreeable evening by Nanette Fabray's stylish performance and Jerome Robbins' wonderful Mack Sennett ballet. With Phil Silvers, Lois Lee, and Joey Faye. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—This comedy about a wandering troupe of ballet dancers is handicapped by a silly story but some of Jerome Robbins' choreography is very attractive and Nancy Walker is a fine, indignant comic. George Abbott has directed a cast that includes Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava, and Alice Pearce. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Make Mine Manhattan—Arnold B. Horwitt's sketches, a couple of which are marvellously funny, make this revue one of the pleasantest things in town. Richard Lewine wrote the songs, and the leading comedians are David Burns and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—annie get your gun: The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **brigadoon:** Fanciful doings in a Scottish village. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **finian's rainbow:** The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun-

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 52, February 14, 1948. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1948, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippine Is., Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!**: Age cannot wither. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(Since there are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, it would be a good idea to investigate further before going to the theatre.)

GHOSTS—Eva Le Gallienne in a two-week revival of the Ibsen play. Produced by Louis J. Singer and the American Repertory Theatre, and directed by Margaret Webster. Opens Monday, Feb. 16. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, Feb. 18, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISTER ROBERTS—A dramatization, by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, of Mr. Heggen's novel. Henry Fonda, David Wayne, and William Harrigan have the leading roles. Directed by Mr. Logan and produced by Leland Hayward. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 18. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TONIGHT AT 8:30—Gertrude Lawrence in a revival of the Noel Coward show, directed by Mr. Coward and produced by Homer Curran, Russell Lewis, and Howard Young. The first group of plays—"Ways and Means," "Family Album," and "Red Peppers"—opens on Friday, Feb. 20. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at, illogically, 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO—Opening performances—Sunday evening, Feb. 15: "Les Sylphides," "Concerto Barocco," "Cirque de Deux," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 17: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 18: "The Nutcracker," "Madroños," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 19: "Lola Montez," "Cirque de Deux," "Rodeo," and "Frankie and Johnny." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 20: "Danses Concertantes," "Lola Montez," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 21: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 21: "Raymonda," "Cirque de Deux," and "Frankie and Johnny." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MARTHA GRAHAM AND HER COMPANY—A twelve-day engagement, for the benefit of A.N.T.A. —Tuesday evening, Feb. 17: "Appalachian Spring," "Night Journey," and "Every Soul Is a Circus." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 18: "El Penitente," "Night Journey," and "Punch and the Judy." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 19: "Dark Meadow," "Stephen Acrobat," and "Letter to the World." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 20: "Appalachian Spring," "Herodiade," "Cave of the Heart," and "Every Soul Is a Circus." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 21: "Errand into the Maze," "John Brown," "Night Journey," and "Punch and the Judy." (Maxine Elliott, 39th St., E. BR 9-9459. Evenings at 8:40.)

JOSÉ LIMON—With his dance group. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday evening, Feb. 14, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

VAUDEVILLE—Zero Mostel, Lou Holtz, Molly Picon, and others, in a one-night stand. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday evening, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

ICE SHOW—"Icetime of 1948," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated. A few of them have fill-in entertainers on Sundays or Mondays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000) —In the Trianon Room, the dulcet strains of Lary Siry's reliable dance band. No dancing on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Russ Morgan's staff of musicians and singers will play through Saturday, Feb. 14, in the lofty Bowman Room. On Monday, Feb. 16, Larry Green's band takes over. Closed Sundays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Fifty violins working their way through an old Victor Red Seal catalogue, but the impish dances of Mata and Hari, and the dance music of Billy Banks' band, make up for a lot of it.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Still Yale's and Princeton's favorite urban *pied-à-terre*. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's cheerful orchestras. Closed Sundays.

MONTE CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—The longest bar in town, and probably the most uninhibited décor. Peter Walters is at the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra and José Mora's rumba band play for dancing afterward.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A fairly princely upper-bracket nepenthe. Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has an unobtrusive new show at dinner and supper. Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Hildegarde's impeccable impersonation of a cyclotron at work. Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, pretty as a picture, has gay dance music by Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's ceremonious orchestra plays just above a whisper during dinner in the Oval Room; no dancing.

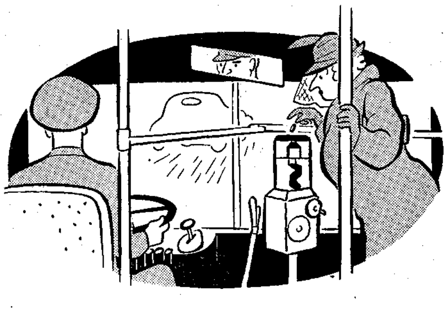
ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the elaborate Iridium Room, Ted Straeter's orchestra (through Saturday, Feb. 14) and Johnny Guarnieri's trio. Hal Saunders' orchestra arrives on Monday, Feb. 16. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The handsome little Maisonette has two dance orchestras and a small show. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600) —The customers in the Café Lounge may be mostly Continental, but Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band make the room sound very Manhattan. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Boys being boys and girls being girls. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing on Sunday afternoons.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A comfortable spot to cry into your highball while Edith Piaf does her wonderful sort of torch songs. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge will be in the Sert Room, through Wednesday, Feb. 18, at suppertime. Dancing all evening to the neat orchestras of Emil Coleman and Mischa Borr. On Thursday, Feb. 19, Lucienne Boyer returns to town. No show Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.



SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Cy Walter plays some nimble piano after nine o'clock, and Les Crosley does the same at cocktails and dinner. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing in this plushy nook. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A sightly and peaceable spot to listen (after eight-thirty every night but Sunday) to Les Crosley's adroit piano playing. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Mary Lou Williams, toying gaudily with a piano. On Saturday, Feb. 14, Fats Pichon, an unrestrained New Orleans piano thumper, will replace her. Hal Sherman and Helen Humes are also around. Ed Hall's orchestra. Closed Mondays. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Soft lights and soft Roger Stearns piano music. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox plays the piano after ten-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): One of the best of the old-timers, with Alex Fogarty at the piano after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A good-looking alcove, with the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. . . . **CAFÉ JAMES**, 42 E. 50th St. (PL 9-3696): This rather recently established hideaway now offers Libby Holman's folk singing, and casual piano by Cass Harrison. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Teatime and dinner dance music by the Dardanelle Trio. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A placid haven, with Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Russia of yesteryear, presented with considerable stir. Dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latin life in its jauntiest and most neighborly form. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Ed Wynn (through Saturday, Feb. 14), clowning in the old way. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Henny Youngman, telling very Copacabana jokes; those luscious showgirls, languishing through their routines; and Carl Ravazza, singing his caramel songs. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): You'll have to look twice to see Les Compagnons de la Chanson, but you'll be glad you did.

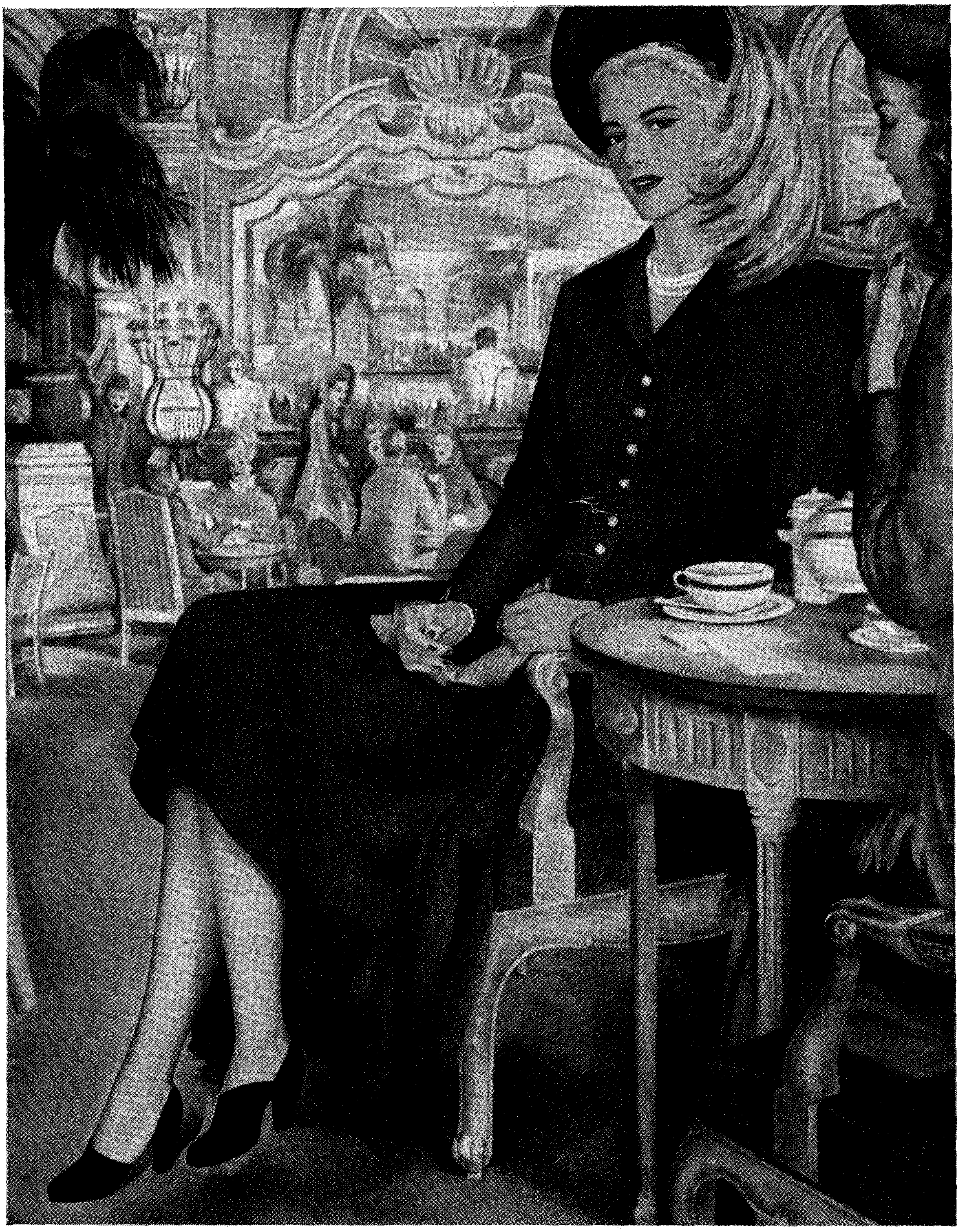
SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Harum-scarum merriment by Leonard Elliott and Irma Jurist, noisy merriment by Kaye Ballard, and bright ballads by Herb Jeffries. On Tuesday, Feb. 17, a brand-new show, comprising Alice Pearce, Josephine Premice, and Jay Marshall, takes up residence. The Ellis Larkin Trio helps out here and there. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The best moments are provided by Day, Dawn & Dusk, Muriel Gaines, and Connie Sawyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan and (through Saturday, Feb. 14) Josephine Premice, who are good news for anyone. The Max Kaminsky Trio for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): An easy-going show, ending with Spivy's smoking-room ditties. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, the Fafner of the trumpet,



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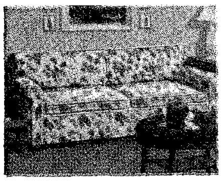
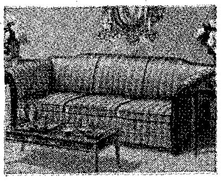
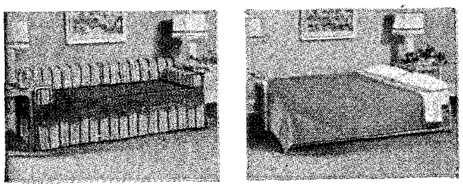
A STYLE FOR EVERY TYPE OF ROOM



LAWSON



TUXEDO



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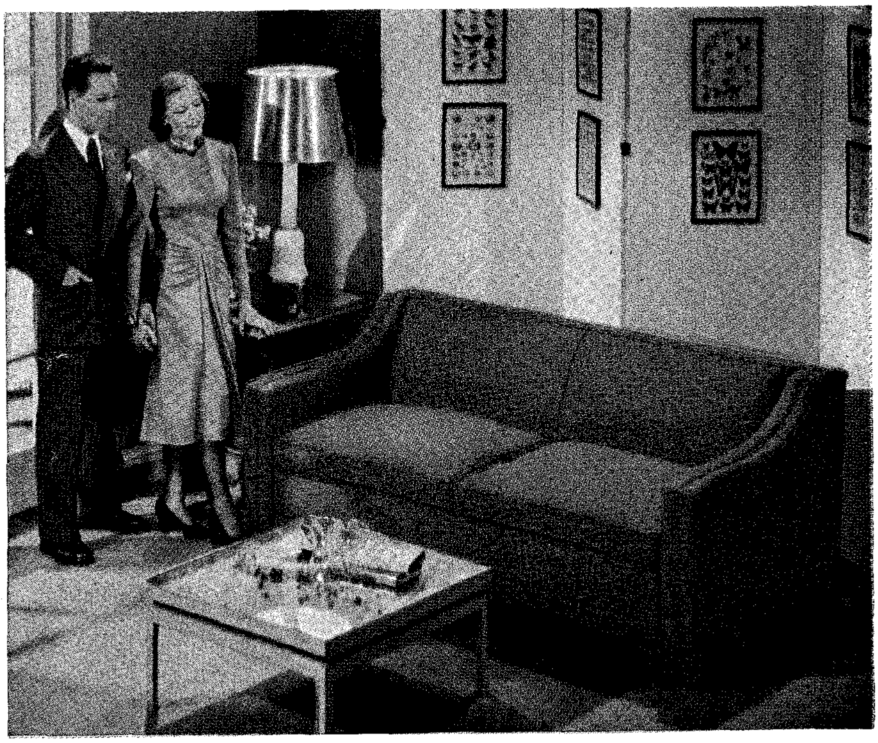

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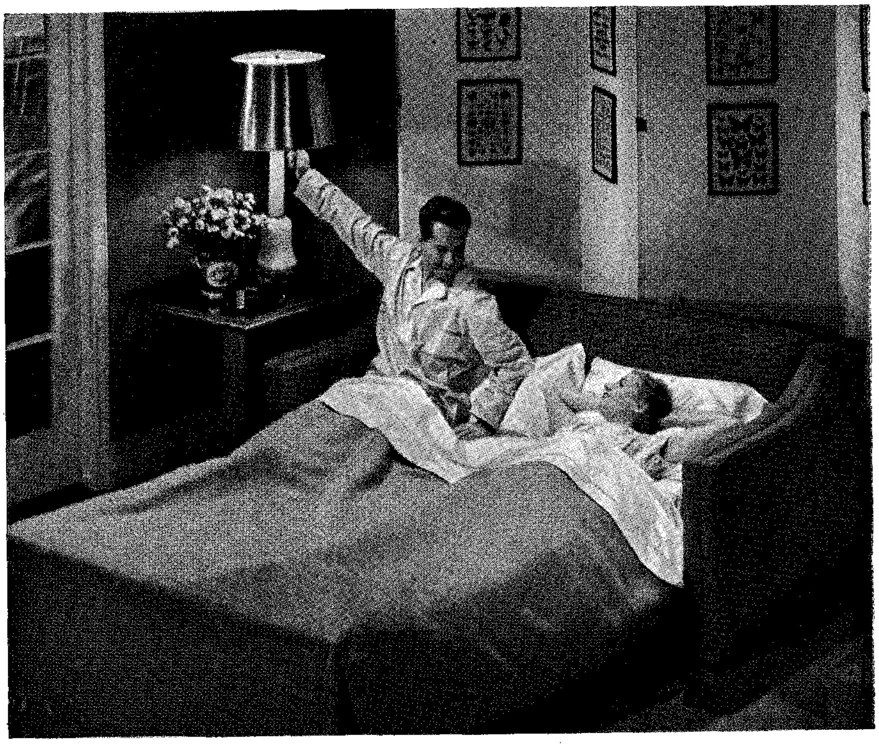

BY NIGHT

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plus Joe Sullivan, Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other virtuosos. Anything goes on Tuesday nights, when other masters of the art drop in for a busman's holiday. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Freddie Ohms, Pee Wee Russell, and friends, all in a housewarming mood. Sunday afternoon is visitors' hour here. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes, doing some nice things with a piano, at the head of his trio, and Chippie Hill, doing some raucous things with old blues songs; a jam session every Sunday afternoon. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, playing subtle dance music in a place that really has room to dance. No music on Mondays. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-7835): Hadda Brooks, singing, and Meade Lux Lewis, boogie-woogying. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Charlie Parker's band.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Eddy Howard's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Erwin Kent's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

Revington Arthur—Paintings that are well organized and full of vitality, though their garish color is sometimes hard to take. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Wednesday evenings until 9; through Feb. 14.)

Eugene Boudin—A rewarding collection of this nineteenth-century artist's delicate landscapes, which seem, to the modern eye, wonderfully peaceful. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Jo Davidson—A retrospective show of nearly two hundred portrait busts. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22.)

Eighteenth-Century French—Fifty paintings, in the best marzipan style of the period, by Greuze, Fragonard, Boucher, Watteau, and others. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Feb. 21.)

Angna Enters—A show, both new and retrospective, of this dancer's ingenuous water colors, oils, and drawings. (Newhouse, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

Alberto Giacometti—Recent sculptures, together with a few that date back to the nineteen-twenties. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

Group Shows—At the **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St.: Paintings by Marc Chagall, Jon Corbino, Stuart Davis, and others, selected by Emily Genauer as the best paintings of the year. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Work in crayon and gouache, by Will Barnet, Siv Holme, Ben-Zion, and others; through Feb. 21.

Abraham Harriton—Cheerful landscapes and lush figure paintings. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

Henry Koerner—First one-man show by a painter of unusual promise, who mingles poetic inference with realistic treatment, sometimes to extraordinary effect. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Feb. 21.)

Leonid—Simple, expressive paintings of lonely beaches in Portugal and Brittany. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 24.)

Stanislao Lepri—A rising young Paris Surrealist's first exhibition here, of adroit, humorously fantastic paintings. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Feb. 14.)

Lopez-Rey—New paintings by this Spanish artist, full of motion and tumultuous color. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 21.)

Henri Matisse—Paintings of three decades, 1900 to 1930, showing his early adventurousness and his constant skill. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S.—The fiftieth annual members' exhibition. (Daily, 3 to 9 P.M.; through Feb. 18.)

Pablo Picasso—Nine new paintings, gayer, brighter, and more simplified than before, plus five others, dated 1941 to 1945. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

John Piper—Sombre, romantic paintings of the English countryside. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 21.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Blockily designed industrial studies, mainly of life along the New York waterfront. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

Abraham Rattner—New paintings, more incandescent than ever, by one of the foremost American colorists. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

John Sloan—A large retrospective show of work done since 1901. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Theodoros Stamos—Abstract paintings, based on archeological symbols, with a kind of muted glow about them. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

Florine Stettheimer—Flowers, lovingly and piquantly painted. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Edward John Stevens—A report on this artist's recent visit to Hawaii, glittering in texture and rapt in feeling. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through March 9.)

Nahum Tschacbasov—A new group of rich, tempestuous oils. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: American Water Color Society; through March 1. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 58th St.: George L. K. Morris; through Feb. 28. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Frank Kleinholz; through Feb. 28. . . . **DIX**, 760 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Keith Vaughan; through March 13.

MUSEUMS

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, chiefly of Palestine, by M. Ardon-Bronstein. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through March 3.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of medieval, Renaissance, and modern French tapestries, lent by the French government; through Feb. 29. . . . ¶ A collection of nineteenth-century American glass; through March 31. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Feb. 12, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of sculpture by Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner; through April 25. . . . ¶ Forty-one additions to the Museum's collection; through March 21. . . . ¶ Water colors by children, selected from national contests run annually in France; through March 21. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The annual show of contemporary American sculptures, water colors, and drawings. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 21.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Feb. 12, at 8: "Peter Grimes" (Metropolitan première), with Frederick Jagel, Regina Resnik, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 13, at 8: "Manon," with Bidu Sayao, James Melton, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 14, at 2: "Der

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rosenkavalier," with Eleanor Steber, Jarmila Novotna, Emanuel List, and Irene Jessner. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 14, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Regina Resnik and Mario Berini; and "Pagliacci," with Florence Quartararo, Ramon Vinay, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 16, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patrice Munsel, Felix Knight, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 18, at 7:30: "Siegfried," with Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchior, and John Garris. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 19, at 8: "Louise," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Harshaw, John Brownlee, and Ramon Vinay. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8: "Tristan und Isolde," with Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchior, and Joel Berglund. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 21, at 2: "Aïda," with Daniza Ilitsch, Margaret Harshaw, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 21, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patrice Munsel and Ferruccio Tagliavini.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday evening, Feb. 12, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Feb. 13, at 2:30 (both with John Corigliano, violin). . . . ¶ Sunday afternoon, Feb. 15, at 3 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 19, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Feb. 20, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Richard Burgin conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Feb. 18, at 8:45, and Saturday afternoon, Feb. 21, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Paul Hindemith conducting a chamber orchestra, with the Juilliard Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 15, at 5:30.)

WESTMINSTER CHOIR—Singing Bach's "B-Minor Mass," directed by Ralph Burrier. (West End Presbyterian Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 105th St. Thursday afternoon and evening, Feb. 12, at 5 and 8. For tickets, call AC 2-0200.)

JOHN HARMS CHORUS—John Harms directing Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Martial Singher, baritone, and others. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—William H. Scheide directing the second in a series of four concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

MODERN MUSIC—A program of chamber music and choral works, with the Columbia University Singers and others, presented by the Columbia University Music Department. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday evening, Feb. 21, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

ROBERT CASADESUS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

ROSA BOK—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

MYRA HESS—Piano; a benefit for the Musicians' Emergency Fund. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14, at 2:30.)

EFREM ZIMBALIST—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14, at 5:30.)

ARTUR SCHNABEL—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday evening, Feb. 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

LOTTE LEHMANN—Soprano, in the first of three lieder recitals. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 15, at 3.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

JOSEPH SZIGETI—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

CARROLL GLENN AND EUGENE LIST—Violin and piano, in a program for the benefit of the Union Settlement. (Junior League, 221 E. 71st St. Tuesday evening, Feb. 17, at 8:45. For tickets, call LE 4-0925.)

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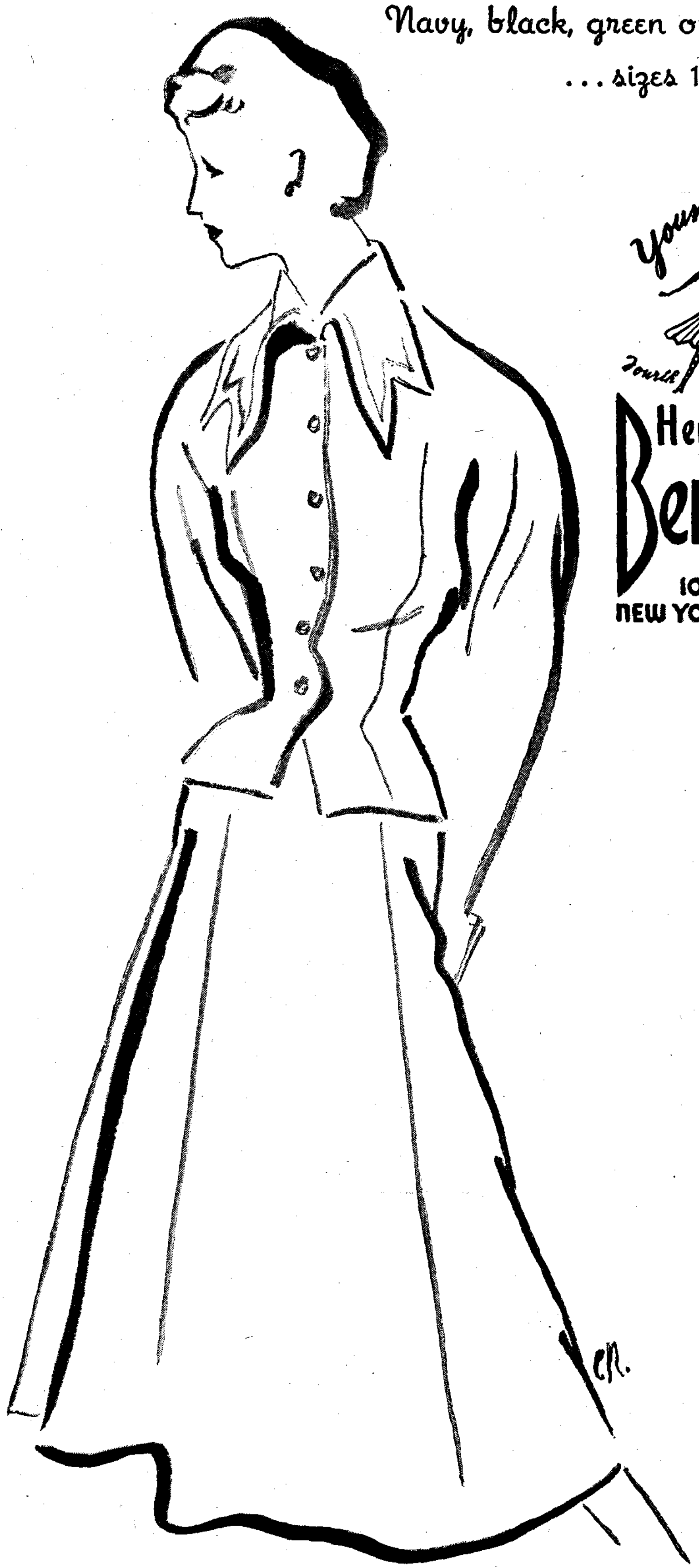


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sichord recitals. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Paganini Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Wednesday evening, Feb. 18, at 8:40.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Olga Coelho—Soprano, with guitar. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Note—Samson François will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 22, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 17, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Eleanor Steber and Richard Tucker in the first act of "La Traviata;" Carmen Gracia, John Brownlee, and Salvatore Baccaloni in the third act of "The Barber of Seville;" and Cloe Elmo, Daniza Ilitsch, and Giuseppe Valdengo in the second act of "Aida;" a benefit for the Metropolitan Opera Employees Welfare Fund. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday evening, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Memorial Concert—Emanuel List, bass; Vera Schwarz, soprano; Basil Rathbone; and others, in a program in memory of Richard Tauber. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Sunday evening, Feb. 15, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 13: Bernard Docusen vs. Gene Burton, welterweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 20: Beau Jack vs. Terry Young, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.) ... ¶ Golden Gloves City Finals, Monday, Feb. 16, at 8 P.M.

College Basketball—Tuesday, Feb. 17: N.Y.U. vs. Manhattan, and L.I.U. vs. Duquesne.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 19: St. John's vs. Niagara, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Canisius. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Feb. 12.)

Fencing—Thursday, Feb. 12, at 7 P.M.: All-Eastern Intermediate Foil Championship.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2 P.M.: Metropolitan Open Championship, Electrical Epée. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.)

Hockey—Sunday, Feb. 15: Rangers vs. Toronto.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 18: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, Feb. 14: Squadron A Regulars vs. Ramapo (first match in the Metropolitan High-Goal Polo League Tournament playoff), and Boulder Brook vs. Montoga.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21: Two matches, to be announced. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

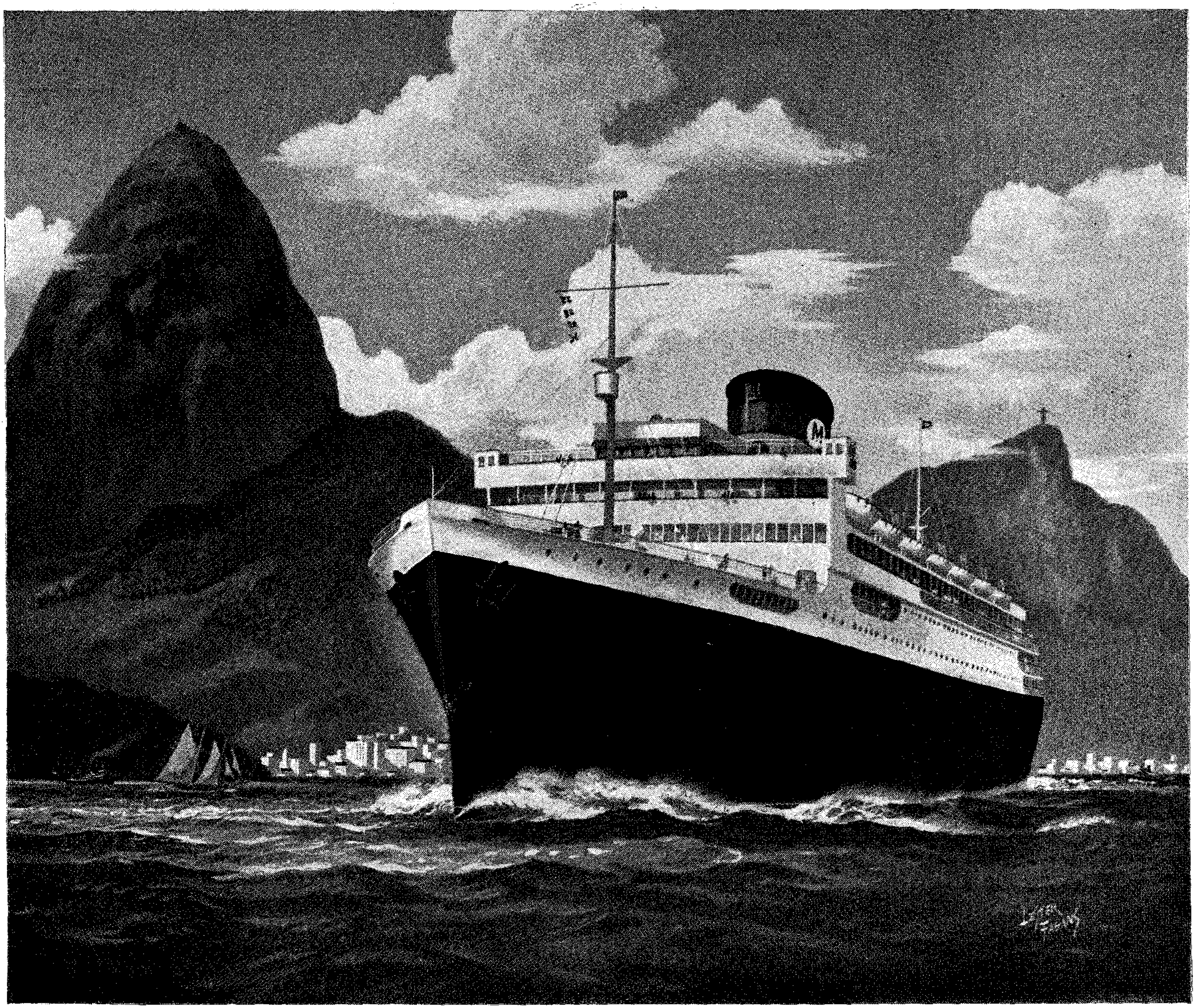
Indoor Track—Saturday, Feb. 14: N.Y.A.C. meet.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21: National A.A.U. meet. (Madison Square Garden. Meets begin at 8 P.M.)

Winter Sports—Dartmouth Winter Carnival. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14.) ... ¶ Lake Placid Winter Ice Carnival. (Lake Placid, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 21-22.)

FOR CHILDREN

Plays—Children's World Theatre: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday afternoons, Feb. 14 and 21, and Sunday afternoon, Feb. 15, at 2:30. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.) ... ¶ Children's Drama Guild: "Rumpelstiltskin" and "The Sleeping Beauty." (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 21, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.)

Puppets—Remo Bufano's puppet-and-marionette presentation of "Cinderella." (Fraternal Clubhouse, 110 W. 48th St. Sunday afternoon,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 15, at 2 and 4. For tickets, call WA 4-8613.)

Concert—The Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Bruno Walter and Walter Hendl. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, Feb. 21, at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Economic and Social Council, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments; about fifty may attend the open meetings of the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets for any of these groups, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early in the morning of the day you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

National Sportsmen's Show—This year's exposition will feature Babe Didrikson, the lady golf champion, who will give the audience pointers on driving and putting, and a trained moose, who is just taking up the game. In addition, there will be the usual lineup of sleeping bags, outdoor cooking utensils, fishing rods, wading boots, and such gear, for those who find civilization oppressive. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 46th St. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 14-15, from 12 noon to 10 P.M.; Monday through Saturday, Feb. 16-21, from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A large display of charts, models, and diagrams intended to demonstrate how the scientists are getting along in their peacetime joust with the atom. Among the exhibits are an atomic pile (a model, but equipped with sound effects), a miniature atomic-power plant, and a voltage machine that makes your hair stand on end when you touch it. Sponsored by the Brookhaven National Laboratory and the Atomic Energy Commission. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

President Truman—Speaking at the Jackson Day Dinner, Thursday, Feb. 19, at 10 P.M., WJZ.

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M., over WNYC, and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

Music—Metropolitan Opera: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eleanor Steber, Jarmila Novotna, Emanuel List, and Irene Jessner, Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Richard Burgin conducting, Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Feb. 14, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ B.B.C. Symphony, Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting, Sunday, Feb. 15, at 5 P.M., WINS. . . . ¶ Juilliard Orchestra, Edgar Schenkman conducting, Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Jascha Heifetz, violin, Monday, Feb. 16, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Stradivarius Quartet, Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3 P.M., WNYC.

Television—President Truman, speaking at the Jackson Day Dinner, Thursday, Feb. 19, at 9:30 P.M., WNBT; at 10 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Newsreel, Mondays through Fridays (starting Monday, Feb. 16), and Sundays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ College Basketball: Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30 P.M., WNBT; Tuesday and Thursday, Feb. 17 and 19, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boxing: Bernard Docusen vs. Gene Burton, Friday, Feb. 13; preliminaries start at 8:40 P.M., WNBT. Golden Gloves City Finals, Monday, Feb. 16, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Track: N.Y.A.C. meet, Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30 P.M.; and National A.A.U. meet, Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS.

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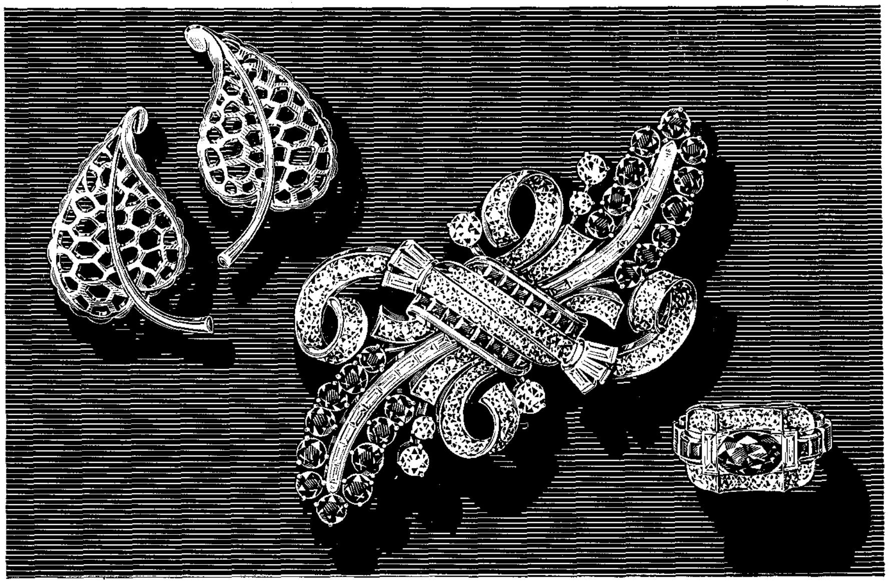

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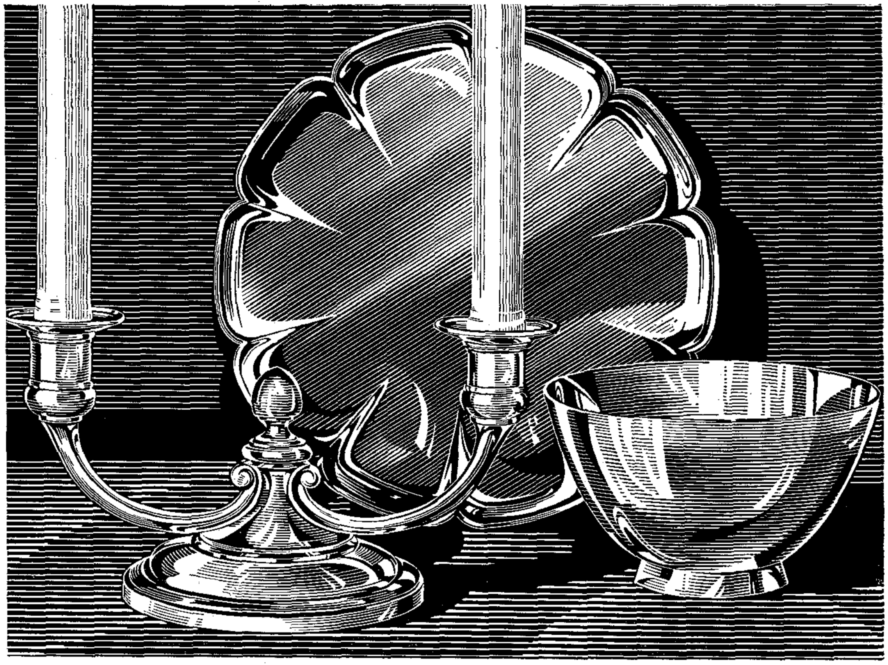

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fanny—A French report on the joys and sorrows of premarital activities. Made in 1939, the film, which is rather slow-paced, is of interest mainly because it offers another chance to see the late Raimu in action. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

The Fugitive—A disappointing picture, in spite of the eminence of its makers. (John Ford directed it, and Dudley Nichols adapted a novel by Graham Greene for the screen play.) It tries, unsuccessfully, to draw profound religious inferences from the story of a harried priest in an anti-clerical Latin-American country. Henry Fonda is only depressing as the hero, and the rest of the cast are hardly any help. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, CI 6-7429; through Feb. 18.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attempt to deal with the anti-Semitic problem that isn't much of an improvement on the novel. With John Garfield, Gregory Peck, and Dorothy McGuire. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9349.)

The Idiot—Dostoevski's difficult ideas about good and evil aren't particularly clarified by this version of his novel, but some fine acting makes the film worth while. Gérard Philippe, a remarkably able young Frenchman, plays Prince Myshkin. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740.)

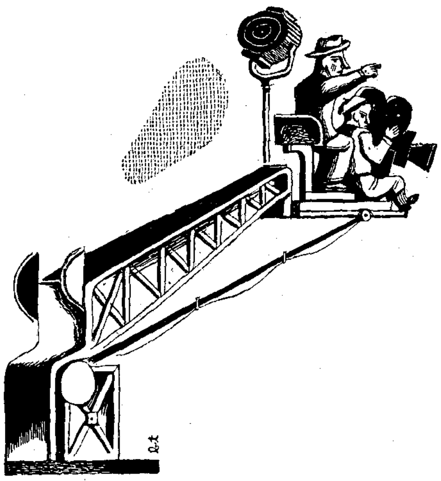
I Know Where I'm Going—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey in a British comedy concerning a lady with her eye on the main chance who succumbs to the blandishments of a kilted Scot. The plot may be antique, but it's handled with so much refreshing cheerfulness that you probably won't care. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; through Feb. 16.)

Tawny Pipit—A gently humorous English film having to do with the hardships of keeping a pair of extremely rare birds safe and contented while they nest outside an English village. The piece includes a lot of comical ornithologists and a proper quota of good-hearted rural idiots, and it manages to be whimsical without being sticky. Bernard Miles heads the cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 15.)

To Live in Peace—Aldo Fabrizi, a powerful actor, in an Italian film concerning the obligations of man to mankind. As a peasant who befriends a pair of G.I.s, one of them a Negro, Signor Fabrizi makes this plea for human decency brisk, persuasive, and entertaining. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre—Walter Huston does to a turn the role of a prospector in this film about three men in search of gold in Mexico. There are also some splendid shots of landscapes below the Rio Grande, but the story is something less than entrancing. Humphrey Bogart and Tim Holt do their best to help Mr. Huston along. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Volpone—A wonderfully funny French adaptation of the Ben Jonson farce about a miser. Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet demonstrate what a pair of good actors can do with a good theme when they have enough room to turn around in. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through Feb. 14.... ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; through Feb. 15.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Feb. 16.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Feb. 17.)

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 16-17.)

The Captive Heart (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Feb. 18.)

Casanova Brown (1944)—Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright tangled up in baby-snatching. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 16-17.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Feb. 13-16.)

Diamond Jim (1935)—Jim Brady, of course. With Edward Arnold. (Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; Feb. 17.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Feb. 13-16.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 17.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara, Walter Pidgeon, and Roddy McDowall. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 12.... ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Feb. 15-17.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 18.)

It Happened at the Inn (1945)—Adventures of a bunch of crotchety French individualists who run a rural café. In French. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Feb. 15-17.)

The Magic Bow (1947)—A British film about the life of Paganini. With Stewart Granger. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; tentative, starting Feb. 16.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden. Also with Cary Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 12.)

Ninotchka (1939)—The Garbo comedy. With Melvyn Douglas. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. A British film. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; through Feb. 15.)

The Spoilers (1942)—Marlene Dietrich in Rex Beach's Alaska. Also with Randolph Scott and John Wayne. (Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; Feb. 17.)

Topper (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Feb. 12-15: "Reaching for the Moon" (1917), with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; and "The Danger Girl" (1916), a Mack Sennett comedy.... ¶ Starting Feb. 16: "The Flapper" (1920); and dance scenes from "Salome" (1923), with Alla Nazimova. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Bishop's Wife," Cary Grant, Loretta Young, David Niven.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Three Daring Daughters," Jeanette MacDonald, José Iturbi.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Through Feb. 17: "T-Men," Dennis O'Keefe.
From Feb. 18: "Sleep My Love," Claudette Colbert, Robert Cummings.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Body and Soul," Lilli Palmer, John Garfield.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Paradine Case," Gregory Peck, Ann Todd, Charles Laughton, Ethel Barrymore.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Night Song," Merle Oberon, Dana Andrews.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Feb. 17: "I Walk Alone," Lizabeth Scott, Burt Lancaster.
From Feb. 18: "Road to Rio," Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"To the Ends of the Earth," Signe Hasso, Dick Powell.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Feb. 17: "You Were Meant for Me," Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey.
From Feb. 18: "Call Northside 777," James Stewart, Richard Conte.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Feb. 17: "Killer McCoy," Mickey Rooney, Brian Donlevy, Ann Blyth.
From Feb. 18: To be announced.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
Through Feb. 18: **THE FUGITIVE.**

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"A Miracle Can Happen," Paulette Goddard, James Stewart, Henry Fonda.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
Through Feb. 18: "A Woman's Vengeance," Charles Boyer, Ann Blyth, Jessica Tandy.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2650)
"A Lover's Return" (in French), Louis Jouvet, Gaby Morlay.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
FANNY.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"The Happy Tailor" (in Swedish).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Feb. 12: "The Eternal Return" (in French), another Cocteau piece.
From Feb. 13: "Voyage Surprise" (in French).

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
THE IDIOT.

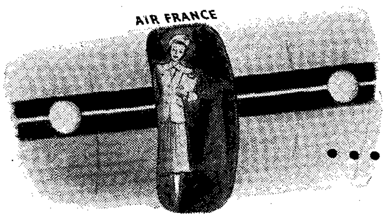
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
NINOTCHKA, revival.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Holiday Camp," Flora Robson, Dennis Price.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Furia" (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
Through Feb. 16: **I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.**
From Feb. 17: "The Pearl," Maria Elena Marques.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TO LIVE IN PEACE.



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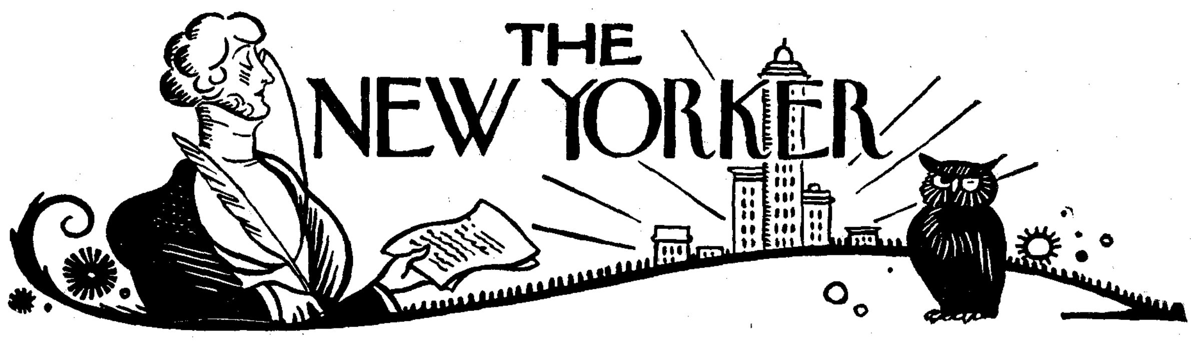
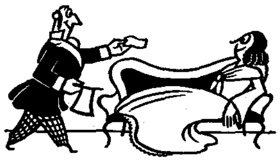
THE NEW YORKER



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE questionable thing about the House Committee on un-American Activities is its name. (There are other questionable things, but today we will take up the name only.) The word "un-American," besides beginning with a small letter and gradually working up to a capital, is essentially a foolish, bad word, hardly worth the little hyphen it needs to hold it together. Literally, nothing in this country can be said to be un-American. "Un" means "not," and anything that happens within our borders is American, no matter what its nature, no matter how far off the beam it may be. We recently came across the word "un-American" used in a way that perfectly illustrates its unsuitability as a committee label. About a hundred years ago, George Palmer Putnam, the publisher, visited London and while there paid some royalties to Elizabeth Barrett. Mr. Robert Browning, an outspoken poet of the day, heard about the incident and expressed great surprise that Mr. Putnam's firm, Wiley & Putnam, had not pirated Miss Barrett's work, as was the custom at that time. Said Browning, "Wiley and Putnam are fine fellows, who do a really straightforward, un-American thing."



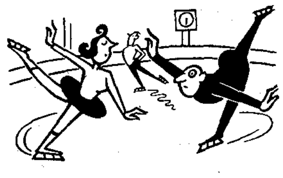
Using that for a definition, the Committee would have to get to work and investigate the activities of every honest man in the United States—a colossal, expensive, silly project, in our opinion.

MR. GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY, the columnist, has presented to readers of the *Sun* an open letter to Miss Lana Turner containing several passages that struck us as forceful.

> The other day [wrote Mr. Sokolsky] I saw you in "Cass Timberlane" and I have been thinking about you ever since. In that picture . . . you do some grand things. Yours is a warm part and the audience loves you and sympathizes with you and is genuinely happy that it all turns out well in the end, that you and your husband make up and will live together in marriage.
>
> Then I pick up the newspapers and the gossip columns and read of your doings and purported doings and it is all such a sad disappointment. . . . Every word you speak before the finale of "Cass Timberlane" is a great preachment. . . . Hollywood . . . can prove not only that crime but sin does not pay. . . . You do it wonderfully in that picture. And then the preacher comes to life at a party—the life of the party. And the illusion of goodness, of high-minded right-living is gone. . . .
>
> And then one wonders whether the old-fashioned preachers and teachers did not give our children a better guidance. Already a great many Americans are restricting their children with regard to movie-going. . . .

We have been thinking about Mr. Sokolsky ever since we encountered his postage-free letter. We haven't read much about Miss Turner's purported doings, but we gather she is a fun-loving girl—for all we know, *too* fun-loving. We also gather that Mr. Sokolsky regrets that actors do not reflect their professional roles in real life. Such a practice, it seems to us, could lead only to chaos, split personalities, insincerity, and widespread immorality, since every actor worth his salt plays many different parts, not all of them savory. We note in *Who's Who* that Miss Turner has appeared in films called "Those Glamour Girls," "Dancing Co-Ed," "Two Girls on Broadway," "We Who Are Young," "Ziegfeld Girl," "Honky Tonk," "Slightly Dangerous," and "Marriage Is a Private Affair." We doubt that her roles in these have always been the last word in high-minded right-living. Must she exemplify them off the lot, and, if so, how long should she stick to each one? Or should her life constitute a kind of potpourri, or olla-podrida, of all Turner parts to date? This is a tough assignment for a girl who, according to *Who's Who*, has just turned twenty-seven.

In closing, we should like to point out that old-fashioned preachers are still to be found in many a pulpit, that Miss Turner has not set herself up to be a preacher any more than John Gielgud professes, offstage, to be a Danish or Slavic murderer, and that if she—or, for that matter, Sinclair Lewis, who wrote "Cass Timberlane"—wants to come to life at a party, it is all right with us.



AT the unconscionable hour of six every Wednesday morning, a small band of hardy and devout figure skaters makes its way through the dusk to Iceland, the fourth-floor rink at Madison Square Garden, and there, each on his own oblong, or "patch," of ice, they whirl and gyre about with grave pleasure until the clock strikes the scarcely less unconscionable hour of seven, whereupon, like time-bewitched characters in a fairy tale, they slip off their skates and go their various ways, thinking happily of Wednesday next. The reason for the earliness of the hour is that figure skaters can't practice properly on rinks and ponds where young lovers waltz obliviously into them and barbarians on hockey skates crosshatch their elegant tracings in the ice, obliterating the only evidence that figure skaters have of the technical flaws in their performances. They are forced to seek the protection of odd hours and sacred patches. Most private skating clubs arrange regular patch sessions for their members, but Iceland is the only Manhattan rink that provides time and space for unaffiliated fanatics.

A young man in our office who goes to bed early volunteered to visit a patch session at Iceland last Wednesday morning, and he has now reported back to us, chilled but full of information. First off, he learned that Iceland's patch season will run until April 28th this year, and that a patch skater pays a premium of fifty cents in addition to the standard admission charge of $1.20. The rink is divided into twenty patches, each about fifteen feet wide, extending from the guardrails along each side to the middle of the ice, a distance of forty-five feet. The patches are designated by red numerals painted on the guardrails, and the first thing a patch skater does when he turns up on Wednesday morning is to scratch his boundaries deeply and unmistakably into the ice. There being no elevator man on duty, our man walked up three flights of stairs to the rink, and at first found it a cheerless prospect—no canned Strauss waltzes, no bracing badinage, just the busy whir of blades on ice. A watchman sat wedged in a miniature hut beside the rink, wrapped to the eyebrows in a red flannel muffler. There were ten skaters on the ice, including one very young girl, and all of them were doing figure eights.

Our man struck up a conversation with a lady standing outside the rink's office, which is also on the fourth floor. She told him she was an instructor, and was awaiting a tardy pupil. She proved helpful. "You can't learn to figure-skate without using patches," she said. "It's the same as scales with the piano. Everybody keeps on making figure eights over and over, because that's the basic figure. You can practice all the turns on all the edges—inside, outside, forward, and backward. There are only four turns in figure skating, you know—threes, brackets, rockers, and counters." A man who had been huddled in a chair at the far side of the rink came up and pointed to the juvenile wheeling about on the ice. "That's my little Ellie," he said. "Eight years old. Learned to walk at seven months, took up roller-skating at two, and we put her on ice skates at three and a half. Her free skating is all right, but her figures need polishing." The parent shivered and breathed on his hands, which were turning blue. "Brackets and rockers!" he said. "My wife is really in earnest about this thing. She's home in bed now, making plans." A skater who had been clumsily failing to complete his figure eights came over to the guardrail and apologized for his performance. "The fact is," he continued, "I'm just not as intent about all this as the others. You might say I have a gypsy style. The serious skaters never miss a Wednesday, and start reserving their patches in the spring for the following season. It's getting as tough to reserve a patch here as to get a boy into Groton. I may have to give the whole thing up. Too nerve-racking." At that moment, the tardy pupil appeared, a small, gray-haired man, who explained to the young lady instructor that he had missed the bus in from Teterboro. "Aren't you going to practice turns before the tango lesson?" she inquired coldly. "We haven't a moment to lose. It's almost daylight. If I weren't so good-natured, I'd make you practice the ten-step all by yourself."

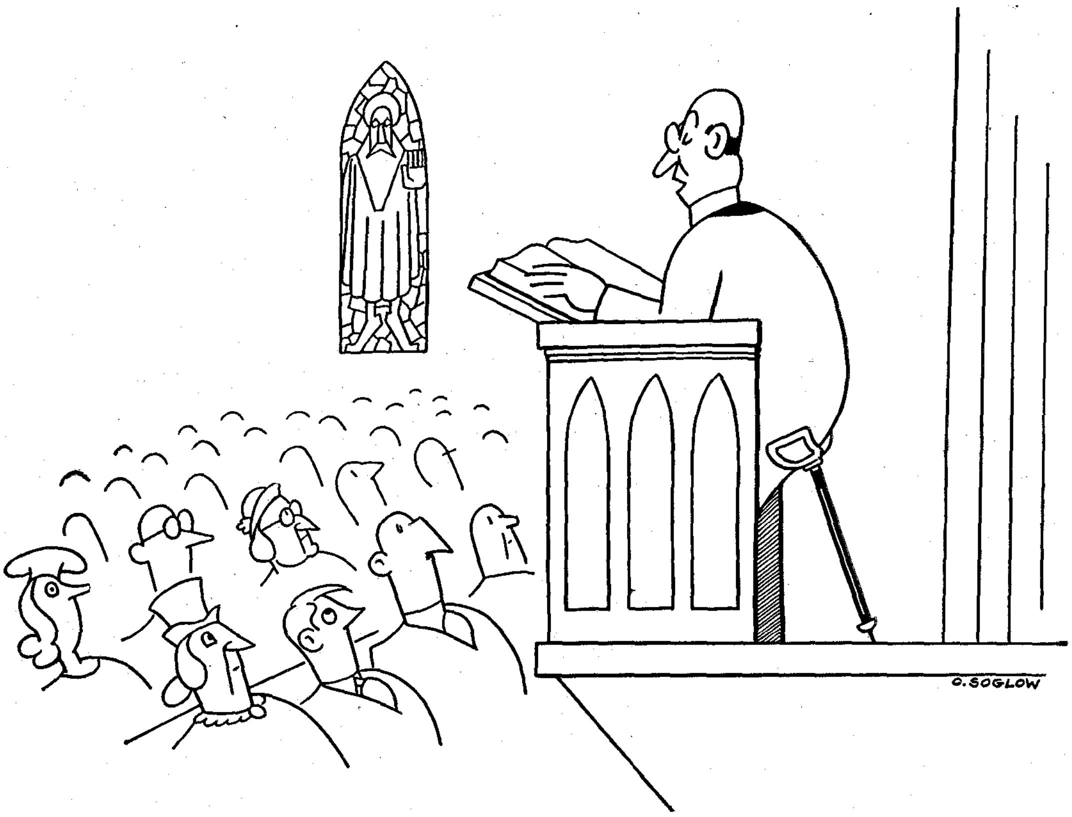
•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The motto of Frank's Tailor Shop, in Stamford, is "It Pays to Be Dressed."

City College is currently offering a number of "short intensive courses for busy New Yorkers," among them one entitled "How to Relax."

Up from Cold Cuts

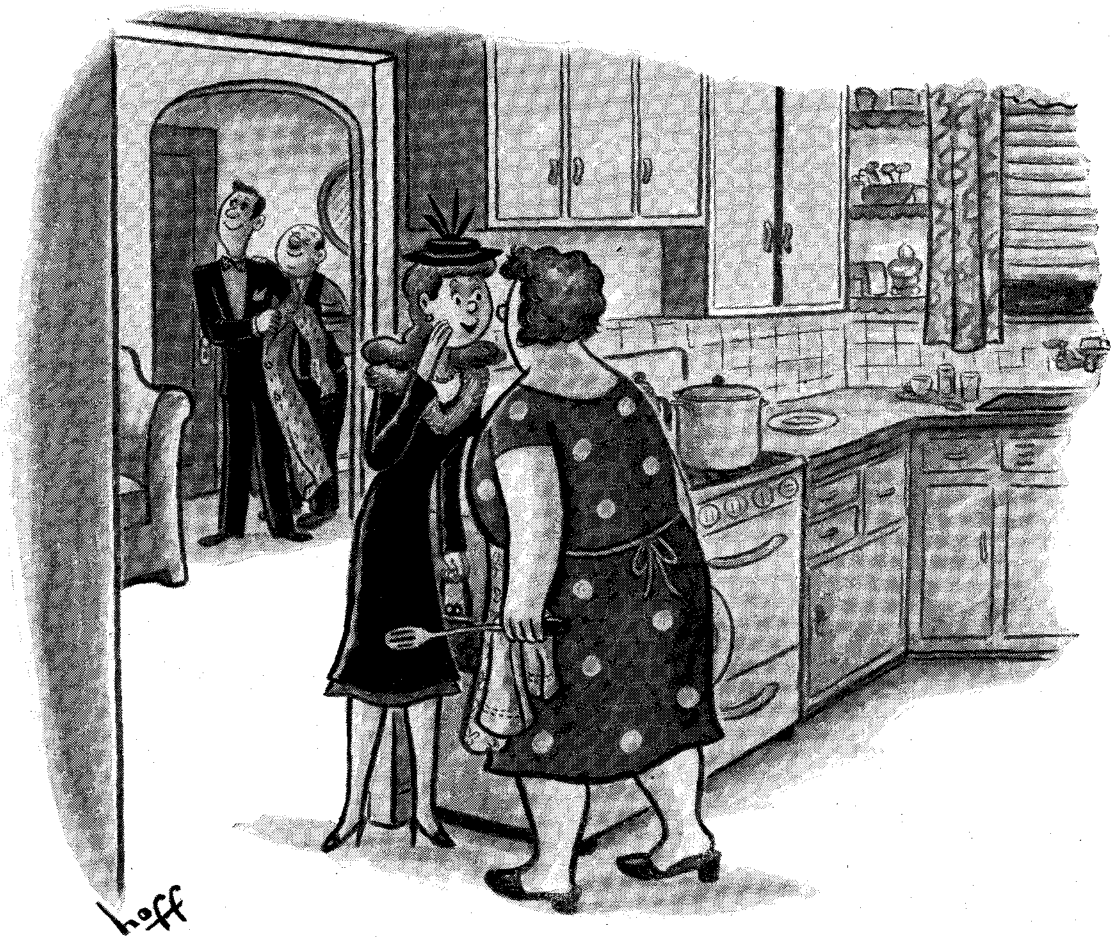
WE decided one day last week to find out how artistic success had affected the life of Walter Philipp, the waiter who recently painted his way out of servitude in a Swedish delicatessen at Fifty-eighth and Third Avenue. We met him in the Artists' Gallery, on East Fifty-seventh Street, where a number of his pictures of clowns, in which he specializes, are on display. He turned out to be a slender, middle-aged man with quick brown eyes and a melancholy smile. "Only yesterday," he advised us glumly, "I escape from corned beef on rye with coleslaw on top—if you put it on the top, of course; it should be on the side—and they're asking me already why do I always paint clowns. Do they ask a flower painter why he always paints flowers? No. Do they ask a sea painter why he always paints the sea? No. But me they ask." He shook his head sadly, and then brightened up a bit. "Take a look at me," he demanded. "Could you imagine I was once a very smooth master of ceremonies, wearing the white tie, blowing kisses at the ladies? Well, back in Germany, where I came from in 1938, because of Hitler, that gangster, I was already before the first World War a handsome entertainer in vaudeville and night clubs. Before that, I was myself a clown in carnivals, like my father and grandfather. Inside me, I've got a thousand



clowns that got to come out —then I'll get around to those flowers and seas."

We were curious to know how Mr. Philipp had taken the shift from acting to waiting. "Making any kind of shift is easy for me," he told us. "Before I was in the carnival, I was a sailor, and after I was in the carnival, I was an extra in the movies and a master of ceremonies. Now, you wouldn't believe it to look at me, but I was pretty well-to-do one time in Germany. It was in 1923. At a night club, I met some merchants, and they said only one who hasn't got brains should make jokes in night clubs when he could support his wife in style by going into business. Soon I am out of the white tie and the tails. I am handling Oriental rugs. None of this modern stuff. Good antiques, made before they started using chemical colors. When I think of the rugs I used to import to Germany! Ah, it's all in the fates. Today, I feel as old as one of my rugs, but not so beautiful. I am a wilted flower." We cut in on Mr. Philipp to ask him again how he happened to become a waiter. "Imagine me," he said, "ten years ago, with a little bit of English, no money, a wife and a child, just arrived in New York City. What do I know? Rugs. Who wants me? Nobody. So I think about all the de-luxe hotels I've been in—the Adlon, the Ritz in Paris, the Savoy—and while I'm thinking, it comes to me that a man who has been served in all those places ought to know enough to serve in some salami joint himself. The first place I worked, I wouldn't tell you about. That bum which was my boss, if he dropped dead, I'd die laughing. Fired me for taking one Christmas off in three years! But on Third Avenue, in this Swedish delicatessen, everything is fine, except we ain't got any Swedes there—Greeks, Poles, Germans, Galicians, yes, but Swedes, no. There I was the toughest, roughest waiter that ever lived. Thirty-two chairs I am having, and the customers are starving like wild animals. But peace and quiet I insist on, and pretty soon they know I am a human being instead of just a baloney cutter. Many people come there are artists, and I talk art with them. Back in Germany, when I was in the rug business, I began to make in my spare time water colors and oils that I gave to my friends, but never did I paint a clown until about a year ago, and right off I say to myself, 'Walter, there is something here.' All of a sudden, with these clowns, I am working in gouache, which is something I haven't tried before. The clowns are so good that I ask the boss can I hang them in the delicatessen. When I put them up, people are buying them right off the walls, and then from the Artists' Gallery come the directors, and I get this show. Always I said to those artists in the delicatessen, 'From here to Fifty-seventh Street is only two hundred yards for a good artist, but it's two hundred miles for a bad one.' And here I am."

"How are you doing?" we asked Mr. Philipp. "Right and left, I am selling the clowns," he said, "but with framing, hospital bills for my wife, who died, and supporting my son, I am not getting rich. I am living up on Riverside Drive, at 140th Street, which was fine while I was a waiter, but now I discover nobody wants to go so far to take a look at a clown. Besides that, no money comes in while I am painting new clowns. I hate to say it, but with all my success I may have to go back to the delicatessen. Anyhow, I'm a good waiter, and what I have to put down on canvas I can do even after I spend all day with cold cuts."



"It's the gentleman who's been sighing at me in Walgreen's every noon."

Breakdown

A GENTLEMAN named Brown happened to be catching a midnight plane out of Baltimore last week. Arriving at the airport in good season, he picked up his reservation and sat down with a newspaper, observing as he did so that he had the whole place to himself except for a few clerks at the counters. As the time for his departure came near, he noticed the young lady from whom he had got his ticket picking up a microphone. She spoke into it, without effect. She shook it and blew on it and spoke into it again, again without result. She tapped it on the counter and it still didn't work. She hustled to the next counter and spoke fruitlessly into the microphone there, and then to another counter, and met the same frustration. Finally, beaten down, she called out in a dispirited, unamplified voice, "Mr. Brown, your plane is ready."

Lux et Veritas

GOULD B. MARTIN, Yale '23, is a loyal son of his alma mater and, as such, has a consuming interest in all Old Blues, dead or alive. In the course of a talk we have just had with him, he told us that while living in Tudor City some years ago he kept in shape by taking brisk constitutionals in the neighborhood, and that on one of these walks he saw a bronze plaque on a building at First Avenue and Forty-sixth Street. It read:

Near This Site
Nathan Hale,
Captain in the Continental Army,
Who Was Apprehended Within the
British Lines
While Seeking Information for
Washington,
Was Executed
22 September 1776.
His Last Words Were
"I Only Regret That I Have But One
Life to Lose for
My Country."
Erected by the
Mary Washington Colonial Chapter,
D.A.R.,
16 November 1915.

Two omissions in the wording of the plaque deeply disturbed Martin. In the first place, there was no mention of the fact that Hale was a Yale man, class of 1773. In the second place, it failed to record that he was carrying his Yale diploma in his pocket at the time of his capture.

As if these indignities were not enough, the plaque was affixed to the grimy wall of the Wilson & Co. slaughterhouse. Mr. Martin, who doesn't see any anticlimax in the refrain of the Yale anthem, "For God, for country, and for Yale," felt that this was no place to honor the memory of a great American hero, much less that of an old Eli. He brooded about the situation off and on without knowing quite what to do about it, although he *did* complain to a Daughter of the American Revolution. What he learned from her was no solace: that Wilson & Co. had been Sulzberger & Sons in the days when the plaque was put up, and that the name had been changed, presumably because of the anti-German sentiment, after this country entered the first World War.

When John D. Rockefeller, Jr., an old Brown man, gave the site to the United Nations, Mr. Martin suddenly saw his big chance—not merely to amend the plaque but to make sure that it found a suitable home on genuine United States soil, rather than on the anomalous, extraterritorial soil of the United Nations Headquarters site. He got in touch with the D.A.R. and suggested that they give the plaque to the Yale Club, which they graciously consented to do. Thereupon, the club appointed Martin and a Robert Stott, who graduated from the Yale School of Architecture in 1928, a committee of two to handle the transfer. After hemming and hawing a bit, they decided that the only way to do Hale and Yale justice was to make a brand-new plaque. This plaque, which Mr. Stott designed, is now about to be cast, and when ready will be attached to the Vanderbilt Avenue wall of the Yale Club, probably just south of the main entrance. It will read:

At the British Artillery Park Near This Site
Nathan Hale
Captain in the U.S. Army, Yale Graduate
of 1773,
Apprehended Within Enemy Lines,
While Seeking Information,
Was Executed on the Morning of
September 22nd, 1776.
His Last Words Were
"I Only Regret That I Have But One
Life to Lose for
My Country."
Erected by
Mary Washington Colonial Chapter,
D.A.R.,
And the Yale Club of New York.

We asked Mr. Martin how Hale could have been executed near the Yale Club as well as near the Wilson & Co. slaughterhouse. "Matter of historical confusion," he said. "The old records say he was hanged in the British artillery park, but there were a couple of such parks in that vicinity, and nobody can be sure which one it was or where either of them was. We figure 'near' is near enough. We wanted to fit in a word or two about his having his Yale diploma in his pocket, but there wasn't room. A pity! The reason he carried it was to help deceive the British. He was trying to pass himself off as a Dutch schoolmaster, and he thought a diploma would be a convincing touch. But the British wondered what a Dutchman was doing with a diploma from a small New England college. Even Yale was pretty small in those days, you know. They searched him, found incriminating maps, tried him in the Beekman mansion, at Fifty-first Street and First Avenue, and hanged him the next morning in the artillery park. It was eleven o'clock, and a Sunday—just church time."

Mr. Martin told us that Hale's last words were preserved by a British major who was present at his execution and crossed the American lines the next day under a flag of truce to discuss extra-military affairs. "They may not be the exact words," Martin said, "but they're the accepted ones. They're not the best possible grammar, of course. The 'only' is out of place, for one thing. Some people think Hale was quoting a famous passage from Addison that goes, 'What pity is it that we can die but once to serve our country,' and that the British major garbled it."

Frank

A LADY has handed us, with a brave little smile, a sales slip she got at her butcher's the other day. It consists of one entry:

50¢ Soup Bone........75¢

Complaints

DURING the storm last week, we sat in for a while with a special telephone crew organized at the Department of Health to take care of complaints concerning lack of heat. In a normal winter, the Department handles an average of four hundred complaints a day, but ever since the Big Snow of December 26th it has been getting from six hundred to twenty-two hundred a day. The day we were there, eighteen hundred were chalked up. Karl Pretshold, a Department official, told us that the major difficulty faced by the staff is the obligation people feel to relate the long, eventful stories of their lives before settling down to entering their complaints. "Another difficulty," Mr. Pretshold said, with a shake of his head for the innate, bottomless perfidy of man, "is that a good many people would apparently rather get their landlords in trouble than get heat."

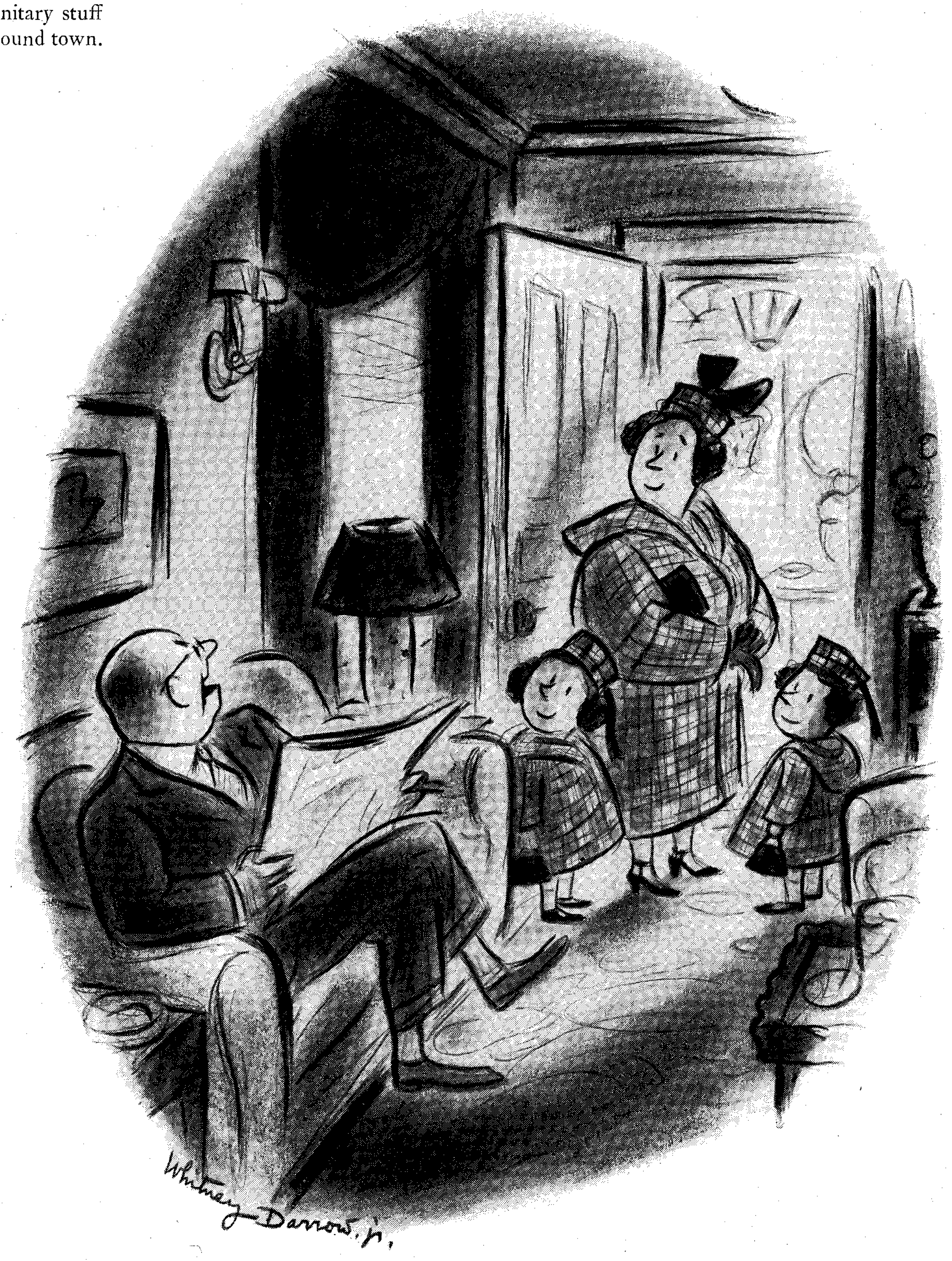
The emergency telephone crew is composed of members of the Department who have been taken off their regular jobs for the duration. They sit around a large table, simultaneously answering telephones and filling out complaint blanks. To preserve their hearing and sanity, the bells on the telephones have been silenced, and incoming calls are signalled by the flashing of small lights. "We've got twenty-five phones here, and they're going most of the time," Mr. Pretshold said. "We also fill out blanks for landlords who need oil and shoot them over to the Mayor's Fuel Committee every two hours. The Police Department's Bureau of Planning and Operations actually puts the orders through." As we glanced around the room, a handsome, white-haired man tiptoed in, glued two signs reading "Talk Low" on the wall, and tiptoed out. On one side of the room were shelves stacked with dirty, run-down restaurant and soda-fountain equipment. "Ordinarily, this is what we call our Chamber of Horrors," Mr. Pretshold said. "That's all unsanitary stuff removed from restaurants around town. Makes me lose my appetite every time I look at it."

He seated us in a chair next to a young man whom he introduced as Inspector-Investigator Schneiderman. Mr. Schneiderman obligingly tilted the telephone receiver in our direction, and we heard a man's voice proclaim that he lived at a certain address on Thirty-eighth Street and had two children and no heat. Schneiderman asked for his landlord's name and telephone number, and if the front of the building was free of snow, so that oil could be delivered. This seemed to excite the man greatly. "All I know," he shouted, "is that I have thirty-eight children and no heat!" The next caller was a female superintendent whose interest was in learning where she could get oil but who first explained that she had been up all night feeding penicillin to a sick marmoset, and what did the Department of Health think of penicillin? And of marmosets, as far as *that* went. "Perhaps I had better ask the questions, Madam," Mr. Schneiderman said firmly, and proceeded to do so.

The next caller announced, in a sepulchral voice, that she had no heat, no hot water, no husband, and a frozen gas main. "My goodness!" Mr. Schneiderman said. "You certainly have my sympathy! We'll do what we can as fast as we can." In a lull between calls, he told us that, to judge by the complaints, at least half of the city is bedridden. "Every other person who calls says he has a sick person on his hands," he said. "Practically every kid in town seems to be sick. It's a wonder to me that the schools aren't all deserted. I must say, though, that I got a very pleasant call the other day from a lady who said she didn't mind the cold for herself but ice was forming on top of her goldfish bowl and she was worried about her goldfish. We investigated, and it *was* ice. We assured her that goldfish don't mind being frozen in ice all winter but we'd get heat for her anyhow, and we did."

Cure

CONVERSATIONAL fragment overheard in an elevator at Bloomingdale's last Friday afternoon: "Oh, he's feeling just fine now since he's had all his veins taken out."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"And, what's more, you're not even sure it is your family tartan."

THE DEWEY DEWEY FOG

IF 1948 does not mend its political strategies, and quickly, too, it is likely to go down in history as the Presidential Year of the Confused Identities or—and I hate this as much as you do—the Presidential Year of the Dewey Dewey Fog. The latter phrase happens to possess rather more aptness than mischief, and I trust that readers of all parties will excuse it.

I first noticed that there was something oblique about the political situation one night while listening to Quincy Howe's summary of the news over WCBS. He told how he had discovered Governor Dewey in the act of donning certain light and shining political garments that looked very much like those designed by Franklin D. Roosevelt. And Mr. Howe ended his remarks with the sentence "We thus see Dewey trying to out-Truman Truman, which will, of course, lead Truman to out-Dewey Dewey."

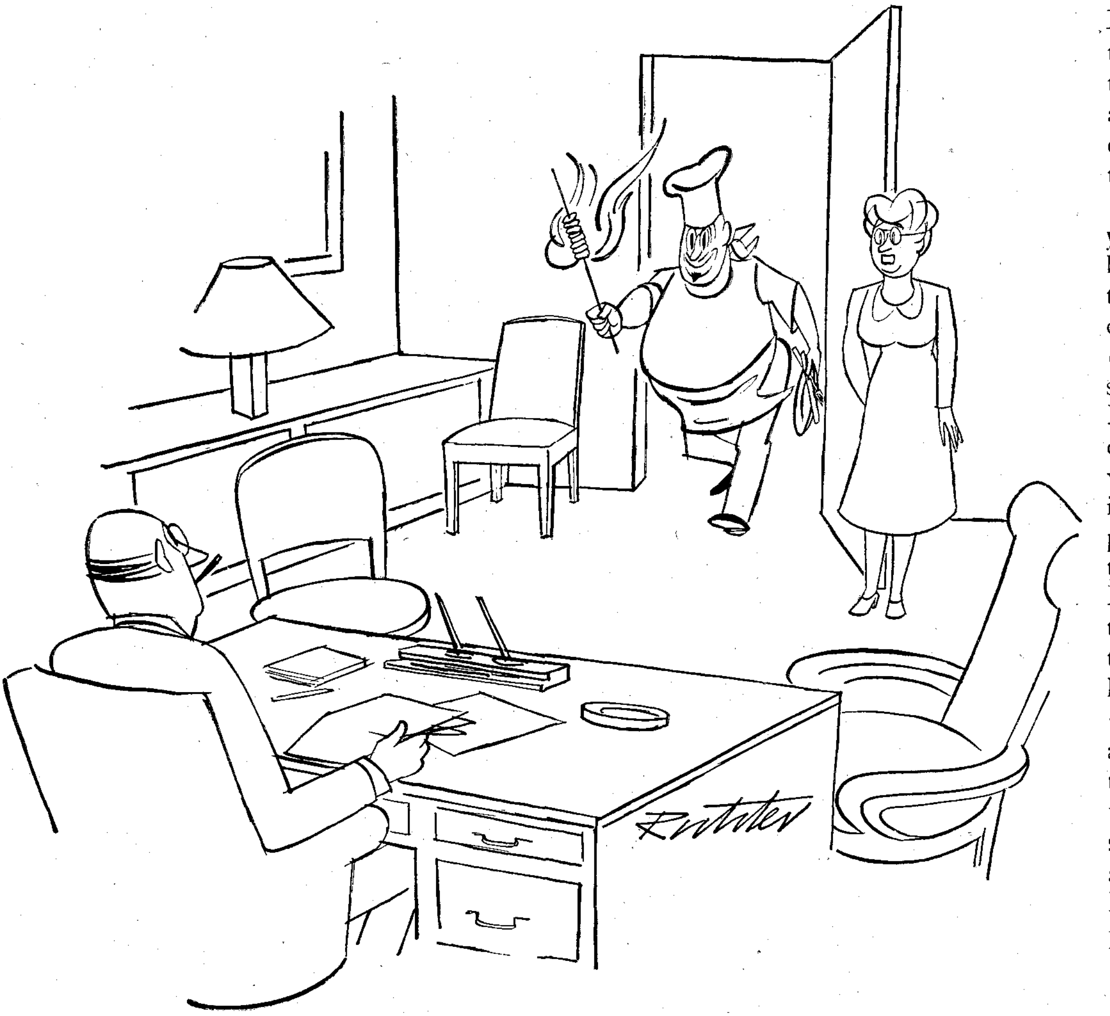
I happen to be fairly smart when it comes to political dialectic, but the sudden appearance of three Trumans and three Deweys in one sentence mixed me up. I do not accuse Mr. Howe of trying to out-Crisler Crisler, but there *was* a hint of razzle-dazzle, or Michigan-backfield attack, in this explanation of the new 1948 crisscross political strategy. I lost sight of the point for a moment, the way Southern California lost sight of the ball in the Rose Bowl when they saw what must have looked to them like three Yergeses and three Weisenbergers trying to out-Chappuis Chappuis.

The next day the situation was further complicated by what I can only call a double end-around play. I quote from the *Herald Tribune:* "The shout of 'Wallace-ism' was raised by other Republican senators and representatives in such words as these: Representative Russell V. Mack, Republican, of Washington: 'It looked to me as if President Truman was trying to out-Wallace Wallace . . .' " And the *Times* printed this: "Representative Charles A. Halleck, House majority leader, called the message [Truman's] 'a purely political document designed to out-Wallace Wallace . . .' " The fair-minded critic will not draw the inference that Mack and Halleck are trying to out-Howe Howe. The thing is simply in the air. Everybody's doing it.

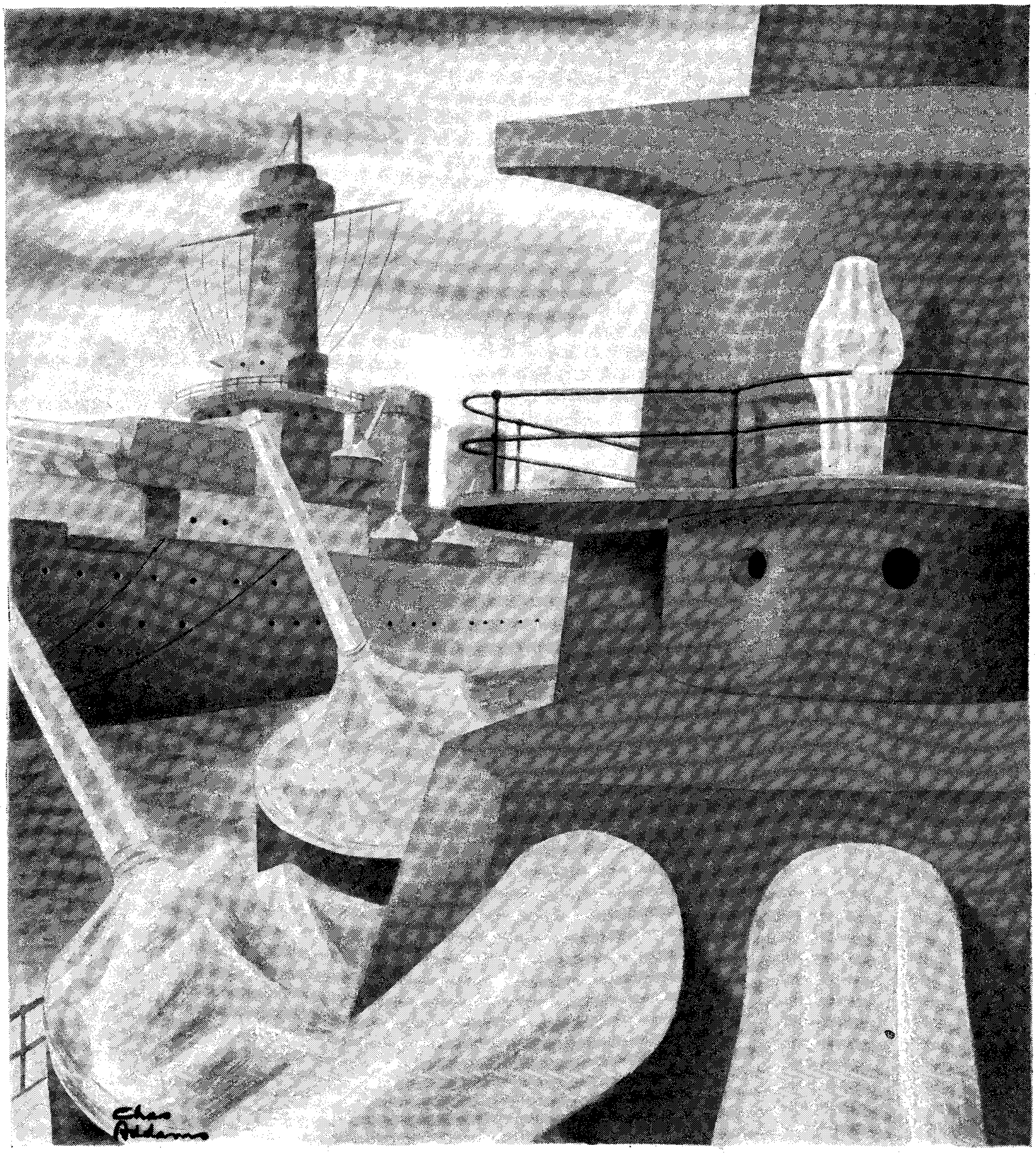
NOW, it seems to me that Dewey is going to be thrown for a heavy loss, maybe even back of the '44-yard line, if he doesn't change his tactics. For if Dewey is trying to out-Truman Truman and Truman is trying to out-Wallace Wallace, a lot of voters will jump to the conclusion that Dewey Dewey—I mean Dewey—is trying to out-Wallace Wallace. As a matter of fact, he probably intends only to out-Truman the Truman who is trying to out-Roosevelt Roosevelt, and not the Truman who is trying to out-Wallace Wallace, but this may not be clear to the Frightened Fringe, that formidable body of voters who are afraid they may inadvertently cast their ballots for a man who wants to out-Stalin Stalin.

It seems to me that Dewey must reverse his field and try to out-somebody somebody else. The question then arises: out-who whom? Taft is the only man who can successfully out-Taft Taft, and it would scarcely be advisable to out-Eisenhower Eisenhower now that Eisenhower has decided not to Eisenhower. This doesn't seem to leave Dewey much choice in the present field of candidates, and he may find himself in the end with nothing better to do than out-Coolidge Coolidge.

Political historians will tell you that the Out Strategy has been used before in Presidential campaigns, but never, of course, to such a bewildering extent. Harding, for example, set out to out-McKinley McKinley but succeeded only in out-Granting Grant. In 1944, when Bricker was campaigning for first place on the Republican ticket, he also tried to out-McKinley McKinley. McKinley's one contribution to political maneuvering was the conceit of speaking from his front porch, a rostrum designed to enhance the homey and wholesome character of the man whose favorite flower was the homey and wholesome white carnation. Bricker actually did out-McKinley McKinley, by installing a front porch inside an auditorium, so that his listeners could sit down. McKinley's audiences had had to stand up on the front lawn of the McKinley home.



"Here's your lunch, Mr. Harrison."



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Bricker's achievement in out-McKinleying McKinley got him nowhere, because, almost fifty years after McKinley's death, the people had forgot what it was to McKinley, let alone to out-McKinley McKinley, and the practice of out-McKinleying McKinley fell into high disfavor. Many observers thought, when Bricker mucked up the Out Trend by moving the McKinley porch indoors, that this bewildering strategy was gone forever, and its sudden revival this year, after the brilliant Roosevelting of Roosevelt, has alarmed the shrewder counsellors of both major political parties. The followers of Wallace do not worry, because they know that their leader will go all the way to Election Day crying simply, "Look, Mama, I'm Wallacing."

What this Presidential Year needs, I think, is some bright symbol or other in the grand old tradition of the log cabin and the whiskey barrel, the white plume of Henry of Navarre, the shining sword at Armageddon, and the brown derby of the Happy Warrior. Personally, in preference to the monstrous mechanism of identification, I would settle, God help me, for a dark whisper, a little mud, or the grass in the streets.

—JAMES THURBER

•

Mrs. Fahlman has entirely recovered from her broken collarbone, but her knee is still in the hands of the doctor.—*Yorktown (Sask.) Enterprise.*

The old bedside manner.

THE FINER THINGS OF LIFE

PLANKED *steak,* decided Mrs. Page, *with a gentle ooze of pink juice staining its mashed-potato frill. No garlic. No clutter.* She was a purist where steak was concerned.

She was sitting at her dressing table, getting ready to go out to a dinner party. She was in her middle thirties, had a good complexion, an air of amiability, and enough flesh to soften the ridge of her clavicle, so her low-cut gown became her. But as she gazed in the mirror, she was startled by a lean expression on her smooth face. It reminded her of the cat to which she had given the fishy remnants of lunch, and, more revoltingly still, of a woman she had seen in a grocery store during the war—a woman crouching over a pyramid of canned pineapple, with every angle of her body portraying elemental greed. Mrs. Page was shocked by the degenerate thing in her character that that reflected look implied. She felt injured, too, as if she were the victim of a cosmic hoax. She had been led to believe, by every canon of religion and romantic poetry, that high thinking followed plain living as the daffodil the winds of March. This conviction had often sustained her in the arid stretches of the past three weeks.

Mrs. Page had gone to considerable fuss for the sake of the party. She had spent most of the forenoon in a beauty parlor having the *Hausfrau* look taken out of her, so after lunch she had been busy with drab chores, like scrubbing bathtubs and rinsing out stockings, that she had neglected grandly in the morning. Then she had prepared an early supper for Jane and Lucy and had driven across town in congested traffic to fetch Miss Beasly, who was to sit with them. Miss Beasly, though her character was vouched for by the local Y.W.C.A.'s child-care bureau, didn't have a personality that wooed the mind from care. All the way back to the Pages' house, she had discoursed in a genteel monotone on the demises of her relations. The Lord had been unwilling, it appeared, to grant any of them clean heart failure or quick pneumonia. They had suffered from "the high blood" or from glands that "dreened inwards," or they had met with bizarre accidents. But they had all made handsome corpses and had lain in state, with their boxes open, for several hours in the First Baptist Tabernacle. Mrs. Page had made clucking noises to denote sympathy and had felt uneasy about her children. But she had shrugged off her qualms impatiently. She was going out to have a good time and a good dinner, and she wasn't going to blunt her appetite for either with the treacle of maternal anxiety. Modern kids, brought up on the radio and *Life,* were tough. They would listen like healthy ghouls to Miss Beasly's accounts of fleshly corruption, and when the conversation progressed inevitably to embalming techniques and speculation on the topography of Hell, they wouldn't pop out with a single goose bump. She had ushered the sitter into the living room, called Jane and Lucy from the breakfast nook, where they were quarrelling over the last scraping of prune whip, and gone upstairs to dress.

At the head of the stairs, she had met Mr. Page. Clad in shorts and a loose, flapping bathrobe, with his skinny shanks showing, he had looked helpless in what his wife thought a foolish, irritating way. "My clothes have been stolen," he announced in the manner she had often seen him adopt when laying incontrovertible fact before a jury.

Mrs. Page would have liked to say something sarcastic, but she knew that conjugal unpleasantness would upset her digestion. "I'm sorry, Jack," she said soothingly. "I put them on the bed in Alex's room. I thought that would give us both more space to spread out."

"Very well," Mr. Page said. "I'll try to dress among tropical fish and desiccated butterflies. Alex's room is about as cozy as a museum of natural history."

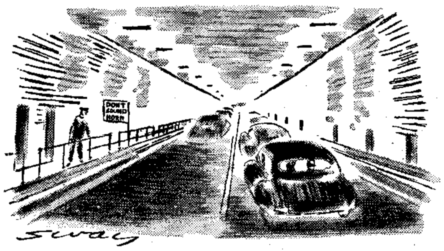
"I should think you'd enjoy being reminded of your only son," Mrs. Page said.

"Oh, for God's sake!" Mr. Page exploded. "Don't talk as if the boy were dead!"

"He's terribly far away," said Mrs. Page. Her voice trembled, as it often did when she spoke of Alex's absence.

"Don't cry about it," Mr. Page said. "You picked out that New England prep school. I'd have settled for something closer at hand, and much cheaper; to wit, the public-school system of North Carolina, where my own young genius was blighted."

"Don't say 'to wit' at me," snapped Mrs. Page. She went into her room and shut the door more firmly than she had to. Confusion, she thought. Jack on his hind legs about nothing at all, and that woman downstairs giving the children neuroses, and poor Alex, way up yonder, working too hard and probably homesick! She was too tired to go out. She wished she could have a good cry and a bowl of soup and go to bed.

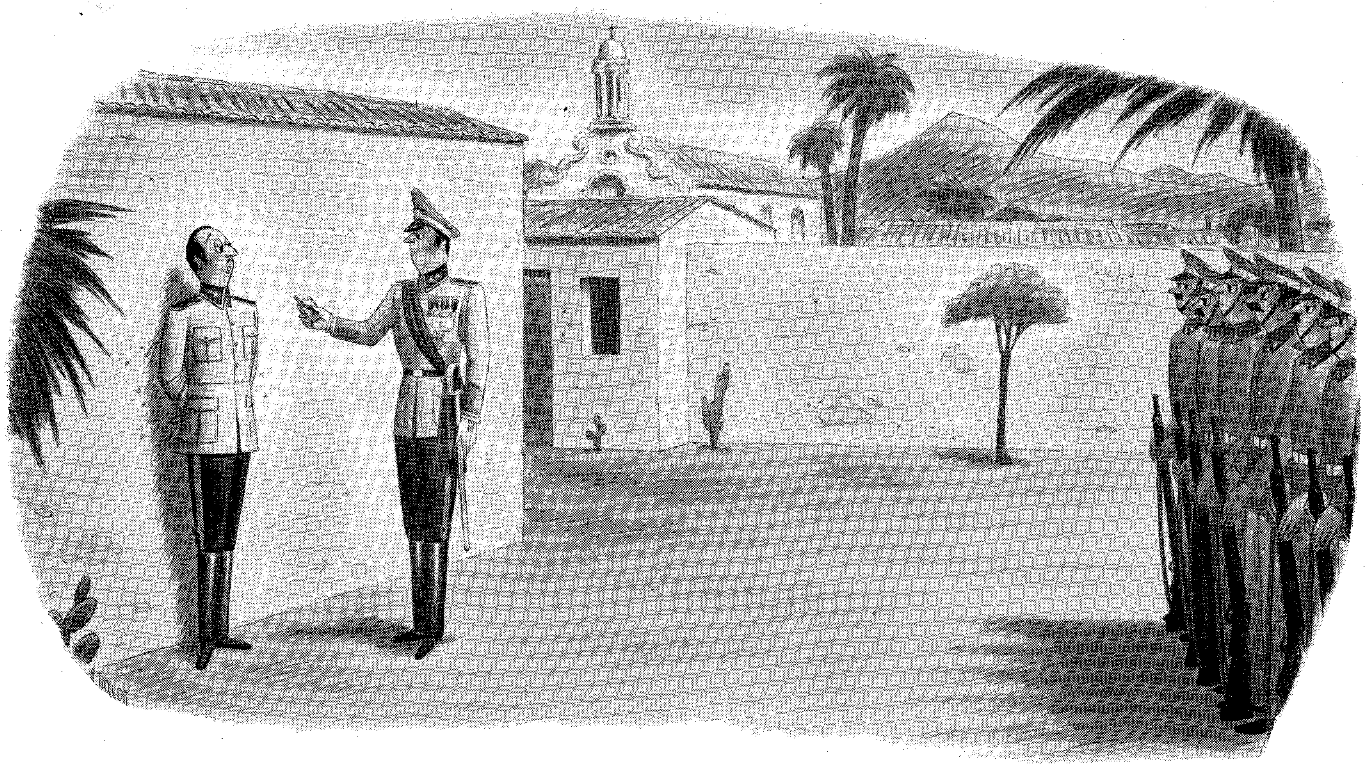


Soup, she had thought, caught in a kind of blissful catalepsy. *The dinner must begin with green-turtle soup. Sherry. Croutons fried in sweet butter.* A sanguine warmth had seemed to pervade her being as she stepped into her bathroom and started water running in the tub. The girls could slough off anything, she told herself, and there was nothing wrong with Jack that a stiff drink wouldn't cure. As for Alex, his latest letter, received only that afternoon, had conveyed no hint of unhappiness. It was as jauntily spelled as his letters usually were and concerned chiefly with a complicated scheme of finance. He had been invited to a dance at a girls' school "by a fastiddious blonde from Boston," and he needed a double-breasted midnight-blue dinner jacket. The one he had was black, a color nobody wore now (trousers, it seemed, didn't matter, because they didn't show up at night), and besides it was tight across the shoulders. He suggested that his mother get him a new one at home, where she could charge it, and he offered magnanimously to sell his old one to his father for only twelve bucks. In that way, he figured, nobody would be "out anything," and he would have some extra "moolah for immergencies." Mrs. Page took off her clothes, giggling as she imagined what her husband would say if she were so rash as to let him read that letter. She got into the tub.

Oysters, she had mused as she reclined in the hot water. *On the half shell. Ringed in a flowerlike formation on a plate of cracked ice. A cold, gray flower of the sea.*

Now that Mrs. Page was dressed and had progressed in anticipation as far as the entrée, she was afraid her mood was getting out of hand. It felt precariously light, like bread dough that has risen too high and is liable at any moment to turn sour. That glimpse in the mirror was a warning. She assumed a mask of languid nonchalance. It was absurd, she chided herself, to get so keyed up over going out to dinner. It indicated a small, mean way of life. Which, heaven knows, is *my* way, she admitted sadly.

Neither the Pages nor any of their neighbors had been very gay lately.



"It's awfully kind of you, but I'm trying to give up smoking."

• •

They were all family people in modest circumstances, and, with the expanding cost of food and the dwindling supply of servants, they found entertaining troublesome. Once in a while, the crowd would rally around at somebody's house for potluck Sunday supper, with scrambled eggs or spaghetti, paper napkins that went soggy by the middle of the meal, and the innocent, milky-mouthed prattle of their little ones, but these chummy occasions did nothing to glaze life over with the specious sense of grace that one always hoped to find at other people's boards. The party tonight would be different. It was being given by a rich, barren couple in honor of a witty old judge whose anecdotes were not for children. Mrs. Page tried to sleeken her mind by fixing it upon the civilized serenity of the house she would soon enter—the soft gleam and polish, like the patina of elegance, on floors, silver, and the faces of the guests; the feel of damask napkins as big as bath towels in your lap; the black, light-stepping maids with lace on their organdie aprons—but it returned stubbornly to its primitive preoccupation. *If not steak*, she thought, *perhaps breast of guinea hen. Hominy croquettes. Currant jelly.*

The Pages had been existing for three weeks on what Mr. Page called an austerity diet. Mrs. Page was hungry.

The door opened, and Jane and Lucy skidded into the room. They were rosy children of eleven and thirteen, with big eyes and lank brown hair. Now they paused in the middle of the room, clasping their hands together and giving vent to inarticulate, soap-opera-sounding gasps in admiration of their mother's appearance.

"Mama," said Jane in a tone of awe, "you've got on mascara!"

"Pure Rita Hayworth!" said Lucy.

They came and perched on the ends of the vanity bench, one on either side of Mrs. Page. They rubbed their cheeks against her bare shoulders.

"You smell so sophisticated," murmured Jane.

Mrs. Page smiled tenderly. The glass held a pretty tableau now, she thought. Two moon-faced little girls, drooping like field flowers on the bosom of a worldly yet compassionate woman. It was a moment framed in gilt—the sort of thing that characters in novels remembered when they visited their mothers' graves.

"Miss Beasly has a fascinating family," said Lucy.

"What's a double hernia?" asked Jane.

Mrs. Page shuddered. "I'll tell you tomorrow," she said, rising. "Is your father downstairs?"

"Yes'm," said Lucy. "He's terrific in evening clothes. A cross between Gregory Peck and Humphrey Bogart. You know—spiritual but sexy."

"Why, baby!" Mrs. Page said. "What an ugly way to talk!"

"There's nothing ugly about sex, Mama," Lucy said condescendingly. "It's a natural instinct. Like hunger or—"

"We won't go into that now," Mrs. Page said firmly. "Is your father talking to Miss Beasly?"

"He's in the kitchen," said Jane.

That information filled Mrs. Page with dismay. Probably, she thought, he was examining the contents of the garbage pail. She was thankful, at least, that she'd given the leftover kedgeree to that stray cat. The poor creature—a nursing mother, obviously, with hollow flanks and a pitifully human frenzy in its eyes—had cleaned up the last bit of the sorry mess, so none was left to betray Mrs. Page's feckless indifference to waste. Still, you could never tell. When Mr. Page set his mind to the task, he could generally manage to ferret out some damning piece of evidence.

"Dear me," she said. "I'll go right down."

Mr. Page's austerity program was a kind of courtroom hangover. He had recently represented (being urged by his own conscience and the chairman of the County Board of Health that his social duty lay in doing so) the plaintiffs in an action for damages incurred by food poisoning. The case was depressing. A young boy had died as the alleged result of eating hamburger at a local café, and his parents, suing as paupers, were asking compensation for his death. Mr. Page was a sensitive man. The grim business of setting monetary value upon a child's life offended him, and the nature of the evidence made him queasy. Naturally, Mr. Page had made the arrangement that was customary with destitute clients; his fee was to be a percentage of recoverable damages. But that arrangement was a gamble, and he wouldn't, in any event, claim a percentage large enough to compensate him for the neglect of his regular practice that the preparation and trial of the case entailed. Once the trial opened, however, he didn't worry about his financial sacrifice. His mind was occupied with the sordid horror of the evidence, and with a prudent suspicion of all restaurants. He began coming home for lunch.

This made extra work for Mrs. Page, but she didn't mind. She was a sociable woman and she thought it was nice to see her husband when the girls were lunching at school and she could talk to him in peace. Furthermore, the work was the kind she liked. Some months previously, her maid, Emma, had taken a job in a tobacco factory, and after the panic caused by that desertion had subsided, Mrs. Page had discovered the charm of the kitchen. She had never felt free there before. Whenever she had undertaken to stir something up in a bowl, she had been aware of Emma's face, dark and disheartening, like that of a cynical horse, hovering near her shoulder and putting a jinx on her efforts. Freed of this distraction, she wrapped herself in the calm absorption of art. With pious attention, she perused the literature of Boulestin and Fannie Farmer. She learned a lovely, esoteric language, full of words like "braise," "purée," and "marinate." At last, believing that she had grasped the philosophic core of cookery, she had dared create a few dishes of her own. When they were successful, she had experienced a sense of awed satisfaction such as she hadn't felt since a day in her early childhood when, dabbling in her first paintbox, she had mixed blue and yellow and made green.

The first day her husband came home to lunch, she gave him lamb kidneys *en brochette*, new peas and button onions, and *zabaione*. Mr. Page, after some questions as to the condition of the kidneys in their raw state, ate his lunch with relish.

The second day, she gave him *Wiener Schnitzel* and apple tart. Mr. Page looked pensive. It was delicious, he said, but it made him feel unworthy, as if he were set apart from common humanity. When he returned to court, stuffed with the fat of the land, the patient faces of his clients would seem to reproach him.

Mr. Page was growing attached to these clients. They were cotton-mill workers with a whole string of surviving children—little, pinch-faced "lintheads"—who listened to the court proceedings with a decorous gravity that he had never observed in his own offspring. The woman still had a vestige of prettiness that showed at odd moments in a smile or a look of wistfulness, and her husband, with his habitual gesture of lifting one shoulder, like a man warding off a cold wind, seemed a symbol of all the world's little people. Their suit, Mr. Page realized, was not vindictive; it was based upon material injury. With no backlog of savings, or even of prosperous friends to help them in possible disaster, these people counted their children as investments, calculated to pay interest as soon as the law permitted them to work in the mill. This was a sad conception of family life, Mr. Page thought, and yet it had a kind of simple dignity that warmed the emotions. He couldn't help thinking that Alex's character would be strengthened by a stronger sense of filial obligation. By the last day of the trial, Mr. Page knew he couldn't accept any money for his services. Reasonable modesty prevented his feeling noble. He only felt poor.

"What's the price of lamb?" he asked his wife after he had finished two chops grilled plain with butter.

"I don't know," she replied. "Something scandalous. After all, if you ate downtown . . ."

"Don't you keep accounts?" he asked.

"Why, no," she said. "I never have. I just draw out forty dollars on Monday and try to make it do the week. I generally have to get more on Friday, though."

Mr. Page winced. "Forty dollars! Why, the great mass of people—"

"Prices have gone up," said Mrs. Page informatively. "I had a note from Alex this morning. He was real cute about the inflation." From the pocket of her dress she took a folded sheet of paper and tossed it across the table to her husband. It contained a short communication that Mr. Page didn't find cute at all. Alex was requesting an increase in his allowance because, as he put it, "the cost of liveing has increased sharply in the North, and in view of national trends we cannot expect releif in the near future."

"Doesn't he express himself well?" said Mrs. Page.

"In the North!" Mr. Page groaned. "We residents of Tobacco Road aren't smart enough to notice the difference!" He rose. "I've got to go," he said. He hesitated, looking rueful. He was very fond of Alex. "Slip the kid something when you write," he added.

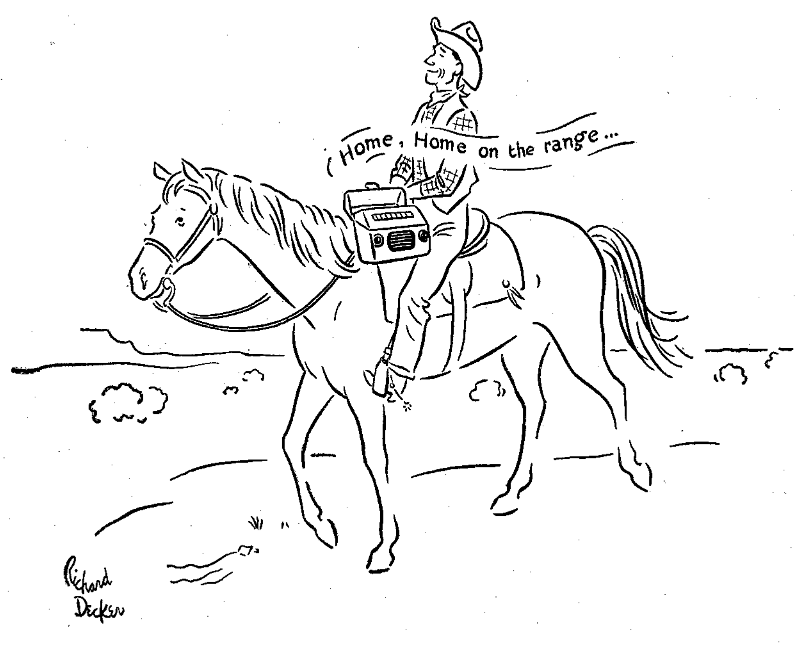
"I will," Mrs. Page said happily. "Could you stop by the Piggly-Wiggly and get me a pound and a half of calf liver?"

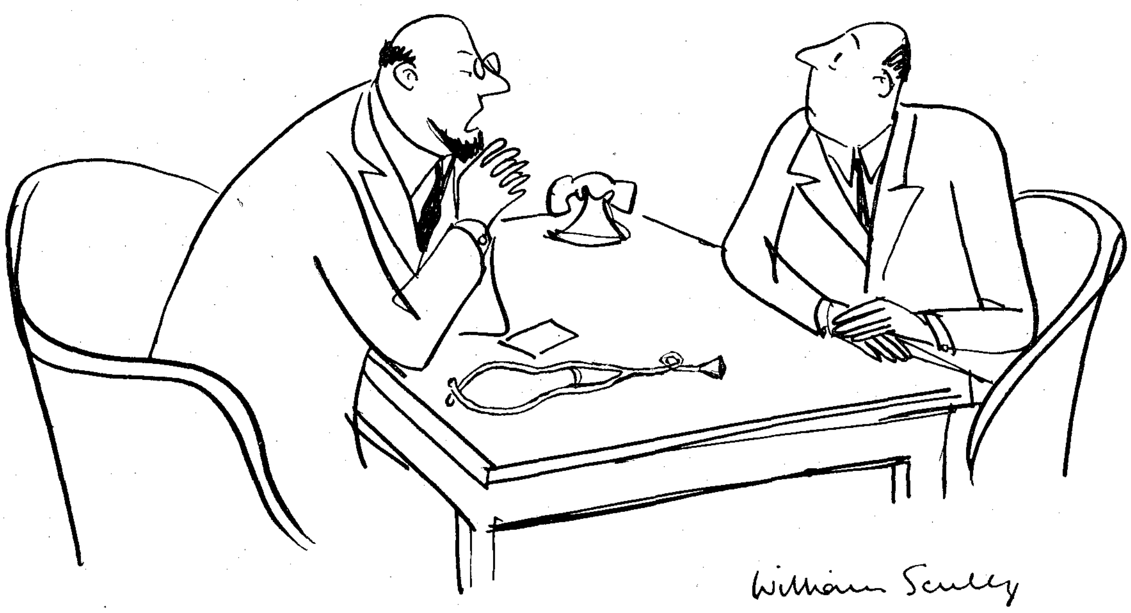
Mr. Page whistled softly. "Chops for lunch and liver for dinner!"

"It's good for the children," Mrs. Page said placidly.

She was in the kitchen making popovers when Mr. Page came home that evening. He was in brisk good humor. "I got a favorable judgment," he said, "and I remembered the liver."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Page. "And thanks." She took the brown paper package from his hand and unwrapped it. "You were gypped,"


Home, Home on the range ...
Richard Decker



"Instead of counting sheep, why not try imagining it's time to get up?"

she said. "This isn't calf liver."

"It's beef liver," Mr. Page said complacently. "At half the price."

"It won't broil," said Mrs. Page.

"Cook it some other way," Mr. Page said loftily. "The organs of mature animals are more nourishing than those of infants."

"Please don't talk about animals' *organs!*" begged Mrs. Page.

"What euphemism do you suggest, my love?" he asked.

"I suggest that you go help the girls with their homework and leave me alone with mine," she said. Her tone was level and menacing. Mr. Page was cautious enough to retreat.

Mrs. Page stood staring mournfully at the slab of liver. It was blackish red, with no gloss and with several knotholes of muscle running through it. Bits of arteries, she supposed. Old, hardened arteries. But after a minute she set to work. This was a challenge to her ingenuity. With egg and bread crumbs, a lump of butter, some red wine, a low flame, and infinite care, she finally transformed the liver into something that looked fit for human consumption. When she served it, with parsley and a mushroom sauce, she thought it was a dish to boast of.

"*Woman's Day* is running a contest for thrifty meat recipes," she told her assembled family. "I'm going to win five dollars on this."

"It's good," said Mr. Page, "but, with the trimmings, hardly thrifty."

"I had to do something to it," Mrs. Page said. "Nobody could eat a stark piece of beef liver."

"There was a plain country gravy my mother used to make—" Mr. Page began in a nostalgic tone that annoyed his wife.

"Are we poor, Daddy?" Lucy inquired brightly. "Do we belong to the submerged middle class?"

"We're sinking fast," Mr. Page said. "You see," he continued, speaking in the accents of bland reason that are supposed to impress the young, "the value of the dollar has gone down, while the basic expenses of people like ourselves have gone up. Take Alex's situation, for instance. When I was a boy, I attended the public schools and was grateful for the opportunity." Mrs. Page permitted herself an enigmatic smile. Mr. Page didn't notice it. "And take piano lessons," he went on, nodding to include both his daughters. "When your mother was a girl, she learned her scales for fifty cents a week—"

"That's all she *did* learn," Jane interposed.

Her father ignored her. "Your lessons come at four dollars an hour," he said. He paused, waiting for his moral to sink in.

"I'd be glad to sacrifice music," Lucy said. "I'd rather take tap-dancing anyhow."

"You miss the point," said Mr. Page. "Your mother and I are glad to give you advantages we never had. That's why we must be careful of our ordinary expenses—so we can have the finer things of life."

"Can we have a Buick convertible?" asked Jane. "Alex would like that."

"I daresay," said her father.

"Must we discuss money at the table?" said Mrs. Page.

Later on, after the children were in bed, Mr. Page pursued the subject further. The problem of food, he said, was basic to human life, but only the savage and the voluptuary allowed it to become the whole preoccupation. To squander one's substance on a wanton tickling of the taste buds was a crime against society. It encouraged high price levels, indifference to the misery of the hungry, and a sybaritic attitude toward existence.

"Be a little more concrete," Mrs. Page said pettishly. She had reason to be sorry she'd said it. Mr. Page knocked out his pipe, leaned forward in his chair, and outlined his plan too concretely for his wife's comfort. Court had recessed early that afternoon, he said, and he'd gone to the public library, where he'd studied a book on nutrition. What had struck him most forcibly was the relatively slight connection between the cost and the nutritional value of various foods. Stew beef actually contained more iron than T-bone steak. Fortified margarine was as beneficial as butter. Vegetables in cans were likely to have better vitamin content than those shipped on ice.

"I've heard a rumor about vitamins myself," said Mrs. Page, "and I'm not extravagant. I treat Tuesday just the way Mr. Truman wants me to."

"That isn't enough," said Mr. Page. "We've got to reorganize our dietary habits into a pattern of real austerity. Chicken and steak and chops have no business on our table *any* day in the week until they're far cheaper than they are now. Instead, we can have savory stews, hearty cheese dishes"—what a disgusting book the librarian must have given him, thought Mrs. Page—"or," he went on, dropping his voice to the pitch of reverence, "the sort of old-fashioned, God-fearing Southern victuals that you and I were raised on—turnip salad, corn bread and molasses, black-eyed peas."

Mrs. Page felt chilled. She disliked old-fashioned Southern fare with a bleak resentment that is possible only to the native whose helpless childhood was fed upon it. "I heard somewhere about

TOUGH CUSTOMER AT ALTMAN'S

They led him through the china department yesterday, and except for the ring through his nose he might have been almost any gentleman;
When he came down the aisle with his flanks just touching the counters on either side, I could almost imagine that he wore spats.
It wasn't until he'd passed the display of cloisonné that he stopped, moved his great neck, and, touching a Limoges teacup, listened the way you and I have done with the conch shell that props open the parlor door.
He ignored the Wedgwood and Spode and stopped before the Dresden figurines. While he looked at the shepherdess (perhaps it was my imagination), his nostrils seemed to dilate and his breath to come faster;
The Syracuse sixty-four-piece dinner set held his attention for several moments and he lowered his fanlike lashes to study the ivy motif,
But for all his seeming propriety he pushed to the floor an ashtray made in the glass factory at Corning, N.Y., raised a hoof, and deliberately crushed it into a thousand bits.
Breeding, after all, counts for a great deal.

—Evelyn Dorr

• •

this medical student who tried an experimental diet for a month," she said. "He just had a quart of Grade B milk, a can of tomatoes, and a loaf of whole-wheat bread every day. He felt fine, too."

"Of course," said Mr. Page, "if you want to sabotage my serious plan with cheap cynicism—"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Page said remorsefully. "I was kidding. Only," she added, playing what she hoped was a trump card, "you'll have to do the marketing."

"I'd like to," Mr. Page said promptly. "I think I can do it more dispassionately than you can." He got up, looking earnest and vigorous, and pounded his right fist into the palm of his left hand. "By Jove, we'll whip this inflation yet!" he said. He looked, Mrs. Page thought, remarkably like her old high-school debating coach. The notion made her grin in a way that looked more friendly than she felt. Mr. Page grinned back. "Let's have a drink on it," he said.

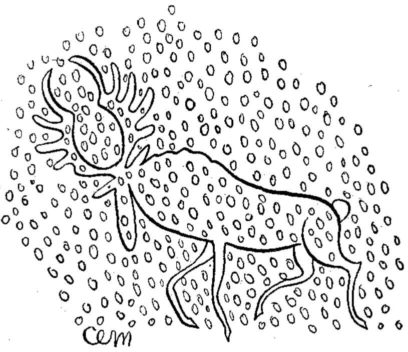
"Fine," said Mrs. Page. She had great faith in the distracting properties of alcohol. She smiled affectionately as she heard him getting ice out of the refrigerator. If he'd just stick to his bartending, both at home and abroad, she thought, he'd be a darling.

In a few minutes, Mr. Page returned with a couple of Tom Collinses. Mrs. Page, who had her mouth set for a highball and didn't care for gin, looked glum. "Gin is cheaper than whiskey," he explained. Mrs. Page was inclined to retort that tap water was cheaper still, but she checked the nasty impulse. In his present mood of exaltation, Mr. Page might be capable of taking her at her word.

From that day forward, the heart had gone out of Mrs. Page's work. She moved heavily about the kitchen in a dull apathy. Mr. Page, on the contrary, was as keen as an Eagle Scout. He memorized calorie charts; he became an authority on meat-stretching; he brought home bags of strong-flavored greens, cans of orange juice and fish, and pale, gristly pieces of meat called brisket. For dessert, he prescribed cornstarch puddings or sweet-potato pie. The children ate their meals with enthusiasm. So long as food was plentiful or sweet, it was all right with them. Once, Mrs. Page caught her husband sneaking some bicarbonate of soda after dinner, but he said it was because the hopping John had been so good that he'd overeaten. Mrs. Page, who felt as lonely as a poet in a broker's office, began to retreat from reality. She developed a masochistic tendency to go to bed with a French cookbook, much as, in sentimental moments, she sometimes flagellated her feelings with Alex's baby pictures.

The last few days had been especially wearing, because Mr. Page had started being helpful in the kitchen itself. He would pace the floor while she was preparing dinner; he would pounce to retrieve a withered carrot from the garbage; he would comment adversely upon the thickness of potato peelings, or turn off the oven "to save gas and utilize stored heat," or suggest that a spoonful of leftover corned-beef hash could well be dumped into the soup. Mrs. Page bore all this with a numb sense of fatalism. Someday, she thought hopefully, she would go crazy—violently and completely—and be thus released from her misery.

But Mrs. Page, given a chance, was a cheerful woman. The invitation to the dinner had seemed to promise an escape happier, if briefer, than madness. She had seen in it the gracious hand of Providence, and she had determined to let nothing ruffle her until it was over. Her resolve had been sorely tried on the day of the party, when she had returned from the beauty parlor to find that Mr. Page had already fixed lunch, but even then she had remained outwardly agreeable.



Mr. Page had seated her at the dining-room table. "I have a surprise," he said, beaming. "Something new and tasty." He went into the kitchen and came back bearing a casserole. "Kedgeree," he said.

"What?" asked Mrs. Page.

"Kedgeree," he repeated. "That's its name. It's a mixture of rice, fish flakes, and hard-boiled egg. I understand it was one of F.D.R.'s favorite dishes."

I don't believe it, thought Mrs. Page, who was a devout admirer of Roosevelt. She cursed herself silently for not having braved the perils of a drugstore lunch counter, and took as small a helping as she decently could. Mr. Page had two large helpings, but there was a great deal left. "We can warm it up tomorrow," he said. Mrs. Page smiled. I'm damned if we can, she thought. After her husband was safely gone, she had given it to the stray cat.

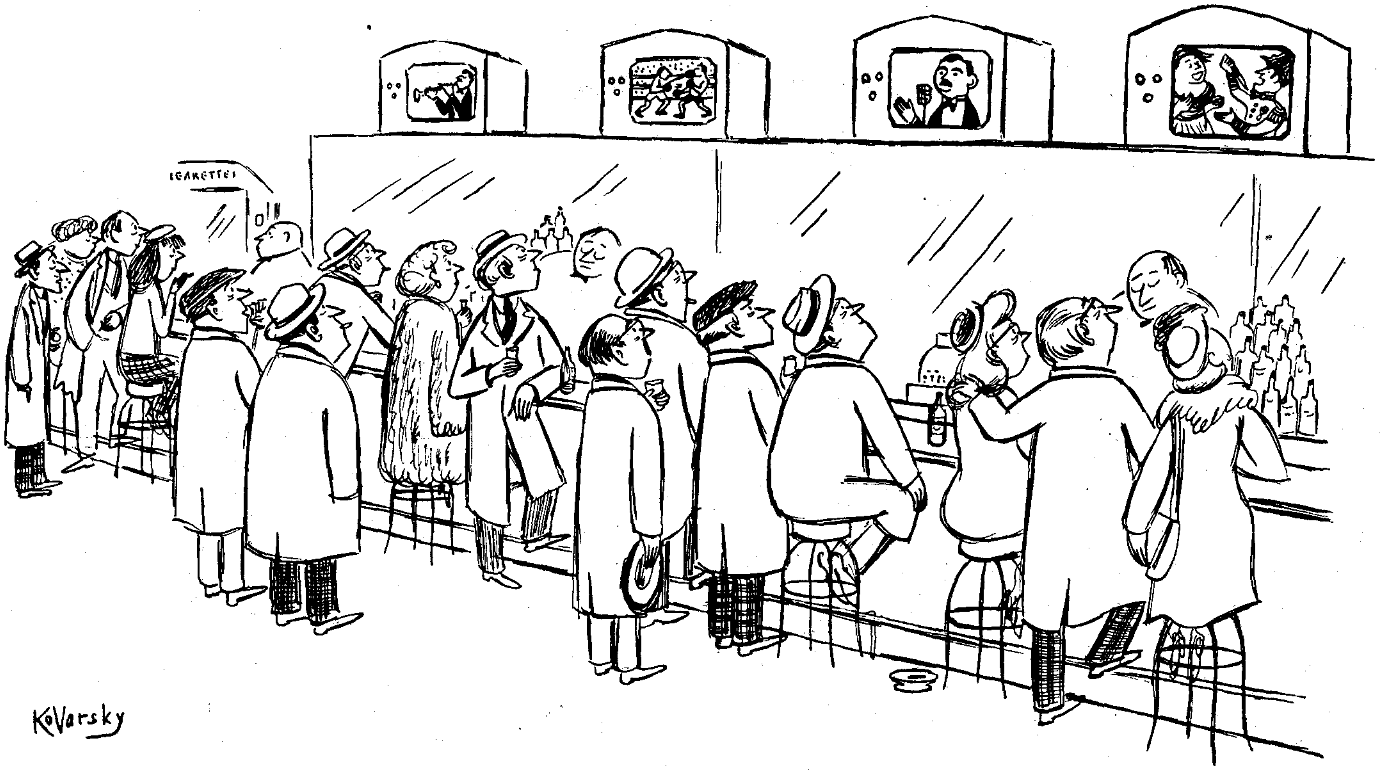
NOW, as Mrs. Page ran down the stairs, she was nervous. The girls trailed behind her. "What you reckon you'll have to eat, Mama?" asked Jane.

"Grown people don't wonder about the food at parties," Mrs. Page replied airily. "We go to be with our friends." *Something on the fancy side for the salad course,* she thought. *Artichoke bottoms in yellow-tomato aspic, with caviar mayonnaise.*

In the kitchen, she found her husband squatting in front of the Frigidaire with an arm thrust into its lighted recesses. "You ready?" she asked.

"I was just checking the larder," he said. He stood up and faced her. "I can't find that kedgeree."

"You can't?" Mrs. Page echoed, stalling for time. "That's funny."



"It isn't in the least funny to lose tomorrow's lunch," Mr. Page corrected her. "Don't you really know where it is?"

Mrs. Page backed against the wall. She felt cornered. And this isn't funny, either, she thought. A vulgar harangue raced through her mind. She could almost hear her own spiteful voice cutting loose and telling Jack what a platitudinous fool he was, and what was wrong with some of his relatives, too. She took a deep breath and prepared to let him have it. *Strawberry mousse*, she thought, *with a whole wet marron on top*. She closed her eyes. *Chocolate soufflé? Black cherries burned in brandy?* She waited, like a Christian martyr lacing his soul with the image of Paradise. She opened her eyes and looked at her husband with an air of bashful candor. "I ate it," she said.

"You did what?"

"I ate it," Mrs. Page said again. "I ate the kedgeree."

"There was a lot left," Mr. Page said suspiciously.

"I was very hungry," she said.

"You must have been," he said. He gave her a steady look, dark with outrage.

Mrs. Page felt the elation of ignominious power. She had cheated, but she had won. He wouldn't stoop to call his wife a liar. "Let's sally forth," she said.

IT was a long drive to the party. Mrs. Page made a few feeble essays at conversation, but they drew no response. Mr. Page flexed his jaw muscles and kept silent, like a man of honor who has been betrayed. Mrs. Page's self-esteem was never proof against moral disapproval. She began to feel that she'd acted childish, and as she lapsed into dejection, all the worries that she'd dismissed for the evening nibbled at her again. What was Miss Beasly telling her children? And what was Lucy telling Miss Beasly? Was Alex meeting the right kind of girls? Even when she was seated, at last, in her hosts' charming parlor and had been given a Manhattan instead of the Martini she'd feared, she felt like biting her nails.

A colored houseboy, stepping gracefully as a cat on the soft carpet, came in with a tray of fresh cocktails. Somewhere, in his progress from pantry to parlor, he must have left a door ajar, for a succulent odor trailed in his wake. It lay motionless and distinct on the air of the room, like a straight line of smoke trapped in a valley. Mrs. Page, who was discussing modern music with her hostess, tried to keep from sniffing audibly, but her silent nose was trained on the scent. Crispness. Juice. A faint suggestion of celery. What could it be?

She glanced across the room at her husband. He was listening deferentially to the visiting judge, and he looked pale and boyish beside the pink old gentleman. His nostrils quivered. He rose abruptly. "Excuse me, sir," he said to the judge, and made his way to Mrs. Page's side.

The hostess had beckoned to the boy. "Remember to close the pantry door," she was saying. Mr. Page, bending over his wife, spoke quickly, hardly moving his lips. "Canvasbacks," he said. "They feed on wild celery." "Ah!" breathed Mrs. Page. For an instant, their eyes were joined in a gaze as private and compelling as that of love. Then Mr. Page rejoined the judge, and Mrs. Page turned back to her hostess. "Still," that lady said, "I'm old-fashioned enough to want a melody."

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Page. Life, she reflected as she bit into her cherry, was about to take a sweet, melodious turn. And later this evening, if the duck had run properly red at the joints, she might risk the story of Alex's blue tuxedo and his fastidious Boston blonde. She was very happy. She didn't envy anybody in the world except the cook who was back there in the steamy kitchen, basting brown birds with golden drippings from the bottom of the pan.

She smiled at her husband. That kedgeree, she thought. If you added some cream and a little grated onion and maybe a pinch of curry powder . . .

—FRANCES GRAY PATTON

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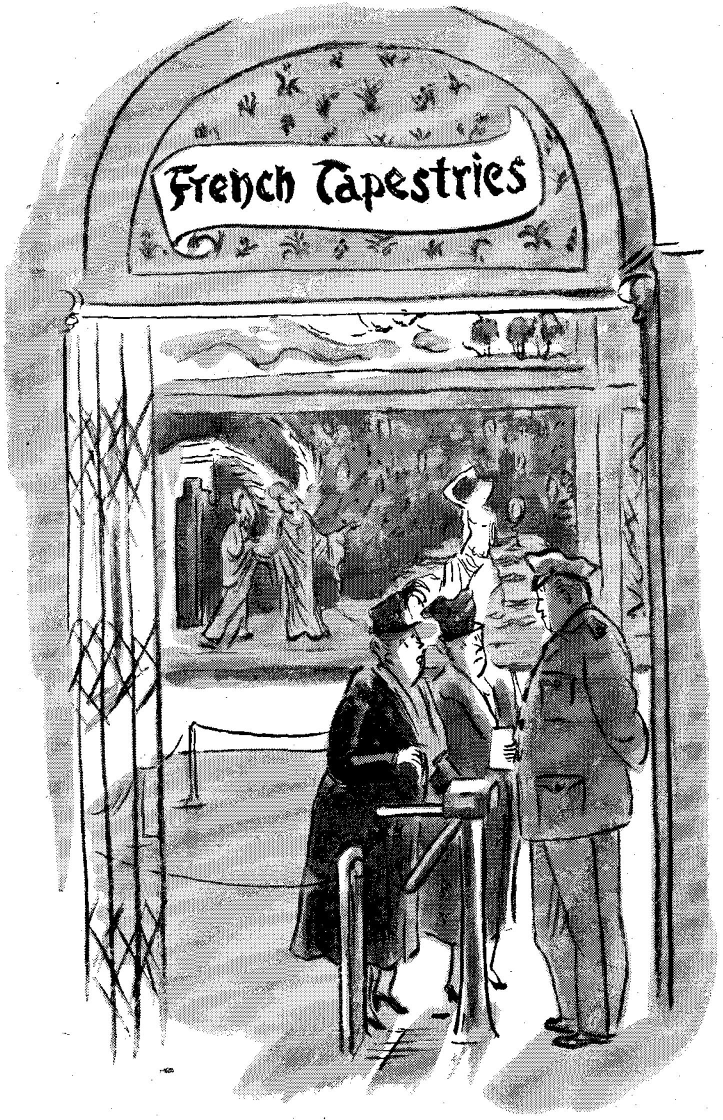
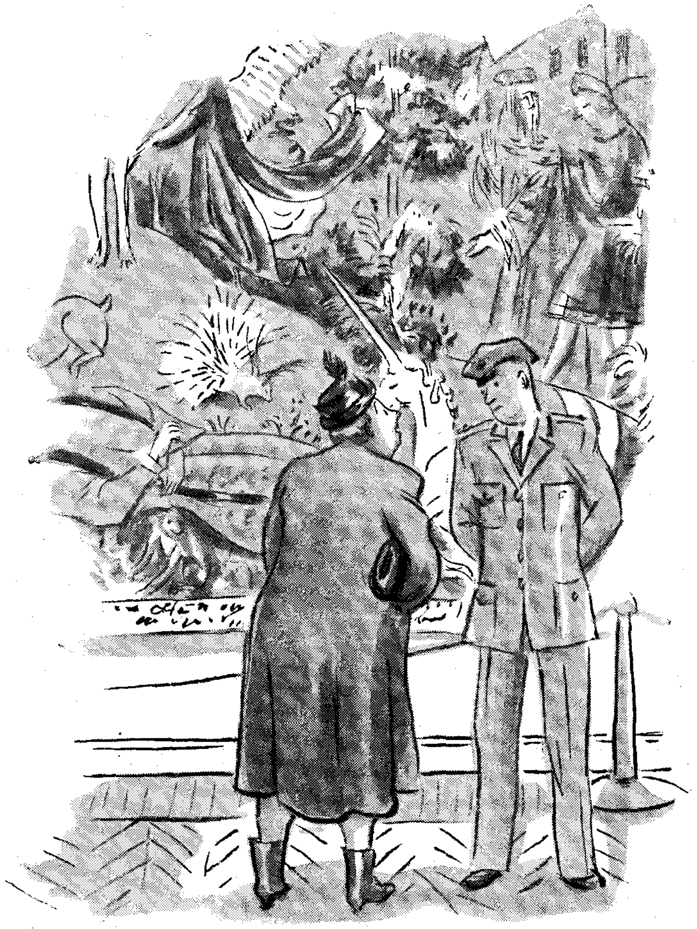
Have you heard that the Duchess of Windsor was offered a blank check by The New Yorker for her memoirs?—*Elsa Maxwell in the Post.*

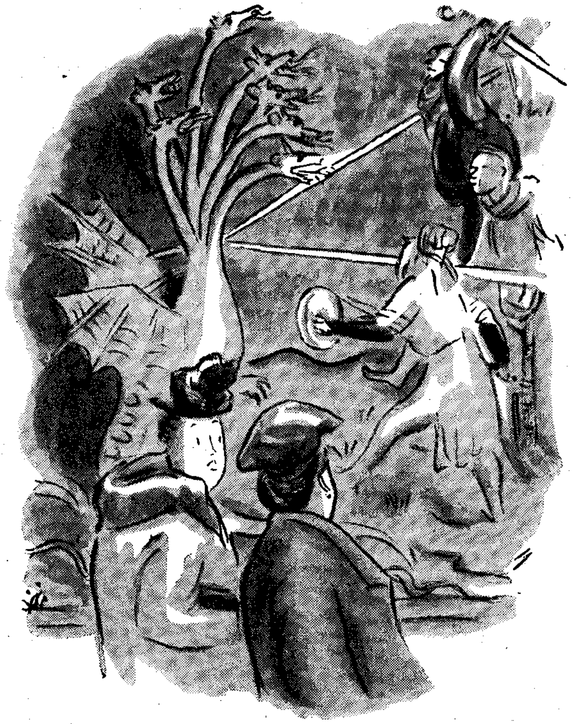
No, we haven't. Mind telling us who signed it?



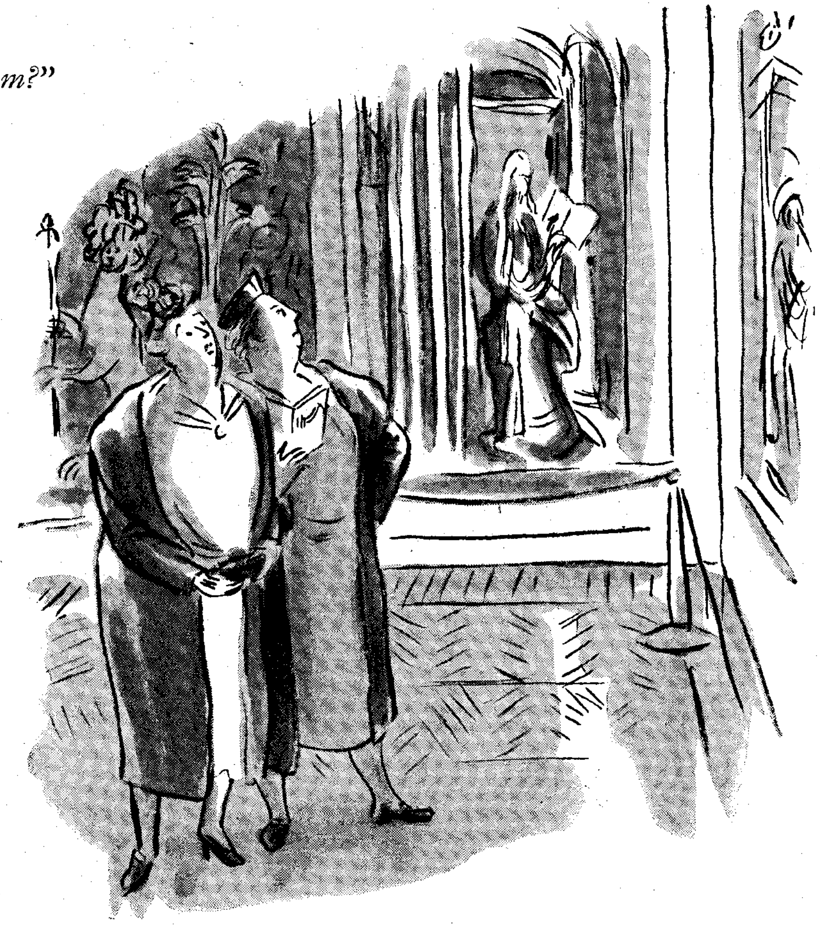
"Does it matter which end we do them from?"



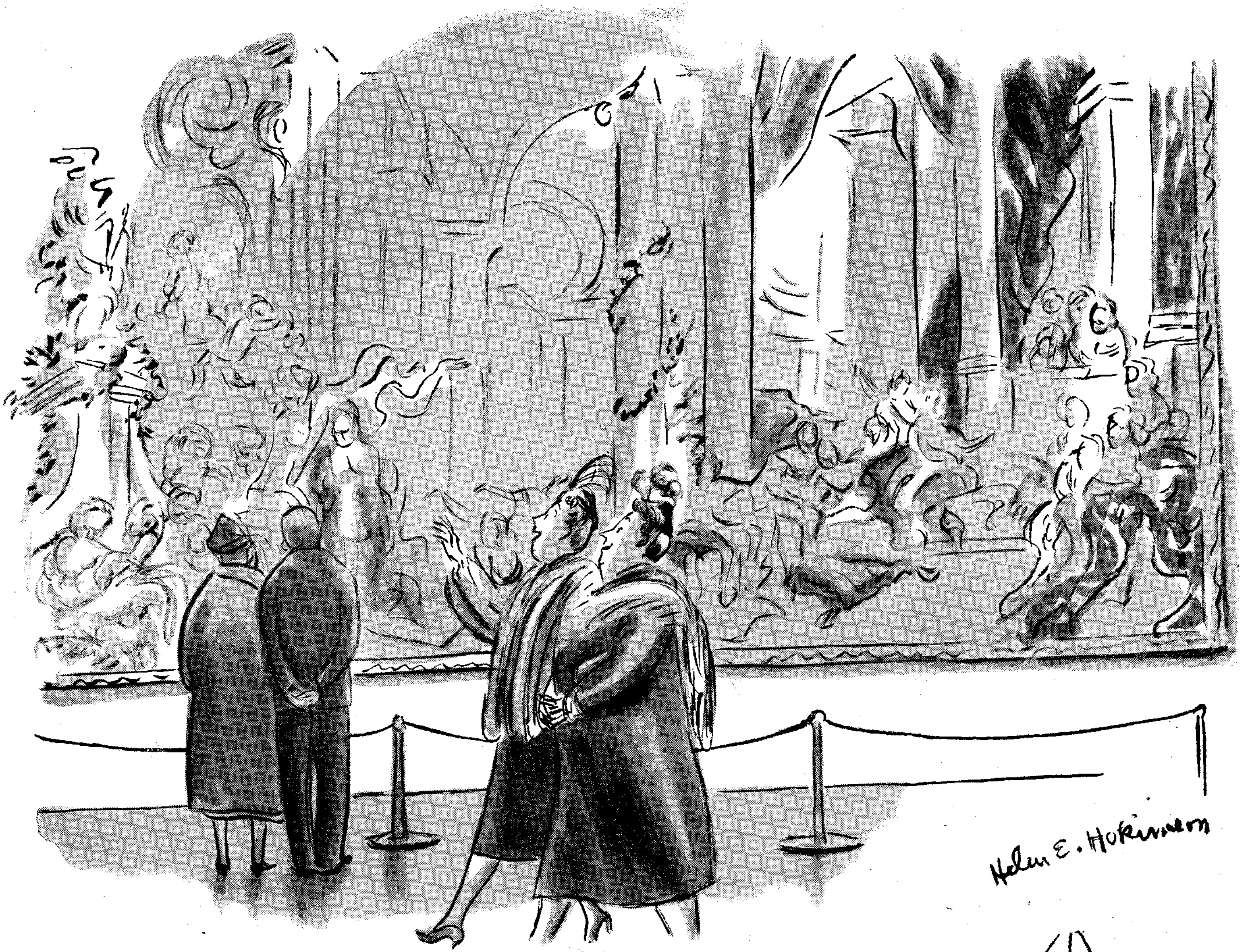
"Excuse me. Do you happen to know what a porcupine symbolizes?"



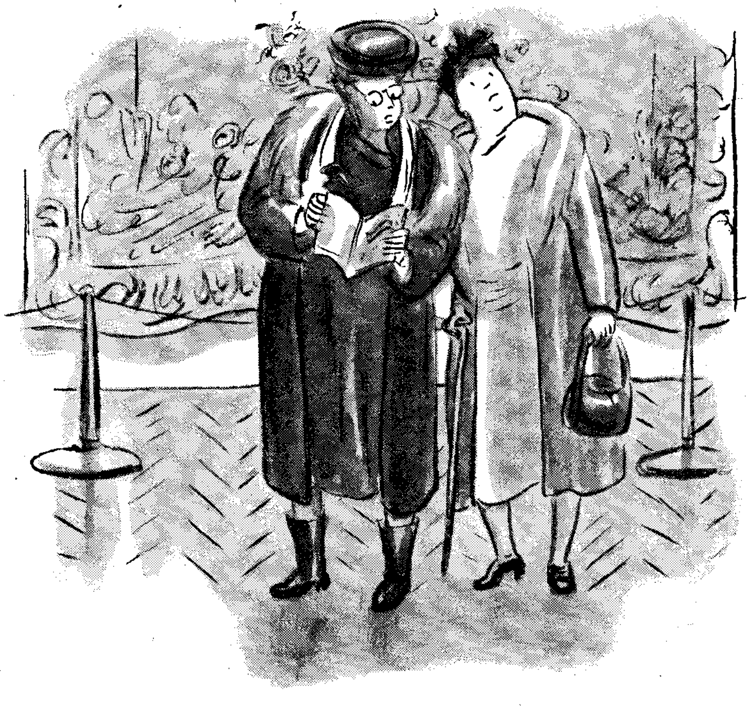
"It's an allegory. You have to be feeling unreal to enjoy it."



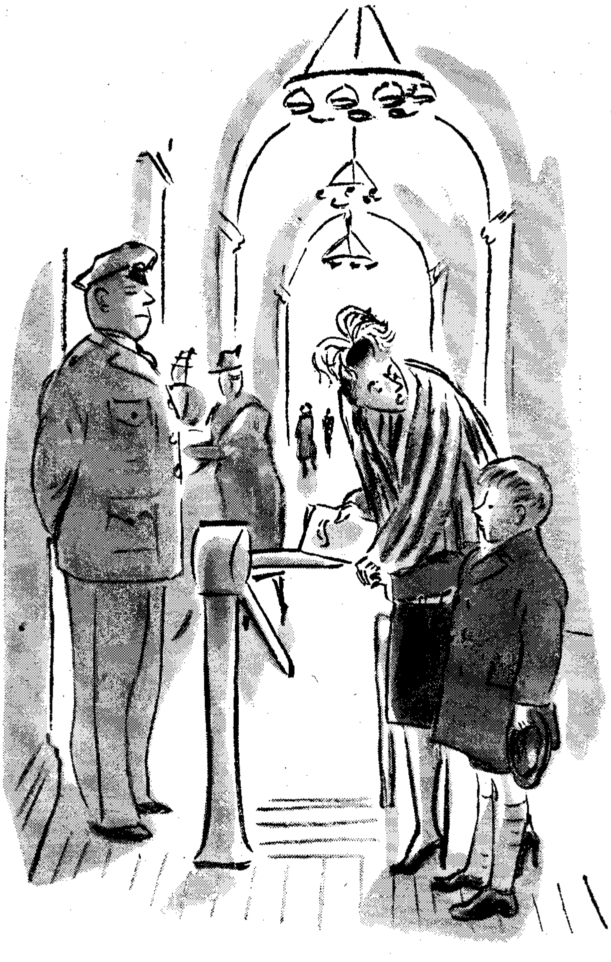
"Of course, you'd have to have a castle or something."



". . . and just a block away there was the most wonderful little restaurant, where they had lobsters and artichokes for only nine francs, and we went there every single day."



"'Aurora, seated on a cloud with a cupid who holds a torch, looks down at Cephalus, who . . .' "

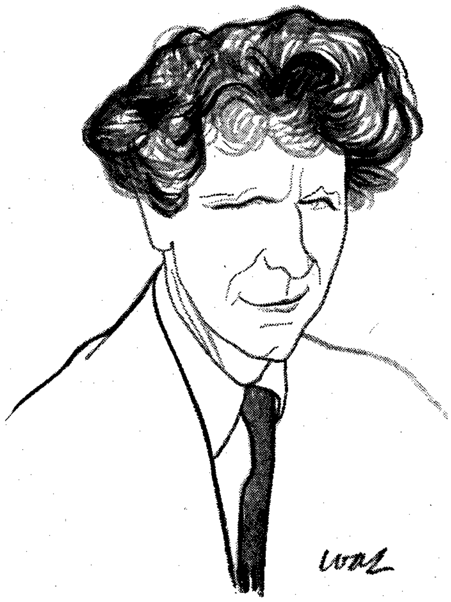


"Can't you remember anything but the blood that ran out of the horse?"

PROFILES

MUSICIAN

III—TOP NOTES GLASSY



PERCY GRAINGER, the pianist and composer, feels that the happiest period of his sixty-five years was the time he spent in the United States Army during the first World War. After walking from New York to Fort Totten to enlist, carrying a newly purchased saxophone, he was assigned to the band at Fort Hamilton, and was much pleased. For the first time since his early childhood, he was safely removed from pianos, which he detests. "There I was, surrounded by all those woodwinds," he said recently. "It was a *most* agreeable atmosphere." By 1917, Grainger, then thirty-four, was established as one of the great favorites of New York and European musical circles, but he had gone into the Army as incognito as possible, signing himself "P. A. Grainger." He found his barracks-room friends wholly compatible, and they exchanged confidences about their ambitions. One youngster, a second piccolo, expressed a desire to join a big symphony after the war and was not surprised to hear that Grainger hoped to work up equally far with the saxophone. The day after he arrived, Grainger met the conductor of the post band, Robert Resta (the brother of Francis Resta, the present conductor of the band at the United States Military Academy), who regretfully announced that the band had enough saxophones, and probably more than enough. "Are you familiar with any other instruments?" he asked Grainger, and Grainger replied, with simple honesty, "Yes." The conductor then gave the new man an oboe, saying, "Bone up on that for a few days, and we'll all get together and hit it." Grainger reluctantly laid aside his saxophone and fastened on to the oboe, but he found it heavy going, even for a concert pianist. After three days, he had learned a kind of scale, but his tone, he has said, was pretty sickly and raw. By a mischance, the band was ordered to play a concert for some visiting generals before Grainger had sat in on any rehearsals. "How about you, Grainger?" the conductor asked as the unhatched oboist approached the bandstand. "Are you ready to join us?" Grainger answered that he would be glad to play all the notes he had learned. The fact was, however, he had learned only eight or nine altogether, and none of them seemed to fit into the program, which called for an oboist with a middling-wide range. Resta was obliged to bench him for the last two numbers. Grainger was sitting by philosophically, enjoying the music, when a newspaper reporter recognized him. "The bubble burst," Grainger says sadly. "They invaded my privacy."

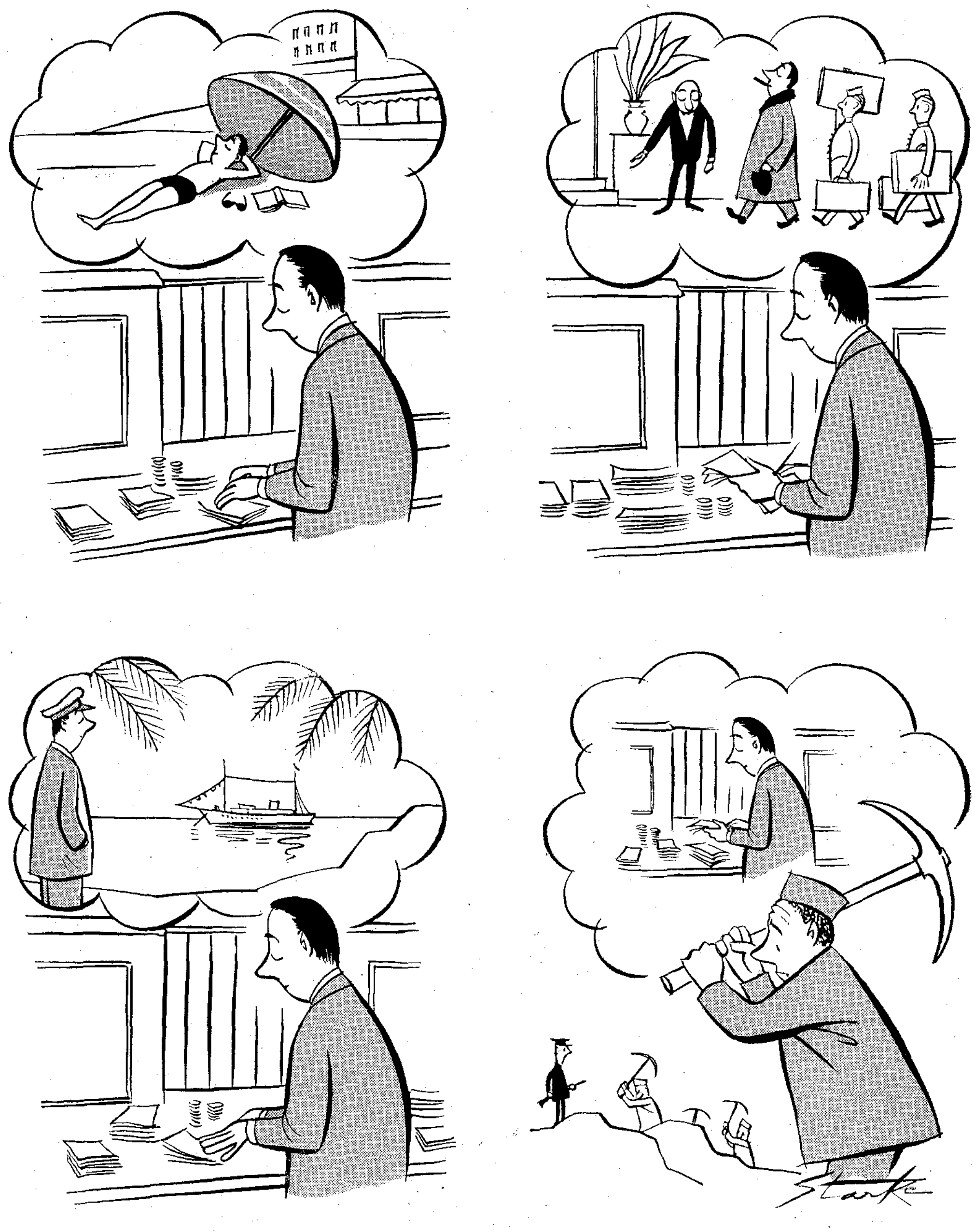
For a while after his unmasking, Grainger was miserable. Reporters and curiosity seekers bothered him. Then, with Resta's kindly help, he began to hide from them, and in a week or so was able to settle down in some peace. He wanted to continue his grapple with the oboe, but Resta decided that he was outmatched, and made better use of his talents. "They put me to arranging," Grainger says. "It was a blow, in a way, because I was just beginning to get the feel of the oboe, but I soon got interested in the arranging, too." Since Resta, as the senior officer, inevitably had to spend considerable time filling out forms and placating the upper echelons, he had Grainger rehearse the band in his absence. With this sort of freedom, Grainger forgot all about the oboe and began to have a wonderful time. All his life, he says, he had dreamed of a quiet retreat to which he could withdraw with a group of competent musicians and rehearse things as he pleased; the war provided the perfect answer. Through his efforts and Resta's, the band was whipped into splendid shape and gave a number of public concerts, which were enthusiastically received. Grainger was popular with most of his fellow-musicians, but a few, who looked as though they had just been relieved at Verdun, complained that he was rehearsing them to death. The apex of his military enjoyment came during an epidemic of influenza, when the men were confined to quarters; he rehearsed them until they were falling over like machine-gun victims.

These rackety sessions at Fort Hamilton represent the golden age of Grainger. He grows sentimental when he thinks back over the first World War, and often says, "Yes, the Army life's the only life for me." Had it not been for dependent relatives, he might have made a permanent thing of the Army. His term of service was not uniformly tranquil, however; only the middle period pleased him. After his initial publicity, he enjoyed peace, with plenty of rehearsals, until the band began to make bond-selling tours. During the first of these, the audiences invariably set up a cry for him to perform on the piano. Bowing to public demand, Resta took a small piano along, and Grainger glumly did his patriotic duty. As it turned out, his playing in behalf of the Liberty Loan led to the most popular artistic achievement of his life. Casting about for a piece that might suit every kind of audience, he began to do improvisations on the sprightly old English morris dance "Country Gardens." As the tours continued, his improvisations on the tune gradually crystallized into definite form, and one day at the barracks he wrote his final version down. On Resta's advice, he took the music to Schirmer's to be published. Its sales have broken all Schirmer records; for twenty years it sold at an average rate of thirty-five thousand copies a year, and since then only a few thousand below that figure. Grainger's annual income from "Country Gardens" and his other compositions, counting both sales and A.S.C.A.P. royalties, has been between ten and fifteen thousand dollars.

ALTOGETHER, Grainger was in the Army two years. For a period of several months, he was lent to the Red Cross, for which he played recitals to raise funds. In December, 1918, by then an assistant bandmaster, he was mustered out, and he rejoined his mother, who had come to this country with him from Australia in 1914 and was living in a New York hotel. A few years later, they bought a house in White Plains, where he still lives. Following his return to civilian life, he resumed his piano concerts, which were as successful as before, and spent all his spare time at composition. Few composers have had a more tempestuous creative life than Grainger. Since he began this work, in his early childhood, he has refused to observe any of the accepted tenets of writing music. He does not believe in the familiar sonata form or its symphonic outgrowth, and he dislikes picking out one instrument for special attention. "I have never been willing to embark upon a form in which one performer is exalted at the expense of a hundred others," he once wrote. As for symphonies, he continued, "They are made up almost entirely of dances. I prefer not to feel that gay." Back in 1911, when the first of his pieces were published, he insisted on paying half the costs, out of consideration for the publishers, who he felt were taking a foolhardy plunge. His early compositions were scored for various unusual combinations; a typical one might comprise a group of mixed voices, a handful of woodwinds, five or six children beating on bottles, and a group of bells. One featured a substantial section of whistlers, and another called for a collection of sixty banjos and guitars. Recognizing real merit in his compositions and determined to popularize them, his publishers in England, Schott & Co., asked him to arrange some of his things for two pianos, as Brahms had done with one of his symphonies. "That is an excellent idea," Grainger told Schott, "as long as you label each of them 'Dished Up for Piano.' " The publishers agreed, and the pieces were so marked.

One of Grainger's chief aims is ethnological. From the beginning, he has campaigned for what he calls "blue-eyed," or "Nordic," music. His ethnological divisions do not conform to the best-known versions, being drawn as much on musical as on racial grounds. For example, his racial groupings collided with Hitler's. "Oh, yes," he says, "Jews are certainly Nordic. Nearly all of them have blue eyes." In the main, he has wished to break away from Germanic and Italian music and favor the music of English-speaking and Scandinavian countries. "By the time I was ten or eleven years old," he has written, "I had read Freeman's 'History of the Norman Conquest,' excerpts from the 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicle,' and George Webbe Dasent's English translation of the Icelandic 'Saga of Grettir the Strong.' This last-mentioned story immediately became, and has always remained, the strongest single artistic influence in my life, providing me (so it seemed to me) with an ideal example of what Nordic art should be—shapely yet 'formless,' many-sided yet monotonous, rambling, multitudinous, drastic, tragic, stoical, ruthlessly truth-proclaiming." Grainger has attempted to classify his work by subject matter. "Nine out of ten of my pieces are about hanging, drowning, murder, burning, and abduction," he has said. Technically, he has been guided, he says, by four principal beliefs. Simplified, they are: (1) rhythm is a nuisance and should be done away with; (2) conventional harmony is totally without merit; (3) melody is superfluous, not to say ridiculous; and (4) the intervals of our scale, which are worthless, should be replaced by sliding intervals (i.e., no intervals at all). Thus far, he admits, he has not been able to achieve an ideal blending of these concepts, but he proposes to continue hitting the ball. To that end, he now has in his basement a mechanic working on a machine that will somehow blow out "free," or unpremeditated, music without the benefit of any human agency except the electrical company. "I've advanced him five thousand dollars," Grainger said recently, "and I'm sure that together we'll work it out."

Musicians have always found it hard to know how many of Grainger's declarations to take literally, because he is filled with contradictions and changing ideas. At the same time, they agree that he is unquestionably sincere. "Percy is able to kid himself without much trouble," says one of his composer friends. Cyril Scott, the English pianist and composer, has written of him, "Indeed, he can hardly be said to have an enemy, unless one could be found among those who never came into contact with him, and therefore can dislike him merely in theory." Certainly, de-



spite his aversion to rhythm, conventional harmony, melody, and scale intervals, he has written a lot of rhythmic, conventionally harmonious, melodic music within the limitations of our scale. By now, Grainger's published compositions number about four hundred, and he has written at least as many more that are yet unpublished. His best-known short pieces, besides "Country Gardens" and "Irish Tune from County Derry," are "Shepherd's Hey," "Molly on the Shore," "Mock Morris," and "Tribute to Foster," the last of which, recently mentioned by a critic as a fine example of his "characteristically unorthodox scoring," was written for five solo voices, solo piano, mixed chorus, orchestra, and a set of musical glasses. All these compositions, except "Mock Morris" and "Tribute to Foster," are settings of folk tunes. Grainger wrote "Mock Morris"—which, as one musician has said, is "delightfully folk-like, even though it contains no actual folk song"—to prove to himself that his adapting of folk music was creative and not plagiaristic. Several composers have described Grainger's eulogy of Stephen Foster as perhaps his most poignant work, but, owing to the difficulty of rounding up the required performers, it is not heard as often as it might be.

It is in his longer compositions that Grainger strives for the expression of his radical theories. His "Marching Song of Democracy," which he wrote over a period of fifteen years, is notable, as the *Musical Quarterly* once put it, for "themes passing into other themes without the recurrence that is the keystone of all classic form." Grainger himself, explaining this composition, has said that "music should be organic rather than architectural." Harmonically, his most unusual offering is doubtless his "Arrival Platform Humlet," which he wrote so that people could relieve the tedium of waiting for trains by humming with some direction. It has no discernible harmony whatever, and its melodic line is so complex that even Grainger can't hum it. "It's Japanese in feeling," he says, and adds that he got the idea from a Japanese bazaar he visited in Australia. In his "Hill Song I," an endorsement of hills, the time signatures change almost every measure, giving the piece more rhythmic freedom than most instrumentalists like to think about. However, because he was worried that they might feel rhythmically fettered, Grainger inserted a note in the manuscript saying, in effect, that players should ignore the signatures whenever they pleased. "Hill Song I" is marked "In Walking Measure," another example of Grainger's innovations. He is dead set against the traditional Italian expression marks, such as "fortissimo," "diminuendo," and "largo," and has worked out his own rather arresting system. A few of his typical marks are "louden lots," "bumpingly," "well to the fore," "die right here," "top notes glassy," and "hold till blown." "The pages are crowded with expostulations and warnings," the author of a scholarly treatise on Grainger's compositions wrote a few years ago. "Occasionally a comment that cannot be put anywhere else flies out into the margin, where it is surrounded by one of those balloon-shaped enclosures familiar to the comic strip."

A music magazine, commenting on Grainger's terminology, once said, "He loves to invent his own names—'hammerwood' for 'xylophone,' 'middle fiddle' for 'viola.' He prefaces the score by analyses, by extended program notes, by essays." Along this same line, Cyril Scott has written, "To the despair of his eminently refined and much respected [English] publishers, Messrs. Schott & Co., Grainger insists on filling his catalogues and musical works not only with golfing expressions but also with culinary phrases, so that his prospectus is a very masterpiece of slang and vulgarity, causing not a few people to dismiss him and his works as something not worthy of being taken seriously." One critic has written, "Many words of his songs cause female singers to blush." Grainger never uses dirty words in his songs, but if the mood is earthy he strives for verisimilitude. When a female singer picks up one of his songs and brays out some anatomical reference not commonly heard on the concert stage, then blushes, he is thoroughly surprised, and a little hurt. "We have nothing finer than our brief Anglo-Saxon words," he sometimes says. Such words, in his opinion, are representative of the forthright, down-to-earth harshness for which he thinks the Nordic races are noted. A comparable musical harshness, manifest in the dissonances that have come to be thought of as "modern," are sprinkled through his compositions. "Percy was doing in 1895 what other so-called moderns began thirty years later," a critic said the other day. "They've all borrowed from him, and because they write music in the sonata or rondo forms, they are mostly better known than he is." All in all, Grainger's creative standing is uncertain. A rough synthesis of critical opinion might be that whereas his folk settings are plainly classical gems, his longer compositions, though brilliantly conceived, will never be popular, because of their advanced ideas. "Except for his folk songs," a conductor once said, "you might say that Grainger is, and will likely remain for a while, a composer's com-

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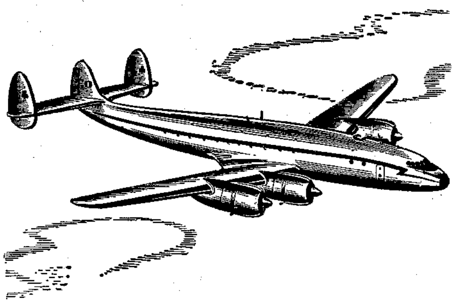

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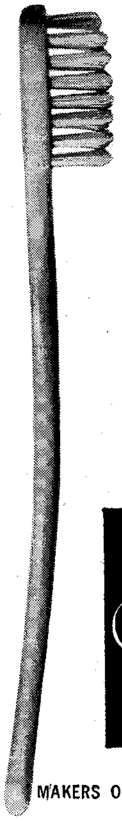
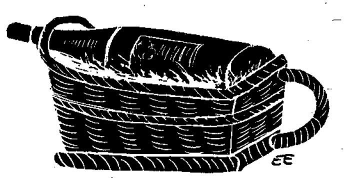


poser," and Eugene Stinson, in the Chicago *Daily News*, recently handed down a summation when he wrote that Grainger was "still the legitimate leader of the youth movement in music."



PONDERING his fifty-five-year artistic struggle, Grainger is inclined to discourage youngsters from trying to become concert pianist and composer simultaneously. He has worked somewhat harder, he believes, than the average coal heaver, and the years just after he left the Army were among his toughest. He and his mother lived together in the White Plains house until 1922, in which year he went on a Canadian concert tour. She was, at the time, in rather poor health, suffering from recurring complications of an injury she received in a fall on the ice many years before. One Sunday morning, shortly after Grainger went on tour, his mother called his agent, the former singer Antonia Sawyer, who also lived in White Plains, and asked to be driven into New York. Mrs. Sawyer drove downtown, and at Mrs. Grainger's request they visited the agency's office, on the eighteenth floor of Aeolian Hall. When Mrs. Sawyer went into the hall after a glass of water, Mrs. Grainger threw herself out of a window. Grainger cancelled the rest of the tour and returned home, almost in a state of collapse. He and his mother had always been very close; by considerable hard work and sacrifice she had fostered his career and was in great measure responsible for his success. For several months after her death, he refused to play in public; then he gave a recital in Scarsdale as a memorial to her. The *Times*, in its account of the event, said, "When he had finished playing 'Colonial Song,' which the composer dedicated to his mother, the house rose in a body as an act of neighborly sympathy." Not long after this, Grainger announced to his friends and neighbors that, save for professional purposes, he would not visit with anybody more than once a year in the future. His social life declined rapidly and has never recovered.

To get his mind off his troubles, Grainger made a number of trips to Europe and the Antipodes. On one of them, as he was returning to the United States from Australia, he met Ella Ström, a Swedish painter and poet, with whom he fell in love. His first act, as the feeling took hold, was to write a lengthy composition, "To a Nordic Princess." In return, she wrote him a couple of poems, and they announced their engagement. Grainger is believed to be the only musician of importance, and Miss Ström the only Swedish painter, to have been married in the Hollywood Bowl. On August 9, 1928, in the presence of twenty-two thousand paid guests, they took their vows. Then Grainger resumed a concert he had started in the Bowl before the ceremony. Not long ago, asked why he had chosen the Bowl as a setting for his nuptials, he said, "I did it as a favor to the manager." His friends agree that this was undoubtedly the reason; as far as they know, he has never refused anybody a favor that was within his power to grant. Grainger's financial generosity, for instance, has often been a subject for worry to his wife. For years, he supported between nine and twenty-three relatives and musicians, all the latter of whom he believed to be overwhelmingly talented. In 1935, anxiously noting that, in spite of relatives and budding geniuses, he was getting uncomfortably ahead, he provided funds for the erection of a museum of music in Melbourne. It is a project very dear to him. This institution, now completed, is operated as an adjunct of the University of Melbourne, but Grainger directs its affairs, largely *in absentia*, and is responsible for its support. It is of odd construction for a museum, somewhat resembling a stockade. For display in this edifice, Grainger shipped to Sir James Barrett, the chancellor of the university, thousands of manuscripts by numerous composers and several tons of other musical memorabilia that he has collected during his lifetime. Discussing the museum's purpose in a letter to Sir James, Grainger said, "Australia has, in the last sixty years, seen and heard many outstanding *servants of music* (singers, instrumental virtuosi, and conductors), but to my knowledge none of the *masters of music* of that period (creators such as Grieg, Elgar, Delius, Richard Strauss, Debussy, Ravel, Cyril Scott, Vaughan Williams, Arnold Bax, Scriabin, Roger Quilter, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Gershwin) have visited Australia. I hope that the display of photographs, relics, letters, Mss., typical of such men may prove stimulating to creative-minded Australian music-lovers." As soon as he can work it out, he and his wife plan to visit Melbourne for a year and put the museum in expert order.

Grainger maintains, a little moodily,

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that he always feels pushed for time, because he has so many things he wants to do. "It's just possible," Mrs. Grainger said the other day, "that Percy tries to do too much. He will do anything that anybody suggests." In 1932, New York University suggested that he become head of its music department, and he signed a contract for one year, explaining that he had promised a friend to go to Copenhagen in 1933 and take a twenty-month cruise to the South Seas on a four-masted schooner. "I accepted the job," he wrote a friend, "because I was well paid (and wanted to apply the money to building my museum), because I wanted to study the subjects I was to lecture on—dealing with music as a worldwide art, equally important in its most primitive phases and its most arty phases—and because I admired the work of Gustave Reese, lecturing there on medieval and Renaissance music." According to the most reliable accounts, Grainger exploded on New York University like a bombshell. For a while, both the faculty and the students were badly stunned. It seems safe to conjecture that never again will the University be in a position to offer its enrollment an instructor so confusingly dynamic. To start off, he asked and received permission to "illustrate" his lectures, using whatever instrumentalists he could round up, both on the campus and elsewhere. Then, after long nocturnal sessions of digging into ancient and exotic music, he was ready to pass his findings along. By and large, the students hadn't the least notion what he was talking about, but they enjoyed the illustrations. They might take their seats and find that Grainger, ready with some notes on "Probable Music of the Lost Continent of Atlantis," had assembled on the stage twelve tubas, a couple of mouth organs, a glockenspiel, several tambourines, and a duck call. "My thirty lectures were not very well attended," he wrote a friend, "except on one occasion when I asked Duke Ellington and his band to illustrate a lecture, when the students broke down two doors to crowd in." His statement on the attendance, some of the university people say, is overly modest. "Actually," one teacher there has said, "his classes were refreshingly popular." Grainger enjoyed the work as much as his students did. "I like everything to do with music education," he wrote for a music magazine not long ago. "I like the buildings, the resources, the chance to present 'unpopular' music, and the absence of applause."

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ger and his wife went to Copenhagen, where they boarded their friend's schooner and took the twenty-month cruise to the South Seas. The islands made a deep impression on Grainger. For one thing, he admired the natives' indolent habits, and for another, he became interested in the Polynesian dialects. He and Mrs. Grainger are currently studying Polynesian and several other languages, including Gothic and Icelandic. For several years, Grainger has supplemented his music with a vigorous campaign for language reform, getting nowhere. What he is after, in the main, is to rid English of compound words with ambiguous roots. Thus he disapproves of the prefix "trans," because, for example, in "transatlantic" it means "across" and in "transparent" it means "through." Explaining his ideas further, he recently said, "It's quite meaningless to say that a man is musical or that he plays a musical instrument. My word for music is 'tone-art.'" For composer, his word is "tone-wright;" for disappoint "hoop-thwart;" for satisfy "hoop-fulfil;" and for museum "past-hoard-house." Periodically, he writes round-robin letters of great length, running sometimes to fifteen or twenty typewritten pages, to various of his tone-wright friends abroad. These are all couched in his reformed language. "Dear Ones," began a document headed for England. "Since I last wrote you a round-sent-writ [round-robin letter], an awful lot has been happening to me in my tone-life [musical life], some of it riling, some of it nice, but most of it nice. Riling is that all one's forth-printers [publishers] whether in New York or in Vienna (but NOT in London, I must remark) show a mind-made-up-ment [decision] not to reprint large works in a twaid [second] forth-printment when the first printing is sold out. . . . So at the gay age of 64 I see myself faced with ALL my larger works (that I have striven so hard to get forth-printed) going out of print forever." Commenting on his health later on in the letter, he said, "I have not felt well the last half-year. My guts pain me all the time & I feel nerve-wracked and forspent [exhausted] in all sorts of ways." Grainger is not sure how his friends feel about his round-robin letters, since they seldom acknowledge them. Once in a while, somebody will return a card or a brief note, saying, "Thanks for letter," or "Am in Baden-Baden—regards," or just "Greetings." Undisturbed, and now in improved health, Grainger continues to write. He has recently got in touch with a man living in the Australian bush whose ideas about English are similar to his own. Grainger has encouraged him to correspond and pays him twenty pounds for each letter received.

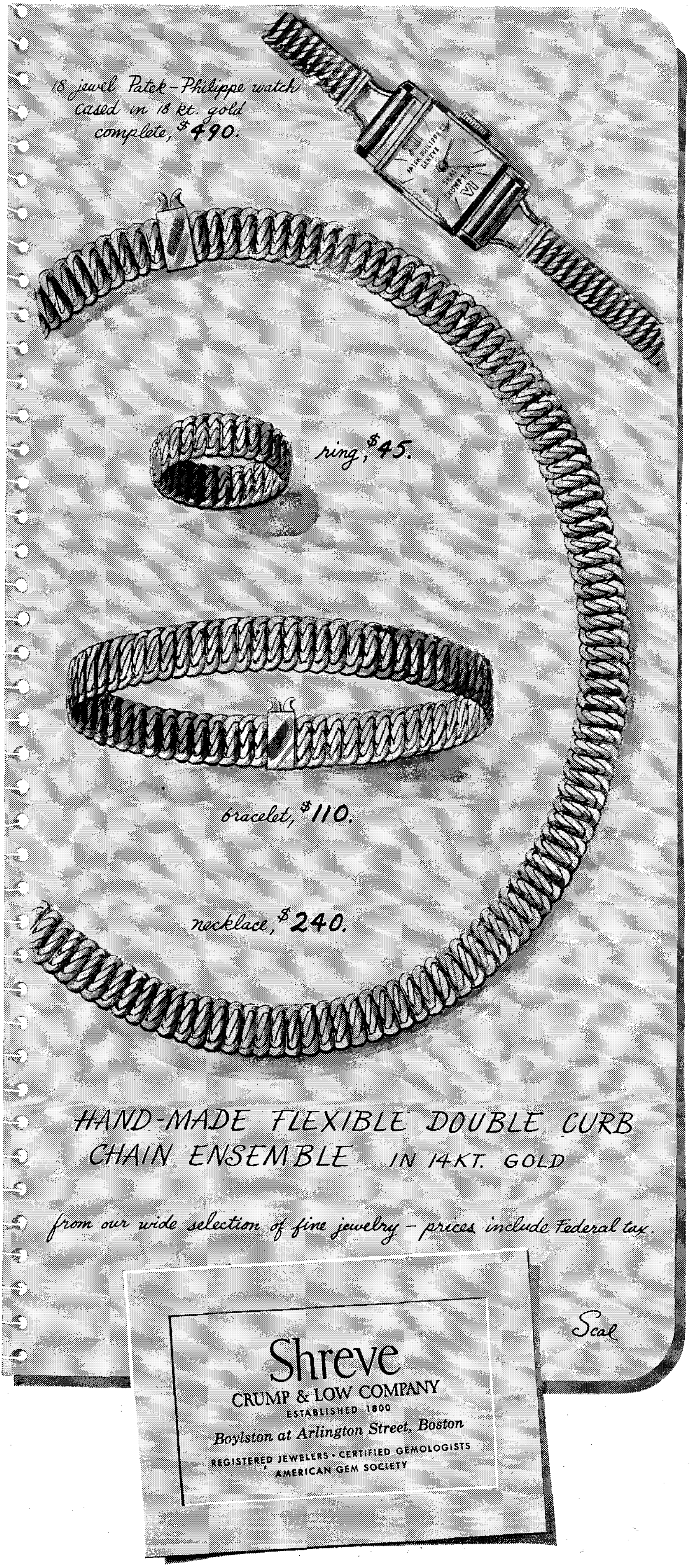
GRAINGER attends to his financial accounts, and all of his other business, with extreme care. Every time he gives a language reformer or a struggling composer money, he makes a note of it in his books, under the heading "Progress." For years, he has directed a flow of small royalty payments to folk singers scattered throughout Great Britain and Scandinavia. This operation alone would exhaust the average man. Grainger takes the stand that if a folk singer helped him collect a folk tune, that man is entitled to royalties on the published work, if royalties are forthcoming to anybody. Hence, several times a month, he will sit down, having figured out a fair split, and write several dozen small checks, perhaps including, among others, thirty-seven cents for a Walter Tuck, in Kent; a dollar for Biggsworth Fawkes, in Devon; eight cents for William Buckley, in Cornwall; and a quarter for Borge Andersen, near Oslo. Grainger keeps his writing materials upstairs in his house and makes a separate trip for each check, hopping both upstairs and down on one leg. This is for exercise. From year to year, Grainger changes his methods of getting exercise, which he considers extremely important to the perpetuation of his youth. Hiking to his concerts, dressed in hobo clothing, has always been first on his list, but lately he has added opening doors with his feet. He does this mostly at home, but he is likely to take a quick workout in any handy place, unless it seems too public.

Next door to the Graingers live Frederick Morse, a portrait photographer, and his wife, Antonia, who is now Grainger's manager. Mrs. Morse's aunt, Antonia Sawyer, was Grainger's first manager in this country; when she retired, in 1925, Mrs. Morse took the job over. For a while, Mrs. Morse accompanied Grainger to such concerts as he consented to travel to by train, but she found this too nerve-racking, and quit. At one afternoon performance, before a collection of women's clubs on Long Island, he gave what seemed to her a suspiciously curt rendition of Grieg's "Ballade," and on the way home she said, "Wasn't that pretty brief, Percy?" "I dropped six pages out of the middle," he said, "so's I could catch the four-fifty-eight." Another time, as Mrs. Morse was waiting for

Grainger in Penn Station, he sprinted into view, carrying a lamp and followed by several policemen and cries of "Stop thief!" The matter was soon straightened out; Grainger had bought the lamp, which he had admired in a store window, and then, in one of his running moods, dashed for the train, unaware that his behavior might strike anybody as singular. The Graingers and the Morses see a good deal of each other, but the Graingers rarely attend the large parties that the Morses give, except unofficially. During these events, Grainger is likely to stalk through the Morse living room, dressed in a pair of white house-painter's pants, which he has come to like as well as his staple khaki ones, looking for some old scrapbooks or asking to borrow some pencils. "Who was that funny little fellow with the white pants and bushy hair?" one of Mrs. Morse's guests usually asks. "Was that a carpenter?" "Why, yes," Mrs. Morse will reply. "He's come to repair the gutters." Grainger and Morse used to run down to Hartsdale a good deal, until Morse begged off this exercise last year. "You're killing me, Percy," he said. "I can't take it any more." Grainger always set a hot pace in the middle of the highway, and generally refused to budge when cars honked at him. "Come on around!" he'd shout, waving an arm, then yell back to the laboring Morse, "Pick it up, Fred! You're straggling!"

During the last war, the Graingers moved to Springfield, Missouri, for no reason that either of them can recall. Working out of Springfield, Percy played several hundred benefits for war organizations, and did it with the same martyred resignation that had marked his piano work for Resta in the earlier war. There is no indication that his piano playing is slowing up or becoming commonplace. After a concert some months ago, the Los Angeles *Examiner* noted, "Percy Grainger, appearing last Sunday night with Leopold Stokowski and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, rollicked through a program of his own compositions with such contagious charm that the audience, allowed carte blanche, would probably have kept him at the keyboard indefinitely. In these days of neo-classicism and neo-romanticism, Grainger succeeds by being simply neo."

In White Plains, Grainger's largest following is a group of people who know him only as "that man who goes up and down the main streets with a wheelbarrow." For a long time it has been his practice to transport luggage



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and other impedimenta between his house and the railroad station by wheelbarrow. He finds this method more convenient and cheaper than using taxicabs or trucks. He is impervious to the shouts of laughter that sometimes go up as he trundles along with a heavy load. In fact, it seems doubtful whether he is ever aware that some people consider him slightly eccentric. "It is the old story," wrote John Tasker Howard in his book "Our Contemporary Composers," "tersely summarized by Jean Cocteau when he said, 'It is impossible both to be sincere and to seem sincere.' Grainger has chosen to be sincere, to the amusement of the cynical, the embarrassment of the conservative, and the delight of those who really know him." And a man who has been professionally associated with the Graingers for twenty years recently said, "Percy and Ella are children, of course, but they are simple, warm-hearted, wonderful children, and they've both got a great deal done. Sometimes I think they're the only entirely natural people I've ever known."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the last of a series of three articles.*)

•

A HUNDRED AND THREE YEARS

This week the volume number of The Times-Crescent changes from 103 to 104, which is to say that we begin the 104th year of publication. Part of that long heritage stems from the old Port Tobacco Times, established in 1844; part from the Crescent, established in 1893, and the last 50 years from The Times-Crescent, which merged its predecessors at about the turn of the century.

Sometimes the dearth of news, the pressure of getting to press on time and the long tedious hours required to compose and get into type information which our readers can consume at a glance and probably already knew anyway makes us wonder if it's worthwhile to go through with the same irksome routine again next week. —*Editorial in the La Plata (Md.) Times-Crescent.*

If you should stumble on the answer, would you call us and reverse the charges?

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Wellesley $7,500,000 Hoop Ratings"*]

In Brooklyn . . . over 50% of Brooklyn Wellesley people have subscribed. According to a recent report, solicitors are having trouble finding some of their prospects at home, and one solicitor, who goes to business during the week and makes calls on Sunday afternoons, says that if she is lucky enough to find people at home they are usually in no condition to greet visitors.

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FRANK ALLENBY
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Decor by MICHAEL WEIGHT
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OF ALL THINGS

THE recent slump in wholesale commodity prices has given consumers reason to hope that the peak of inflation has passed. We had better jump to no conclusions, though, until we've had a series of conferences with our friendly neighborhood dealers.

•

Soviet newspapers declare that declining prices here mark the beginning of the depression that they have long prophesied. They predict cheerfully that, in the United States, adversity is just around the corner.

•

Drew Middleton, of the *Times*, has returned from Russia with the welcome news that the U.S.S.R. will not be in any position to wage war against the United States for ten years. On the other hand, there is a good possibility that war between the Soviet Union and Walter Winchell may break out any minute.

•

The governors of the Southern states are cool toward the idea of forming a new party in protest against the Truman civil-rights program. The Dixie statesmen apparently suspect that we already have one party too many.

•

The bill providing for universal military training is spending the winter in the archives of the House Rules Committee. Republican leaders feel that it may be more comfortable there than on the cold and drafty floor of the House.

•

A Californian has tried, unsuccessfully, to give Secretary Marshall two hundred and fifty dollars for the E.R.P. If the fellow will just be patient, the Bureau of Internal Revenue will get around to his case.

•

One billion dollars has disappeared from circulation since Christmas, and government economists are hard put to it to explain where it has gone. The best guess so far is that it was left in taxicabs.

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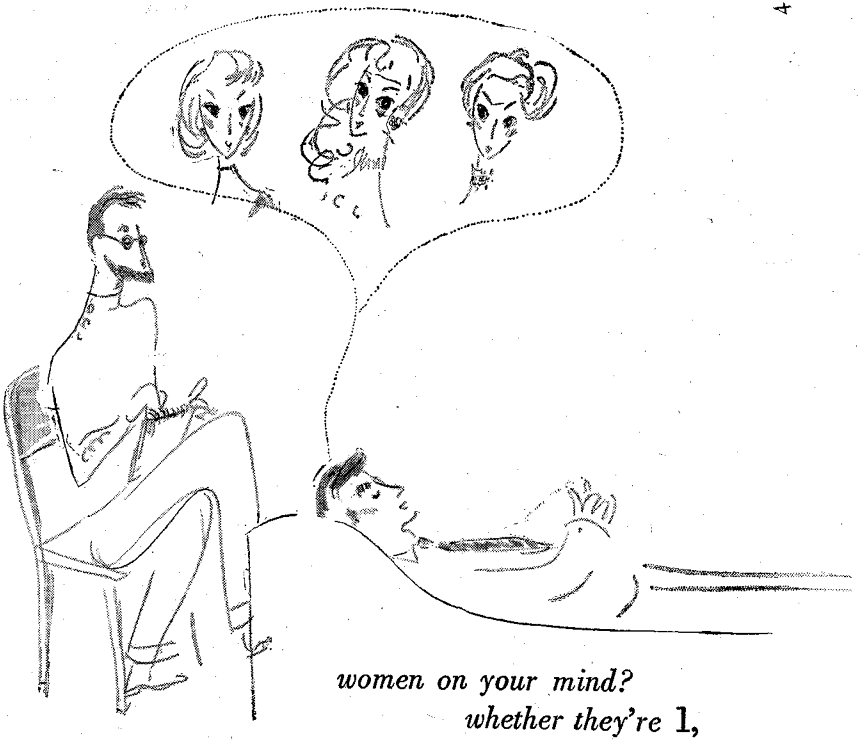
General Eisenhower has retired as Chief of Staff, with the admiration and gratitude of all our people. Everybody wishes him good luck and bright college years. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



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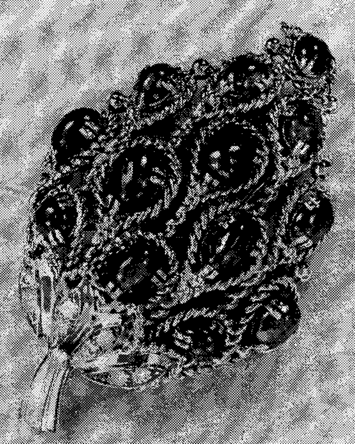

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THE THEATRE

MOSCOW AND DUBLIN

ALL the actors in the four Chekhov sketches up at the City Center seemed to be having a lovely time the night I was there, and I only wish I could say as much for me. These pieces—three one-act comedies (I employ this word, of course, in its Russian sense) and a monologue—were written early in their author's career; they give some evidence of the qualities that were later to make him famous; and I can think of no possible reason for putting them on the stage now except, perhaps, to give José Ferrer, Richard Whorf, and their associates, who have already handled "Volpone" and "Angel Street," another chance to demonstrate their unusual versatility. I think we might as well investigate them in the order in which they appeared:

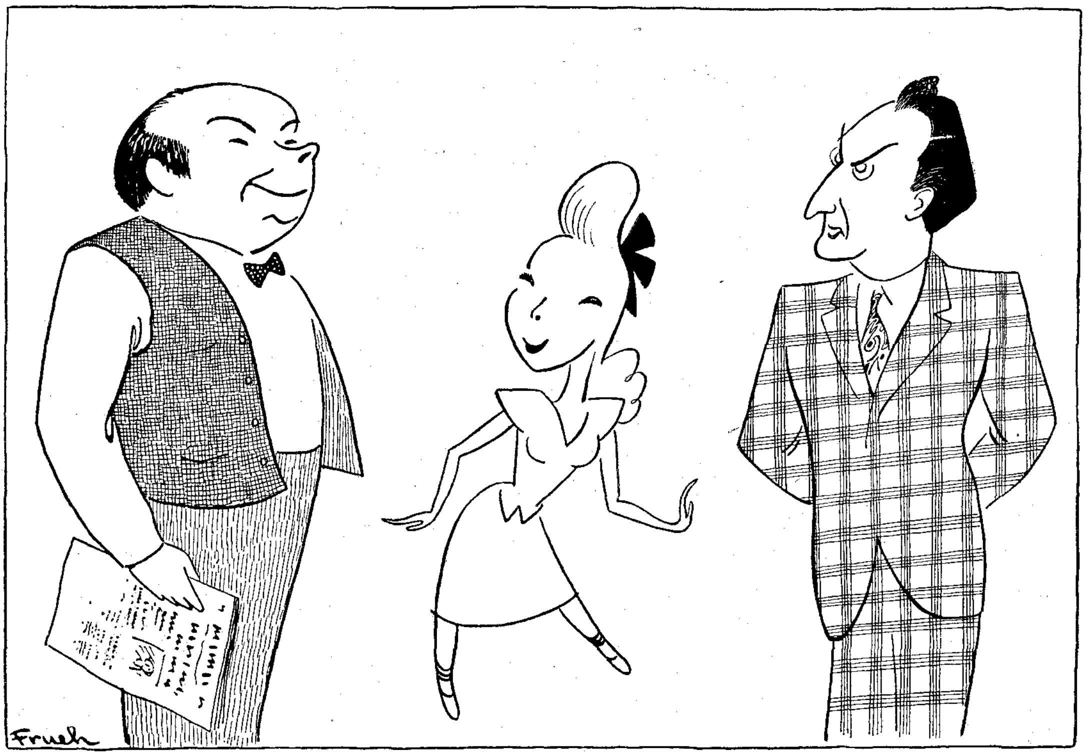
"A Tragedian in Spite of Himself," played by Mr. Ferrer and Mr. Whorf unattended, is a sort of antique revue sketch about a man from the country who has to execute a lot of commissions for his family and friends when he visits the city. It involves an enormous number of props, including a bicycle, a bird cage, a sewing machine, and about three pounds of crêpe hair on the actors' faces. If it could be cut down to about a third of its length, equipped with a few bright lines, and played a little less in the manner of the Princeton Triangle Club, of which Mr. Ferrer is a distinguished graduate, it might be fairly funny. As it is, no.

"The Bear" is an acutely Russian specimen about an aristocratic young widow and a homespun neighbor who has come to collect some money she owes him but remains to propose marriage. There seemed some promise of humor when the lady suggested they settle everything with a couple of duelling pistols, but somehow nothing came of it. "The Bear" employs Mr. Ferrer, Frances Reid, and Francis Letton, who is billed as "Luka, Popova's aged footman." There may be some kind of clue in that.

"On the Harmfulness of Tobacco" is a monologue executed by Mr. Ferrer. It oscillates helplessly between comedy (the hero's lecture deals with everything but tobacco) and pathos (he confides to the audience that his life is a failure and his wife a monster), without ever quite achieving either. If Mr. Ferrer demonstrates anything, it is that an actor can pause for a full ten seconds between words, and do it again and again, without really driving his auditors out of their minds.

"The Wedding" has to do with a pretentious dinner, which is continually interrupted by low-comedy drunks who make unintelligible speeches and shout insults, and which finally collapses altogether with the discovery that the guest of honor, supposed to be a celebrated military figure, is just a practical joke on the part of one of the merrymakers. Mr. Ferrer does not appear in "The Wedding" but practically everybody else does—Mr. Whorf, Paula Laurence, Grace Coppin, Phyllis Hill, John Carradine, Will Kuluva, and about sixteen others. Mr. Whorf and Mr. Kuluva provide a few moments of effective, if rather primitive, comedy, but the rest is just confusion and noise.

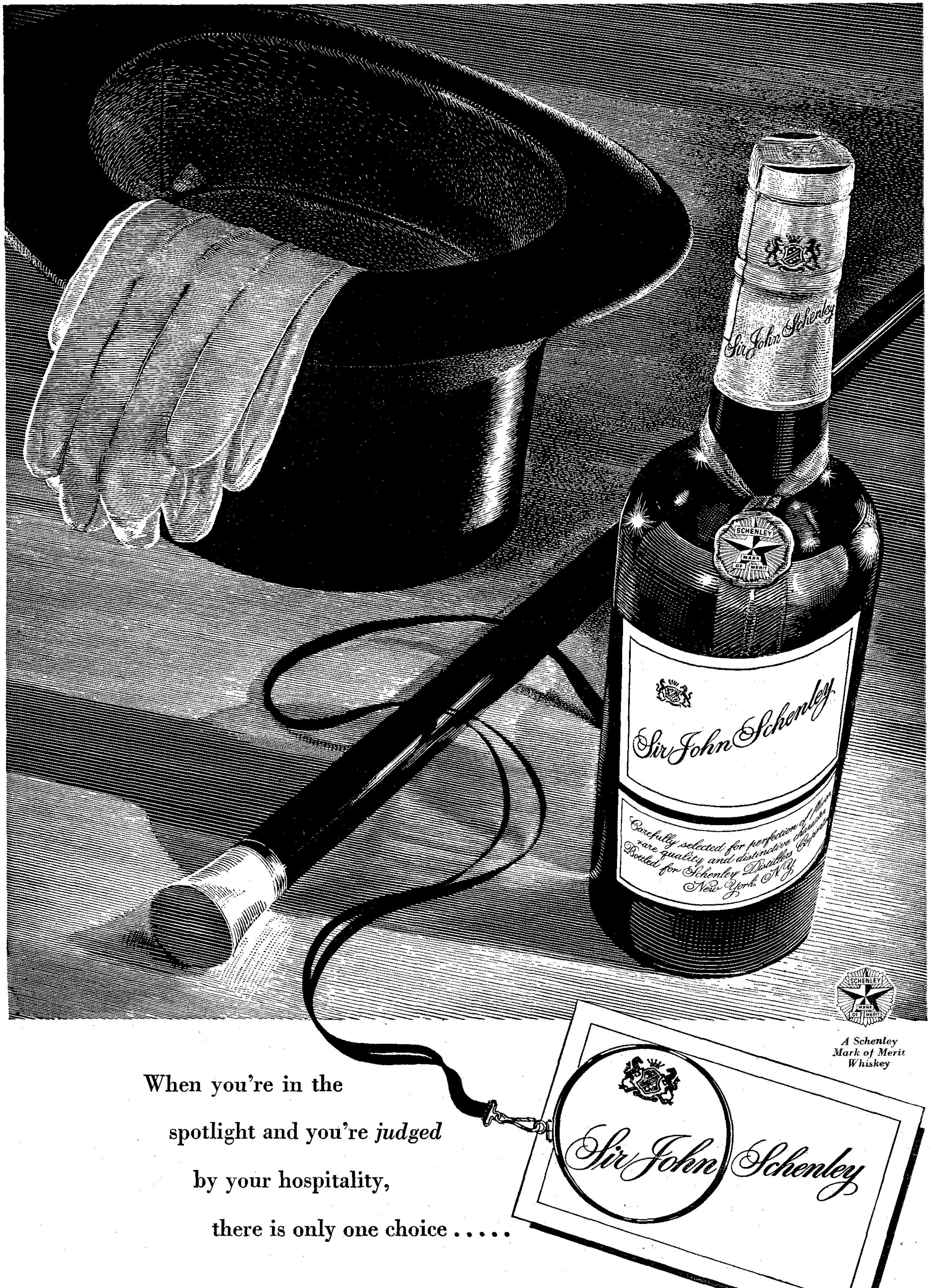
Altogether, it is quite a program.



"MAKE MINE MANHATTAN"

The untidy party on the left in this picture is David Burns, the fashion plate opposing him is Sid Caesar, and the cute trick in the middle is Sheila Bond. They are appearing in the Arnold B. Horwitt-Richard Lewine revue at the Broadhurst.

A MIMEOGRAPHED notice sent out to the critics before the opening of "Kathleen" explained that its heroine was supposed to be "Ireland herself, the Kathleen ni Houhlihan of the ancient poets," that the other characters in it were "symbolic of types of modern Ireland," and that the "Kathleen play" is "a recognized form in Irish dramatic literature." Primed with this information, I went to the Mansfield on my toes for allegory and secondary significance. When I left, a little early, my ears were ringing with loud Celtic laughter, but I had succeeded in identifying nobody with anything except a noisy troupe of actors in a remarkably uneventful play. The Kathleen I saw was a dark, pretty girl, almost beside herself with national mannerisms, who had cooked up some elaborate joke about being pregnant. Her victims were three elderly men, symbolizing, perhaps, various degrees of dullness, and three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young suitors, representing type casting as much as anything else, who for reasons I've forgotten now were all willing to accept the responsibility for her condition. Altogether, "Kathleen" just struck me as an overpowering example of how to sustain a nonexistent dilemma, but there may have been more in it than met my eye, because the response in some sections of the house was almost maniacal. The cast included Whitford Kane, Andree Wallace, and Whitfield Connor. Their accents, as far as I could tell, were unimpeachable.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

R.D. 1, Meshoppen, Pa.
February 1, 1948

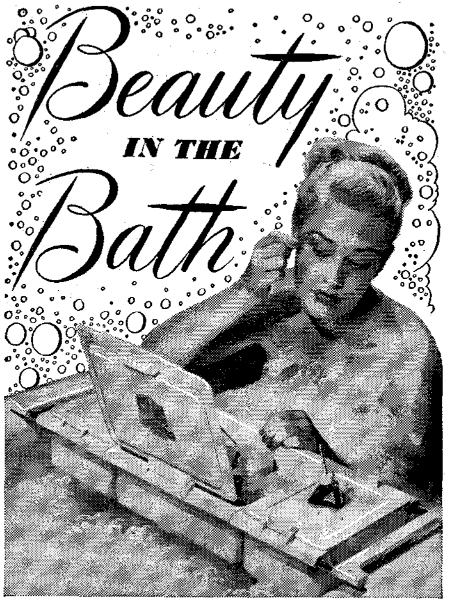
The Editors of *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

Among the Christmas presents I give my daughter, a teacher in Northampton, Massachusetts, is a year's subscription to *The New Yorker*. After she has read each copy, she sends it on to me. Living in the northeastern corner of the Keystone State—and out in the "sticks," at that—I thoroughly enjoy *The New Yorker*. It brings glimpses of the Big City that I can get in no other way. Imagine my astonishment, therefore, at finding an article on eggs in your issue of December 6th—complete, full of statistics, and quite comprehensible, the kind I'd expect to find in one of my farm papers.

However, there was one statement in the piece that I feel urged to set you right about. You say, "The white of a chicken's egg is the only egg white that will beat." Nay, nay. We used to keep chickens on our farm but for several years now have had only turkeys (broad-breasted Bronzes), and I can assure you that a turkey's egg does beat. In fact, it forms a very much stiffer meringue than the white of any chicken's egg and, furthermore, since a turkey's egg is one-third larger than a chicken's egg, makes much more meringue when beaten. Incidentally, an egg white beats quicker and has a much stiffer consistency if the egg is a few days old, whether it came from a turkey or a chicken.

I hope that whoever wrote the article will not resent this minor correction from a farm woman.

Sincerely,
Mrs. J. B. Quick



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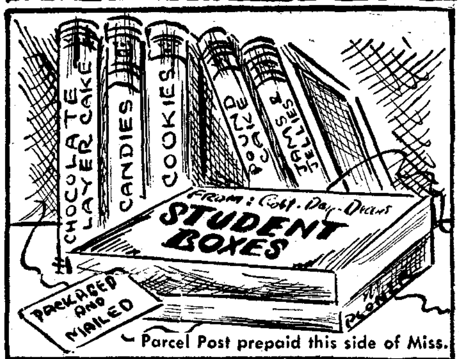

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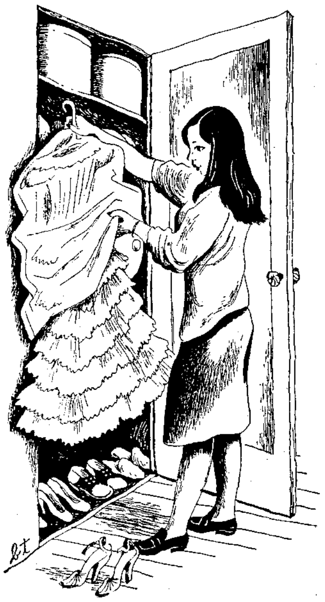
LIFE WITH THE DAI ITIANS

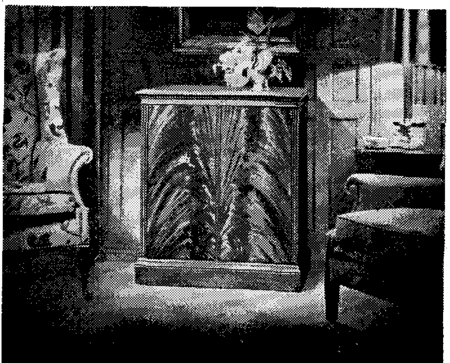
TOKYO

THE Dai Iti Hotel is one of the largest billets for American officers and civilians, male and female, in Tokyo. Physically, it looks like a Statler hotel in any Midwestern city. It is a stone pile, eight stories high, with central heating, flush toilets, and even a number of rooms with private baths, containing tubs about the size of laundry sinks, that are assigned to female guests and the more eminent male guests. Most of the rooms are quite small, but each has a comfortable bed, an electric light, and a telephone. The lobby is a vast hall, divided at the rear into two unequal parts by the jutting walls of the elevator shafts. The ceiling is supported by pillars that seem as fat as California redwoods by contrast to the squat, overstuffed chairs—designed for short, Japanese legs—that are scattered about. (The chairs are so low that an American sitting in one has either to hunch his knees up to his chin or sprawl with his feet shoved far out in front of him.) Atmospherically, however, the hotel is more like the terrace of the cafeteria of the Central Park zoo. In both places a visitor encounters people of incongruous backgrounds, interests, and personalities, strangers who are united for the moment by an environment that induces an informal camaraderie. At the zoo, the terrace sitters are apt to chat with an intimacy that exists only because it is transitory. In the background are the caged birds and animals—some, like the monkeys, amusing and lively, and others, like the cockatoos, charming and bright-colored. As for the tigers, they are under especially firm control. For the majority of Americans quartered at the Dai Iti Hotel, life in Japan is merely an interlude, no matter how long they may be stationed in the country. They are united during this interlude only by the fact that they are living and working together in a strange land. Some of the natives are amusing, of course, and the little girls, in their colored kimonos, are as charming as any bright birds. The dangerous fellows have presumably all been caged.

The Dai Iti was built by the Japanese in 1938, with the idea of making foreign visitors comfortable. The project has turned out according to plan, even though the builders were thinking of visitors to the 1940 Olympic Games. The hotel now houses about a hundred field-grade officers, including a few Wacs, of General MacArthur's headquarters staff (higher ranks are put up in the Imperial Hotel) and four hundred civilians, of whom perhaps twenty are women. The lobby, which was intended to be a background for gay international sporting chatter, is now a combination cocktail lounge, shopping arcade, and country club, and, like a Statler lobby, it is the home base of residents of the hotel who can't figure out what to do with their free time in the evenings.



THE day's activity starts early at the Dai Iti. At six-thirty, when breakfast begins, a number of people can be found in the lobby waiting for the dining room to open; by seven, a minor stampede is pushing into the room. Everyone brushes past the mess officer's desk, chooses a table, props up his copy of the *Stars & Stripes*, and digs into his oatmeal and eggs. Office hours for the business of occupying Japan begin at eight. While they are waiting in the lobby for the buses that go to the major Army office buildings, the Dai Itians jostle about, scanning the bulletin board for news of movie programs, concerts, or classes, or for announcements dealing with the next liquor ration, the barbershop, or the laundry. Strangers open conversations by identifying themselves in cabalistic bureaucratic terms, as though offering the password of a secret society: "I'm E.S.S. Food," "I'm Zaibatsu." In these casual meetings, the guests often forget to exchange names, this sort of cryptic identification being considered sufficient. There is a bird-on-the-wing quality about life at the Dai Iti. By eight-thirty, the lobby is almost deserted. At noon, the turmoil starts up again when the residents return for lunch. Before going into the dining room,



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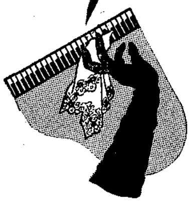

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most of the crowd forms a queue in front of the PX counter, along one side of the lobby. Since practically everything at the PX is rationed, it is impossible to lay up large stocks of such staples as cigarettes, chocolate bars, peanuts, and chewing gum. The attendants are mostly Japanese girls, supervised by an American non-com, and many of the shoppers practice their Japanese as they make their purchases.

The dining room of the Dai Iti is about as cozy as the concourse of Grand Central Terminal, which, indeed, it somewhat resembles. The main part of it has a glass roof dotted with almost invisible pale-silver stars. Pillars faced with imitation marble form colonnades along the sides of the room, and the walls are decorated with large oils of flowers and landscapes. On a hallway alongside this big room are several smaller ones, which are used for conferences, poker games, and luncheon and dinner parties. No Japanese except employees are allowed in the main room, but it is possible to bring a Japanese considered important to the efficient administration of the occupation to one of these retreats to dine. At noon, the dining room is a tumult. The voices of the diners and the banging of crockery rebound from the glass ceiling and merge into a confused and hollow roar. Newly arrived civilians sometimes try to carry on thoughtful conversations in the din, but Army personnel are wiser, and stick to shop talk about the problems of leave and pay, to which they already know the responses. Dinner is less frantic. Since the Army stops work most days at five, and Wednesdays and Saturdays are half-days, there is plenty of time for a leisurely cocktail before dinner. Many Dai Itians have drinks in their rooms with a few friends. Ice, when there is any, is supplied by a room boy or maid, and the liquor comes from the Army ration. (When the ration has been used up, hard-liquor drinkers are forced to fall back on a Japanese brand of whiskey called Rare Old Suntory. Neither of the adjectives is even slightly close to the truth.) Until it is time to go down to dinner, everybody talks of his job or the black market, or wanders about, inspecting the host's souvenirs. Some guests may sit on the floor playing with a Japanese toy, such as an image of the god Daruma, whose head rests on a pile of wooden discs, each one of which, if tapped from the side with a small hammer in the proper way, will fly out horizontally, allowing the head to settle on top of the discs that remain in the stack.

At dinner, the most sociable meal of the day, to which the women wear their prettiest dresses and the officers their Class A uniforms, a Japanese orchestra plays American jazz and classical music. Occasionally a pretty Japanese girl in Western evening dress sings arias from Italian operas with considerable charm and ability. Nothing about the scene seems foreign. The Japanese waitresses, dressed in simple blue-and-green uniforms, serve the food and set down little glass dishes filled with ketchup, pickles, peanut butter, and marmalade. Three times a week, there is ice cream, and every day there are meat and canned vegetables. In the early days of the occupation, almost all the diners were in uniform, which gave a certain drabness to the scene; a year ago last June, in fact, when the first Army wife, just arrived from the States, turned up as a guest for dinner wearing a print dress and accompanied by a small girl in pigtails and hair ribbons, she looked as out of place as a candy cane in a funeral parlor. Now only the officers are required by regulations to be in uniform, but a number of civilians of long residence still dress in leftover parts of uniforms. They are careful to make clear their non-military identity, however, by wearing colorful neckties and turning up cuffs on their trousers. The women residents stick as close to the New York-Paris fashion line as they can. Every evening after dinner, there is a small dance in the dining room, enlivened occasionally by a Japanese vaudeville show during the intermissions—magicians producing live fish out of people's pockets or acrobats performing on unicycles.

After dinner, some of the guests drift off—to after-hours work, to a movie at the Ernie Pyle Theatre, or for a stroll about the battered city, doubly strange at night. Most of those who stay behind eventually gravitate to the dance or to the cocktail lounge, where American beer can be had for fifteen cents a bottle and American whiskey and cocktails at from twenty to thirty cents a drink. After a fair amount of priming, somebody invariably feels like singing, and soon almost everybody joins in. The program usually starts off with some such standard as "Rolling Home" and progresses to Japanese schoolchildren's songs. One of them, widely considered hilarious, is called "Haru ga kita" and goes, "Spring is coming, spring is coming. Where is it coming? It is coming to the mountain, it is coming to the valley, it is coming to the fields." Sooner or later, someone will get around to "Moshi Moshi." This ditty has become part of the folk music of the American Army in Japan. It is simply a collection of the phrases that constantly crop up in ordinary Japanese telephone conversations. Long ago, some American wit put them together and sang them to the tune of "London Bridge Is Falling Down." The song caught on instantly, and on Saturday evenings the corridors of the Dai Iti are likely to resound with mixed voices bellowing "*Moshi, moshi, anone, anone, anone; moshi, moshi, anone. Ah so desu ka?* [Hello, hello, say, say, say; hello, hello, say. Oh, is it?]"

ONE of the chief attractions of the cocktail lounge is the barmaids. They are engaging, quick-witted, and lively, and the hotel residents have a fine time drinking beer and chatting with them in a mixture of Japanese and English. This pastime is called "studying Japanese." Some of the men take it quite seriously and bring along a copy of "Japanese in Three Weeks," published by a local press, and try out sentences on the girls; the practice adds that touch of self-improvement Americans like with their recreation. Most Japanese are equally interested in picking up something of the occupying force's language. They are encouraged by the fact that a few common phrases sound as if they were Japanese to begin with. One of these is "O.K.," and another is "Hubba-hubba." In other Army zones of occupation, of course, "Hubba-hubba" is as outdated as "Tell it to Sweeney," but the Japanese have clung to it because it is so easy to pronounce. Not long ago, a Dai Itian returning from work entered his room and found two Japanese houseboys standing at the window playing a game with the roller blind; one would pull it all the way down and release it suddenly, and both would cry, "Hubba-hubba!" They were enjoying themselves enormously.

When the Army clamped down tight on fraternization, an arresting peculiarity of life at the Dai Iti ended, one that, while it lasted, added considerable animation to residence in the hotel. It began with a few Japanese girls who had been hired as temporary chambermaids and who, when their term of service was up, decided to stay on at the hotel, since they had no other place to go. In time, they became beachcombers, wandering about the corridors and, after dark, going from door to door until they were

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Jane engel
Madison at 79th, New York 21

given something to eat. One evening, a civilian resident heard a knock on his door and opened it to a young Japanese girl, who said what sounded like "I manicure you." While he was regarding her with profound suspicion, she thrust out a little box, which did, indeed, contain a manicure set. He invited her in and told her to go to work. It was immediately clear that she had only the thinnest idea of what she was supposed to do with her kit. The American had to give her some elementary instructions. When he asked her how much the bill was, she begged for a chocolate bar on a table and, on being given it, ate it with an urgency suggesting real hunger. The American, who spoke sketchy Japanese, found that she had had nothing to eat since the night before, when a kind gentleman she had manicured had given her a box of K rations. She explained that she had lost her job as chambermaid and had hung around because she didn't know what else to do. A guest had given her the manicure set and told her what it was for. On another occasion, it is said, an officer who came home unexpectedly early one afternoon was only mildly surprised to find a Japanese girl taking a bath in his tub.

SUNDAY is relatively peaceful in the Dai Iti. In fine weather, all the Dai Itians who can wangle some means of transportation go off for the day to Japanese inns that have been requisitioned by the Army as rest camps. During the cherry-blossom season, such well-known resorts as Nikko and Kamakura are overrun with parties of officers and their families or girl friends. For those who stay home, the day is not much different from a Stateside Sunday. There are church services here and there in the city during the morning and usually a concert—by a Japanese symphony orchestra playing Western music—in the afternoon at Hibiya Hall. Some Dai Itians avail themselves of the Red Cross sightseeing buses that tour the city, but many prefer just to walk around, exploring sections that survived the bombings. Most of these Sunday-afternoon strollers generally wind up among the street markets along the Ginza, Tokyo's main shopping thoroughfare, poking through the stalls in search of unrationed souvenirs. It is possible to buy rationed souvenirs, such as silk stockings, pajamas, and scarves, at a shop in the hotel or at the main PX in the city, but there are never enough things to go around. At one time, a sign was hung over the Dai Iti souvenir counter that

DRY
HEUBLEIN'S
The Vatted Vermouth
for Martini Cocktails
VERMOUTH

Read
One secret of making *better* Dry Martinis and Manhattans
between
is to use the Vermouth made *especially* for cocktail use
the lines!
by the world's largest producer of cocktails.
Heublein's
This Vermouth is made from our own wines and *natural* herbs exclusively.
Vatted
Vatted to perfection; crystal clear in the bottle.
Vermouth
Sweet for Manhattans
Dry for Dry Martinis

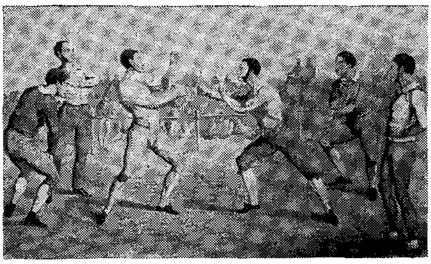
G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

RECIPE FOR
UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM-QUICKS
1 cup prepared biscuit mix
1 can UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon each cayenne pepper and salt
Combine ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in hot oven *(400°F.)* about 10 minutes. Serve hot. Makes about 2 dozen.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SANDWICH SPREAD
UNDERWOOD
DEVILED HAM

Always look for the Red Devil trademark to be sure of top quality and finest flavor.

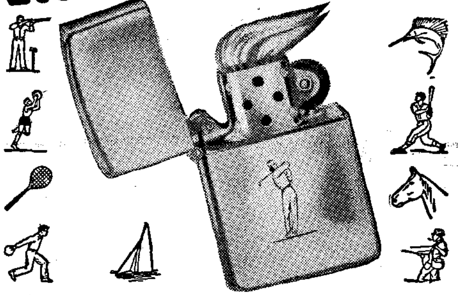
OLD SPORTING PRINTS



Pleasing prints, really old, of Boxing, Fox Hunting, Shooting, Archery, Racing, Coaching. Send for illustrated "Portfolio" describing prints.

The **OLD PRINT SHOP**
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. *at* 30*th* St., *New York*

ZIPPO - THEY WORK



Your favorite sports design engraved on a **ZIPPO** *Lighter—brush finish* $3.25
AT YOUR DEALER
ZIPPO MFG. CO. DEPT. S, Bradford, Pa.
ZIPPO *Windproof* **LIGHTER**

read, "Only one string of pearls per month per customer."

The attitude of most of the residents of the hotel toward the people they rule is one of interest, and sometimes even of concern. One officer who, in the early days of the occupation, lived in an outside room, was in the habit of getting up very early. His room overlooked a bombed-out block (now rebuilt), and as he got dressed, he watched the matutinal activities of a group of Japanese keeping house in the ruins. In the dim light, he could just make out half a dozen figures, dressed in a khaki that was almost invisible against the background of muddy earth. They lived in the open, and their arduous existence was eased by only two conveniences—a shallow pit used for a toilet, and a cold-water faucet screwed into a pipe sticking out of the rubble, evidently the last functioning part of a smashed plumbing system. In turn, each member of the group would take care of his bodily needs, wash his face and hands, and rinse out his mouth. While the others were waiting their turn, they would scurry around and collect scraps of wood and paper to start a small fire, over which they would heat a can of what appeared to be nothing but water for breakfast. The officer could never see what, if anything, they had to eat. Some mornings, he found himself without much appetite when he went down to his own breakfast.

—HELEN MEARS

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(GINHOUSE ROOF DIVISION)

[*From "The Sure Hand of God," by Erskine Caldwell*]

. . . as big as a ginhouse roof.—*Page 10.*

. . . slide off as slick as he would off a ginhouse roof. —*Page 11.*

. . . as cocky as a rooster on a ginhouse roof. —*Page 13.*

. . . a hole in a ginhouse roof. —*Page 25.*

. . . faster than a rock can slide off a ginhouse roof. —*Page 39.*

. . . more riff-raff in this town than sparrows on a ginhouse roof. —*Page 82.*

. . . scramble like a cat on a ginhouse roof. —*Page 97.*

. . . dumb as a cat on a ginhouse roof. —*Page 107.*

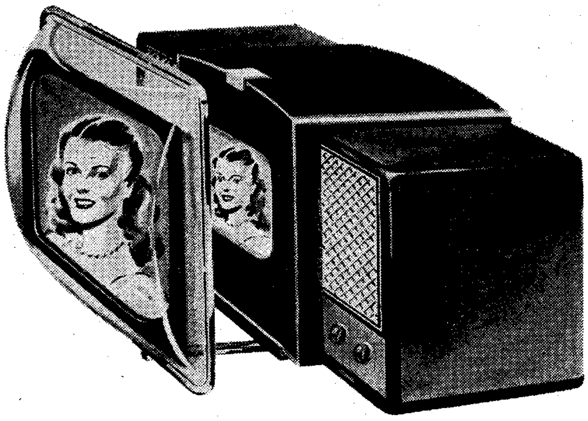
. . . than a hog on a ginhouse roof. —*Page 189.*

. . . as slippery as a ginhouse roof. —*Page 190.*

. . . dropped like a rock on a ginhouse roof. —*Page 201.*

Living in this place is worse than trying to have some privacy on a ginhouse roof. —*Page 207.*

. . . like hail on a ginhouse roof. —*Page 217.*



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New Walco Tele-Vue-Lens
Easy to attach • Fits all screens
Clear, Bright Pictures • No Distortion
$59.95
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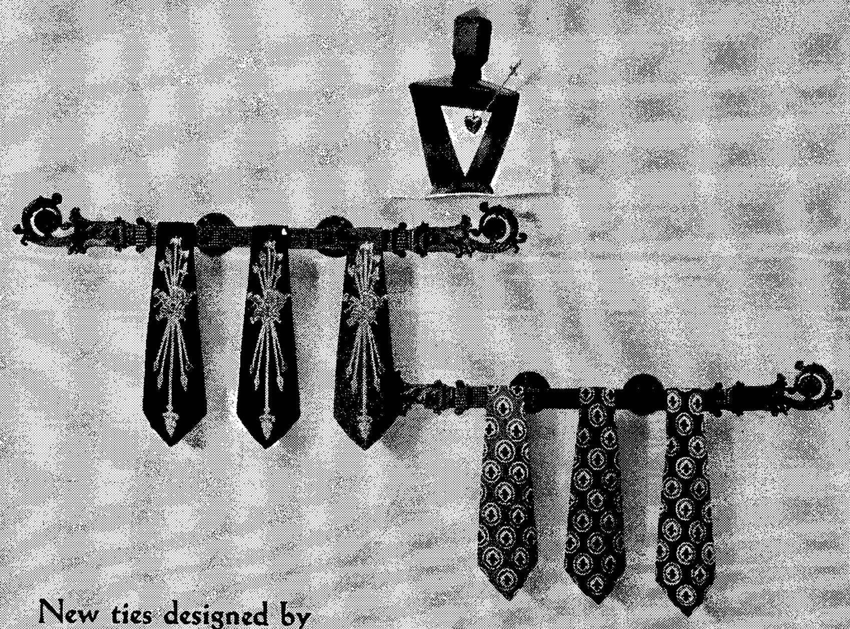
450 MADISON AVENUE AT 50th ST. • 795 MADISON AVENUE AT 67th ST.
228 EAST POST ROAD, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

BRONZINI
15 East 53rd St., New York



New ties designed by
Brooke Cadwallader
from Napoleonic detail.
"Spoils of War" on blue, copper, dark green and wine.
"Laurel Wreath" on copper, gold, blue and brick.
Price—7.50
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PRODUCTS
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OLD FASHIONED
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Mutton Chop • Steak
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. . . favorites in many of the world's most celebrated eating places . . . In very few have they won such sincere superlatives as they have at Keen's.

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For a glorious holiday come to
SEDGEFIELD INN
GREENSBORO North Carolina

Charming English baronial inn. Laze in sunlit lounges, golf on a famous championship course, dine royally, sleep soundly in brisk, pine-laden air. Fine tennis courts and riding horses.

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Reservations: TRAVEL AGENT, or write INN.
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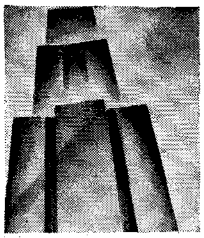
THE SKY LINE

Outside Looking In

DURING the last few years, there has been a great outcrop of new shop and office fronts in the midtown area, and many of them have the New Look. I do not mean the fashion of building the street-front wall so that the show window slants inward, presumably in order to inveigle the customers into veering from their course and going inside. This device provides a little extra shelter from rain or snow when one is window-shopping or waiting for a bus, but unless the slanted front is used in a repeating pattern for at least half a block, it is not likely to contribute very much to the pleasures of the eye. If shop owners are really serious about promoting window-shopping, they will have to make as generous a provision for it as the Crawford clothing store has made in its private arcade on the Broadway side of the McAlpin, from Thirty-third to Thirty-fourth Street. Indeed, the municipality might offer a substantial reward for every block front in which this excellent example is copied. Aside from giving both elbowroom and shelter to the pedestrian who wants to inspect what is on display inside, it relieves crowding on the sidewalk. (This must not be taken as praise of the loud, oversize neon lettering on the Broadway front of the Crawford establishment.)

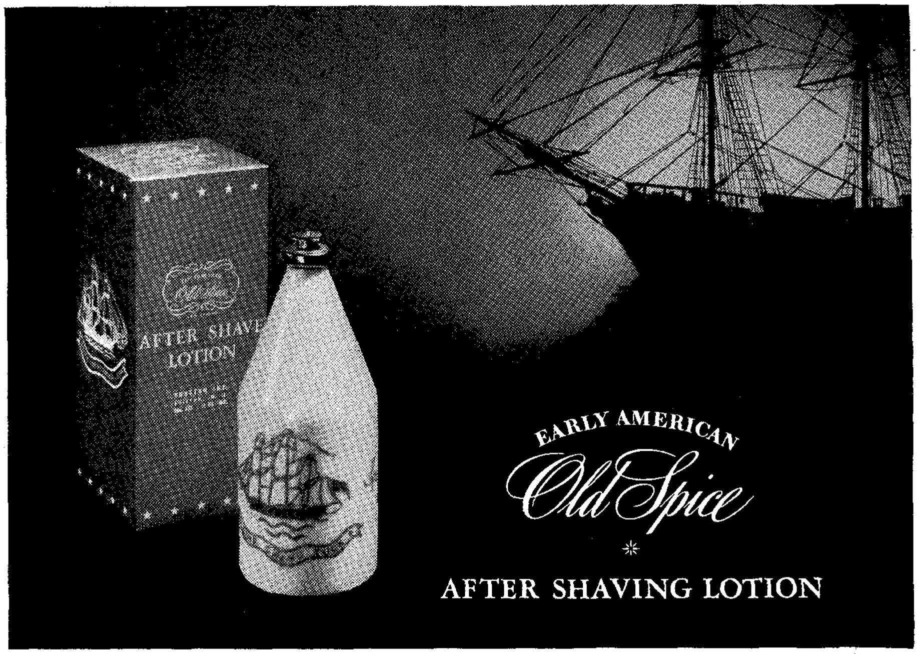
The New Look I have in mind is the result of another tendency—to design a shop or office so that the whole interior is visible from the street, as though it were an open market. Ten years ago, I suggested that this treatment might add to the drama and color of shopping. At that moment, it was becoming fashionable to veil store interiors completely and to reduce all show windows to toy size, which was, as it happened, suitable only for the display of jewelry. When I made the suggestion, I didn't realize that someone with a bolder mind than mine would apply the idea to a corner store, which is what the Florsheim shoeshop did at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street. That example is a sort of test case of the validity of the principle, and though I am not charmed by the exterior treatment, I think the total effect proves that the principle is sound. I don't like the panels of mahogany-veneered plywood, stained to look like dark walnut and bearing bold, white raised letters, that are set above the bays at the front and the side. These panels are too heavy; a whole avenue done in this fashion would be painful. But the designer showed skill and taste in using this dark wood not only on the exterior but on the interior, where it covers part of one wall and all of the other, and also provides a contrast to the gayer curtains, which cover the stacks of shoe boxes. Another excellent feature of the interior, incidentally, is the use of a fine honeycomb grating to diffuse the overhead lighting. When the shop opened, it seemed as though the pageant of selling shoes would be altogether too colorful and exciting to the passersby; an observer might even have thought, from the crowds that coagulated outside the shop, that no one had ever seen an exposed leg before. But, somehow or other, the gapers have long since disappeared.



ANOTHER example of what one might call the open-shop principle is the new office of the British Overseas Airways Corporation, on Madison Avenue near Forty-eighth. The façade presents a tall rectangle of glass, the top of which is formed by a horizontal panel of blue glass bearing, in gold, the letters "B.O.A.C." and the insigne of the line, a Cubistic bird in flight. A blue awning, bearing these same initials and the insigne, descends from below the blue glass. A longitudinal flap at the foot of the awning spells out "British Overseas Airways Corporation," which is visible even when it is rolled up—one of those minor touches that prove the designer didn't pass over little details. From the sidewalk, one can see a balcony, sheathed by a wall of fluted opaque glass, at the rear. The silhouetted figures of the employees behind this glass wall actually form a part of the decoration. At the rear, two clocks, one for New York time and one for Greenwich time, are likewise visible from the street. Plainly, the British have tried to impart to this terminal for their air service that aura of sturdy dependability that is characteristic of their mercantile navy. The light blue of the linoleum floor and the darker blue of the counters and the upholstered chairs have the same smart, seamanlike touch. I can't say as much for the zigzag walls and the echeloned counters flanking them. If these counters are meant to keep queues from straggling over the floors, I consider the effort ingenious, but I have never happened to pass by at a moment when I could see whether the plan, if it *is* a plan, works. If the designer, however, avoided right angles just to create a little visual interest, I would like to point out that presumably useful floor space has thereby been lost. In daylight, this open interior is extremely successful. On the other hand, at night, it looks dead. A small spotlight playing on the two clocks would probably remedy that disadvantage.

PERHAPS the most dashing instance of the new open front is offered by the office of the K.L.M. airlines, between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Streets, on Fifth Avenue. The scale of this front is almost monumental, but the means that have been used to achieve its combination of conspicuousness and dignity are extremely simple. The exterior is a tall rectangle framed in white marble. The front is all of glass, with glass doors at the center, and it is broken horizontally by two plain aluminum bars stretching across it. At the top of the rectangle, just to the right of the middle, big cut-out metal letters, "K.L.M.," are suspended from the marble frame. They are gray in front and blue at the sides. Just above the glass doors, the words "Royal Dutch Airlines," the English approximation of Koninklijke Luchtvaart Maatschappij, in smaller letters affixed to the glass, further identify the place. This frame forms only the nearest plane of a three-dimensional composition, and the white, gray, and blue of the façade are vividly set off by the slender, round interior columns, which are bound in red leatherette. The strong touches of red added by this device turn a good design into a brilliant one, and the further use of positive colors in the interior—red leather chairs in the front and bright-yellow chairs in the rear—heightens the effect. American, Dutch, and Swiss flags, massed at the rear wall—the Swiss Air Lines also do business here—bring the decoration to a natural climax. This is the kind of composition that the Dutch architect, J. J. P. Oud, formulated in the twenties, and designers have not even begun to exhaust its possibilities.

The one weak spot in this interior—and it is a very weak one indeed—is the insipid mural to the left of the diagram of the K.L.M. airlines routes and spanning the wall behind the counter. This mural is as anemic as the global maps (I hadn't even meant to mention them) in the B.O.A.C. office. Such décor al-



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About a million American men use Early American Old Spice After Shaving Lotion for that cool, clean, fresh *"good-morning"* feeling. You can enjoy it, too. In $1.00 and $1.75 sizes. *Prices plus tax.*

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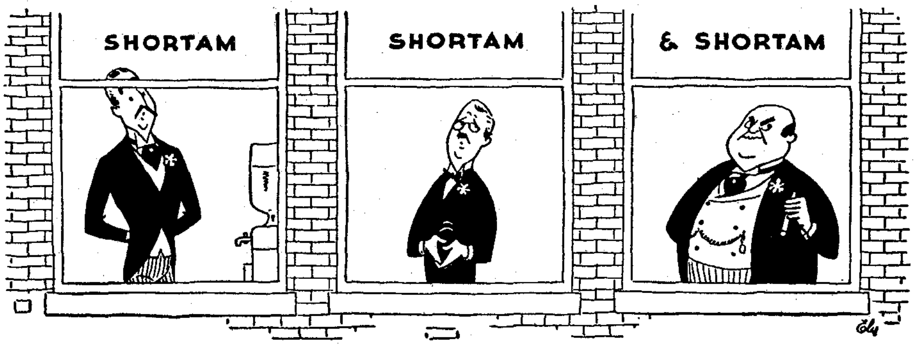
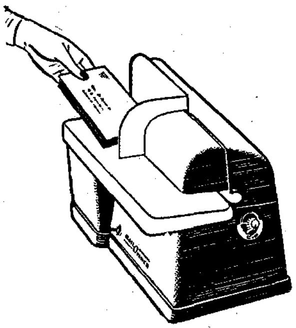
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Shortam's must be slipping—

...Folks in office opposite say the Shortams aren't busy, stall around half the morning!... Fact is business was never better. Mail's so heavy in the morning the Shortam brothers must wait for inquiries and orders to be distributed...

What they really need is a PB MailOpener! ...Opens hundreds of letters a minute, with rotary shears that shave off envelope edges, spare the contents... Efficient, quiet, durable, MailOpener speeds mail distribution—and your business day! Call any PB office, or write for illustrated folder!



MAILOPENER
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PITNEY-BOWES, INC., 1638 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.
...originators of the postage meter... Offices in 63 cities in U. S. and Canada

ways sets back the modern effort to reintegrate painting and architecture. I'd rather see these walls covered with honest, useful maps and posters that could be changed from time to time.

I have not yet touched on one of the best achievements of the K.L.M. design—the stirring picture of Fifth Avenue that its great glass windows frame. The open-front principle works to the advantage of the spectator from within and without. As a means of whiling away the time for a waiting traveller, the spectacle of the Avenue is as good as any movie.

THE K.L.M. office dims somewhat its elegant but mousy neighbor, the shop of Richard Bennett, the tailor, both by its scale and by its free use of color, yet both designs follow a common method and exemplify the good-neighbor principle in architecture. So I shall say a good word for the other shop, with its partial frame of black marble, its slabs of white marble above the showcase on one side and above the doorway on the other, and its big central window with four elongated aluminum lamps hovering over swatches of material. One wall of the interior, all of which is visible from the outside, is decorated with the stuffs of the trade, hanging in a series of folds and illuminated by a row of ceiling lights. This use of the grays and browns and blues of the suitings to establish the tone and color of the interior constitutes what might be called organic decoration, as opposed to using some such ornamentation as a frieze of shears and spools and cross-legged tailors to convey the same idea; namely, that clothes are being chosen and fitted in these quarters. When the shop is empty, this decoration may seem unfinished, but as soon as a few customers are about, it comes very much to life.

THE recent news that the United Nations architects have at last turned their attention to the problem of symbolism in their plans for the United Nations headquarters is alarming as well as reassuring, for it was accompanied by the statement that they have no intention of abandoning the central skyscraper, the Secretariat Building, which will continue to overshadow the more significant lower buildings. This makes it look as if the operation is to be face-lifting, or even face-saving, rather than genuine symbolism. If the architects cling to their fundamental error, they might alleviate it by placing the skyscraper in sound relation to the rest of the buildings. The visual dominance of

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Also delicious icings, puddings and other easy-to-make desserts.
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Chocolate Butter Fudge
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ALL GONE

ONLY $5.00 Prepaid
Add 50c West of Mississippi
4 piece set (dinner and butter plate, mug, bowl) in colorful design. First name of child baked into pottery—all pieces. Send child's name, sex (pattern differs boy or girl), check or money order to
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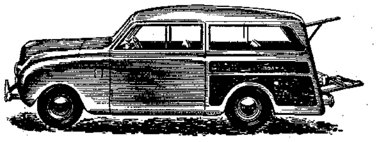
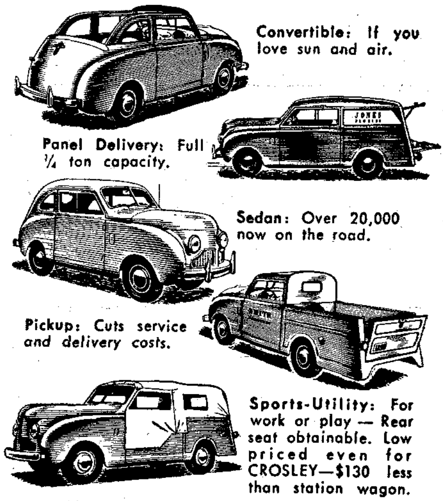
PLANNING A TRIP? . . .
RENT A CAR
DAY • WEEK • MONTH
Chase "YOU DRIVE IT"
438 W. 57th
PLaza 7-3826

NEW CROSLEY STATION WAGON



Smart! Practical! Costs $600 to $700 less than any other station wagon—operates for about ½ as much. Seats 4 in comfort. With rear seat removed hauls ¼ ton load.



Convertible: If you love sun and air.
Panel Delivery: Full ¼ ton capacity.
Sedan: Over 20,000 now on the road.
Pickup: Cuts service and delivery costs.
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CROSLEY
a FINE car
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the world's finest desert resort...
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"the last word in informal elegance"
Enjoy SWIMMING GOLFING TENNIS RIDING
American Plan
LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED BY W & J SLOANE
ACCOMMODATIONS AVAILABLE
WRITE, WIRE or PHONE
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Palm Springs, California

The page one news at the new Press Box Restaurant, 139 E. 45th
take your order in advance.
Lunch in the Press Box is table
PRESS BOX
The waiter carries in his head
and chef's salad bowl and the
New Yorks PAGE ONE dining spot
139 E. 45 ST. EL 5-8297
back for more. You'll be back.
beef stock, with croutons and

that structure would be reduced considerably merely by altering its axis so that it would run west to east, from the New York City Housing Authority's building, on Forty-second Street, over to the river—thus presenting a narrow face rather than a broad one to the approach from the city. If, in addition, the office building were swung out over the drive, it would be visible up and down the river front for a considerable distance. Moreover, by placing the building alongside Forty-second Street, the architects would simplify the morning and evening pedestrian-traffic problem by increasing the number of entrances and exits, and would also cut off the view of the scraggly, unkempt industrial area, dominated by the dingy powerhouse at Fortieth Street, to the south of it. Finally, this change would permit a larger part of this all too small site to be devoted to a garden and promenade—something the present plan does not pay enough attention to. It seems unlikely that anyone will claim, in refutation, that a north-south axis is better for an office building than an east-west one; certainly the United Nations architects won't, since they have used the latter one for their Delegations Building. As things stand now, the misplacing and misorienting of the Secretariat Building is a large-scale blunder, and if the committee is not by now lost in the mazes of fake symbolism, it might at least correct this mistake.

—Lewis Mumford

•

He said the board presented the "pitiful" spectacle of "frightened little men," attempting to "tear the First Amendment to tatters bbecause of their fear."—*The Times.*

There, there!

•

The average person can save at least ten minutes on the time involved to make three beds. Make one side completely, mitering the corners, then walk around the bed to make the other side, the labor saving method used for hospital beds. —*The Sun.*

Quickest way is to jump across.

•

WHAT NEWSMAGAZINE D'YA READ?

President Truman got his $40 tax-cut idea from Leon Keyserling of the President's Economic Council.—*United States News.*

The originator of the $40 idea was Gerhard Colm, a staff economist of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. —*Newsweek.*

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MANUFACTURER
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ESTABLISHED 1818
Gold & 1st Class Medals
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Cherry Heering

Since 1818 Denmark's liqueur delight

for your
after dinner
enjoyment

When you want to add that one extra touch to your fine dinner, serve Cherry Heering. It has a hearty Danish quality, and has been made in Copenhagen for four generations by the Heering family . . . **Cherry Heering is even more delightful when chilled.**

49 PROOF. SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

IMPORTED by Schenley

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

FOR the benefit of those immovably stuck in tradition, I had better say right off that the collection of new wall coverings at Katzenbach & Warren, 49 East 53rd Street, hardly resembles at all wallpaper as we have grown used to it. It does, however, afford a display of brilliant contemporary design that is solidly based on good sense, grace, and imagination. The most important of the papers are, to my mind, those of Ilonka Karasz, who demonstrates the unquestionable advantage of being an artist as well as a designer in a series called Blue Prints. This rather glum title will give you no idea of the purity and simplicity of three Karasz panels, each thirty-eight by eighty-four inches, of gnarled apple trees, done in a combination of line and shading and reproduced by a process that looks very much like blueprinting. These panels can be had in stock colors (raisin drawing on white, or white drawing on Van Dyke brown) for $24 apiece, or, upon two weeks' notice, in a number of other colors, for $45. In a large room, the three panels, set off by walls of a solid color that complements the background of the drawing, are indescribably beautiful and restful. Another paper in the Blue Prints series is a horizontal panel of great subtlety and inventiveness, called Elevation, which shows palm trees, roofs, a Roman centurion, shellfish, and other incongruities, all put together in a very stylized way. A witty, highly decorative Karasz paper, miles removed in character from the blueprints, is covered with a design of chicken-wire fencing superimposed on a vivid-yellow ground ($3.60 a roll); the same pattern, but this time with hens and red-combed cocks behind the wire, turns up on an accompanying paper ($9 a roll). The fencing has a slight unbalance and irregularity, the effect of which is delightful. A design called Fish Net is treated in much the same way. Double Exposure, a study of sun, moon, trees with visible roots, and some geometrical figures, has a mild and rather pleasing lunacy about it.

The eight new William Justema papers at Katzenbach & Warren have such an easy, ornamental quality that at first glance the designs seem considerably less artful than they are. Two of them, both with a strong Chinese influence, are a stylized pattern of chartreuse weeping willows on a green background, and a sumptuous formal paper, called Cloud Brocade, of gold and silver on a putty background. Prices range from $4.20 to $7.50 a roll.

Speaking of Chinese decoration, it is not necessary to be an admirer of it to be aware of the serene charm of six scenic strips, a foot and a half wide and eight feet high, made in China, which fit together to form a panel of great beauty. There is no use trying to describe them beyond saying that they show large expanses of sea and sky, both of the same shade of intense blue, as well as a few small figures in the foreground, picked out in little splashes of coral and jade; to get any adequate idea, you will have to see them for yourself. The price is $90 for the set.

Also not to be overlooked at K. & W. are two new patterns of sculptured plastic wall covering, similar in consistency to linoleum and hung like any heavy paper. One of these, called Straw Square and costing $18 a roll, looks like squares of matting, and can be dealt with in a variety of ways—painted with ordinary wall paint, glazed, antiqued, or left plain. The other is an almost exact imitation of whitewashed brick. It combines very well with a number of the firm's new papers, but it seems to me out of place in the midst of so much dazzling originality; I should have preferred some slight unexpectedness in those lifelike rectangles.

AT W.H.S. Lloyd, 48 West 48th Street, there is a large collection of new designs that have a real feeling for that almost outmoded style, the conventional. A French Empire pattern of small, irregularly shaped gold balls strewn over a deep-red, blue-green, or deep-blue background has been copied on an inexpensive paper of dignity and elegance; $1.80 to $2.50. For bedrooms or dressing rooms, there are some hand-

made English papers whose small patterns have been copied from eighteenth-century china. One of these, in black on white, has a quaintness (nothing to be uncomfortable about) that would go excellently with early pine or mahogany furniture. The Lloyd people, who apparently don't subscribe to the Katzenbach & Warren insouciance about strips and panels, state firmly that these designs are to go on the *four* walls of a room, and no nonsense. The shop does have, however, a number of richly colored patterns that are to be used either as panels or to cover only one wall. Most of them are English papers that are well worth your attention.

IF you have seen the exhibit of rooms that W. & J. Sloane set up recently under the name of the House in Town, you must have wondered about the beautiful deep-green covering on the dining-room walls, which looks very like vellum, something like leather, and a little like a fancy paint job, and which the Sloane people identify as Vinylite, a new product of the United States Plywood Corporation. My own wondering on the subject prompted me to call on the corporation, at 55 West 44th Street, where I learned that antiqued Vinylite is a plastic sheeting that comes in rolls approximately forty-seven inches wide and costs under a dollar a square foot, installed. The stuff is backed with an adhesive that binds it to almost any kind of wall. There are twenty-two colors on hand, and the firm undertakes, for an extra $15, to match any swatch of material you submit. Since the color is applied to the back of the plastic, it cannot be washed, or even scuffed, off; for that matter, the material itself is practically invulnerable to scuffing.

If you have a panelling problem, you should by all means investigate another Plywood product, called Weldtex. Or, for that matter, if you have *any* wall problem, it may be that Weldtex is the solution. This extraordinarily versatile material is made of plywood into the outer veneer of which have been cut parallel lines of varying widths, providing a two-toned look, since the grooves seem to be darker than the ridges. Weldtex comes in four-by-eight-foot sheets, which can be nailed to any uprights, and costs about twenty-five cents a square foot at most lumberyards. In its natural state, it is a soft tan, but it can be painted, like ordinary woodwork, which does not destroy the two-tone illusion of the striated surface. This

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WARDROBE REFRESHER COURSE

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Carson's Men's Store, Chicago

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& CO.

Carson's Campus and Undergrad Shop offers a complete Wardrobe Refresher Course to the style-wise younger gentry . . . and to others, not necessarily young, who are fortunate enough to have a youthful outlook with a stature to match.

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All-wool grey flannel trousers . . . complete with zipper, full pleats, and a tailoring-balance that you seldom see in slacks at 15.00. Waist sizes 28 to 33.

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effect is greatly emphasized when the material is cut in squares or diamonds and installed with the lines of adjacent panels running at right angles. In the firm's showrooms and offices, stained and natural Weldtex performs, as you might expect, every kind of trick in decoration, but it is only at the studios of Harold M. Schwartz, 331 East 83rd Street, that I have seen it imaginatively painted to produce panelling of striking beauty and originality. Here a door and its very deep embrasure have been covered with Weldtex, set herringbone fashion and painted in foot-wide stripes of white, black, and red, and severely rubbed down, so that it resembles some of the lovely Polynesian carving shown at the Museum of Modern Art a couple of years ago.

PEOPLE who want to do a little inexpensive experimental home decorating may be glad to know about an ersatz material used during the war for caning chairs that has lingered on for that as well as other purposes. The stuff looks exactly like the woven-reed caning with which cabinetmakers renew broken chair bottoms, but it costs only thirty-five cents a square foot, at Joseph Renkel, 216 East 53rd Street, as against something over a dollar for the real article. I have seen the substitute installed, with very cheerful effect, by an amateur carpenter, as panels in the sliding doors of an overhead kitchen cabinet and, by an imaginative designer (Mr. Schwartz again), as panels in the double doors of a clothes closet. I have an idea, too, that, applied to one difficult wall of a room, it might do something for a troublesome space. —S. H.

•

OPERATION OWL

LONDON, Jan. 12 (AP).—The British Admiralty has loaned a bird watcher, Eric Hosking, special equipment to enable him to find out what kind of face an owl makes when it hoots.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Weighed down with camera, telescope,
Black searchlight, climbing irons, rope,
And sundry gadgets, furnished free
By an obliging Admiralty,
A brave, perspiring Briton prowls
The Sussex woods in quest of owls.

God speed him! May he carry on
For Country, King, and Audubon!
May he define, beyond disputing,
An owl's expression when it's hooting,
And be undaunted if its eyes,
Like mine, regard him with surprise.

—H. J. GOTTLIEB

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Dining and Dancing

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and his orchestra

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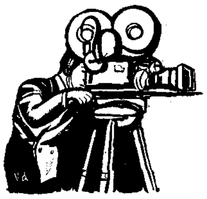
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Old-Timer



ANY premarital carryings on in America usually lead to tragedies or, even worse, statistics. In France, if we are to believe French movies, such activities entail no awful consequences. French heroines who have illicitly surrendered their virtue are seldom seen being tossed out into the snow; indeed, if they can just manage to produce issue after their fall, they generally come to a very fine end. This is only fair, since without sullied ladies there would be no point to a formidable number of first-rate French pictures. Probably the most thoroughly explored sullied-lady theme of French movies of the past couple of decades is one thought up by Marcel Pagnol, who devoted three successive pictures to it—"Marius," "Fanny," and "César." Now "Fanny," which was made ten years ago, has turned up here. It is worth seeing if only to watch the late Raimu go through his expert paces. True, it starts off very slowly and is somewhat blurred with age, but once it has got its heroine, played with great verve by Orane Demazis (who found herself in something of a similar jam in "Harvest"), deep in trouble, it moves along right smartly. Mlle. Demazis' dilemma is established when her lover (Pierre Fresnay) sets out to sea, leaving her pregnant without benefit of clergy. To ensure that her unborn child will have more than a first name, the heroine enters into an alliance with an elderly merchant (Charpin). This merchant, it develops, wants a child—anybody's child—but so does the wicked sailor's father, who, as interpreted by Raimu, dominates the proceedings. There is a good deal too much noisy bickering among the characters, and the cutting of the film must have been undertaken by someone equipped with a dull bread knife. A further stricture might be made about the English subtitles, which are even worse than usual, and full of such renderings of French slang as "holy smoke," "going nuts," and "dopey." For all that, there are some excellent scenes, especially one in which Raimu explains to his wayward son that the privilege of exercising the rights of a father over a child isn't earned simply by the accident of begetting. The

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and his Orchestra
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NO MINIMUM
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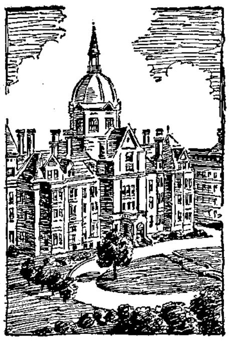
LOST AND FOUND

LOST: At the Westminster Kennel Club dog show my mistress's prize pair of **dawnelle** gloves. Please get me out of doghouse and return gloves to "Clovis The Magnificent", French poodle section, Madison Square Garden.

Chateau de chien

P. S. You'll find **dawnelles** *at your favorite local store*

Outstanding among the world's medical centers is the Johns Hopkins.



Outstanding among hotels is the
Sheraton Belvedere
Both are in Baltimore

views of Marseille, where all this takes place, struck me as quite pleasant, and the incidental figures in the piece looked authentic. Since a lot of the dialogue is furiously candid, I don't think you ought to take nervous elderly female relatives to this one, particularly if they can speak French.

At the risk of making this department look like the Manhattan edition of *Le Figaro*, I must tell you about another French film, named "Voyage Surprise," which, though it was made only recently, seems as old as "Fanny." There's a good idea buried in the picture, which the cast almost knocks itself out to put across, but somehow it doesn't quite come off. "Voyage Surprise" gets under way when a lunatic garageman advertises a trip in a carnival van that is to light out for no special destination. For some reason, a bunch of spies and counterspies are introduced, who think that the members of the outing include enemies from a country called Strombolia. When the spies chase the van in Mack Sennett style, and the customers aboard behave in wildly slapstick fashion, the film occasionally provokes a reminiscent smile. But most of the time it seems too heavily contrived (do I hear arguments?), and I don't think you'll miss much if you forget all about it. —John McCarten

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Picayune's Creole Cook Book," New Orleans, 1901*]

From time to time the family may also have the pleasure of enjoying a Roast Turkey, and this, too, will be found a most economical venture if properly managed for the left-over turkey from the Sunday dinner may be used for hash for breakfast the next morning, and still again the carcass and bones may be utilized at dinner in making a splendid Turkey Gumbo. . . . Thus, if you purchase a turkey for one dollar or one dollar and a quarter (and often a splendid fowl may be had for even less) the outlay of one day becomes a part of the next and what seemed an expensive indulgence will in reality prove a most economical investment.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From the News, October 31, 1947*]

It's 10 to 1 this will be a mild winter, says J. Henry Weber, News meteorologist. Weber came down from his observation post on top of The News building with this rosy forecast yesterday. . . .

"As October goes, so goes the winter," spake Weber. . . . The odds in Weber's book are 9 to 2 that we'll have less snow this winter than the normal 31.4 inches.

Most little pigs go to market,
but the good little pigs go to Jones · but the good little pigs go to Jones
Most little pigs go to market, but the good little pigs go to Jones
the GOOD little pigs

You've heard the story of the *three* little pigs. Well, this is about the *good* little pigs that go to make Jones Dairy Farm Sausage. Yes, they're fine porkers . . . because choice cuts of young pork are a first requisite of the old Jones recipe that has guided the making of this famous delicacy for 60 years. Just ask your father or grandfather about Jones Sausage. And have some this Sunday! At best dealers everywhere.

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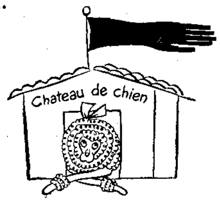
Mary P. Jones, President

JONES
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGE

Most little pigs go to market,

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: A pair of attractively perfumed **dawnelle** gloves outside my stall at the Westminster Kennel Club dog show. Will swap **dawnelles** against blue ribbon. "Me Too", Retriever section, Madison Square Garden.



P. S. You'll find **dawnelles** *at your favorite local store*

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THE FINE ITALIAN HAND

ANYONE setting out on the Grand Tour nowadays finds it a more complex sort of trip than Lord Byron, Ruskin, and F. Scott Fitzgerald did. They didn't have to cope with the intricacies of the black market. Today, in Italy, which has always been the kernel of the Grand Tour, the lira possesses a gay and volatile value; its tomorrows are uncertain and all Italians would rather have dollars. The Italian government, like others, imposes a legal rate of exchange on dollars, but world business, which has ever disregarded nationalistic fiscal concepts, prefers another value for the dollar, less dreamy and higher. This has made the black market what it is, and the black market is not always what one thinks it is.

I had a close brush recently with Italy's black market, or with what seemed to be Italy's black market. The encounter occurred when I was crossing the Piazza Venezia in Rome, where Mussolini and Göring appeared together one time to the trembling multitude —and, before that, Woodrow Wilson, and, before that, Julius Caesar. A pale, nervous young man wearing steel-rimmed glasses stopped me. He muttered at me in English that seemed shattered rather than just broken. I caught the words "New York mercantile." He was carrying a shabby imitation-leather suitcase, and I gathered he was asking for an address. I thought maybe he could talk better in some other language. "*Parla italiano?*" I asked him.

He shook his head. "No spik Italian," he replied. "I Greek, Greek sailor, deezle ship."

"Then you must speak French," I said, but the logic of that remark escapes me now.

He shook his head again, violently. "No spik French." Then he spoke some more of his shattered English. He seemed very young, very unhappy, and very intent, as though making me understand were the most vital thing in his life. I was beginning to get the hang of his weird idiom when a pleasant, well-dressed Italian joined us.

"What's the matter?" he asked in Italian. He seemed eager to be helpful.

"This boy wants some information, but I'm not sure what it is," I answered, also in Italian.

"Isn't he American?"

"No, he's Greek. He's a Greek sailor."

"Why don't you tell him to ask the police?" the Italian said, with one of those athletic shrugs.

I translated, and the boy grew paler and wagged his head like a metronome set for "prestissimo." "No police," he said. He patted the shabby suitcase at his feet. "Black mercantile."

"Ah!" The Italian now addressed me excitedly. "Does he have something to sell?"

Yes, he had something to sell. What was it? It was cloth. It was wool from the English. I dutifully translated.

"I would like to see it," said the Italian.

"He wants to look at it," I translated.

The Greek recoiled. "Not here!" he cried. "Police!"

"Let's go to that café over there," said the Italian, when I had explained the Greek's fear of the *polizia.*

"You and he go," I said. "I'm on my way to the Campidoglio."

"Ah no!" The Italian grew eloquent. "You must come with us. Please. You must translate for us. I don't know English, and as for Greek . . ." He threw up his hands. "Come on," he said. "I will buy you a drink."

I WAVERED. The Greek boy seemed so unhappy, so desperately in need of selling that English cloth. "All right," I said, and we went to the back room of a café near the Palazzo San Marco. The Italian ordered beers for all of us and then quickly got down to business. The Greek succeeded in making it clear that he had four bolts of cloth, then carefully took one from the suitcase, which he had shoved under the table. The Italian examined it. He put a match to one end of it, smelled the smoke, fingered the ash. "My brother is a tailor," he said to me in a confiding manner, "and I know good cloth when I see it. This is very good. Ask him how much he wants for the four bolts."

I asked, and the Greek said, "Two hundred dollars."

"*Duecento dollari,*" I said to the Italian, and the bargaining began. I felt romantic, almost historic, acting as intermediary in a black-market transaction between a Greek seaman and a Roman tailor's brother at the foot of the Capitol, which has seen so many other strange transactions in its time. The bargaining reached the climacteric moment. The Greek agreed that he would

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. . . with flaring skirts

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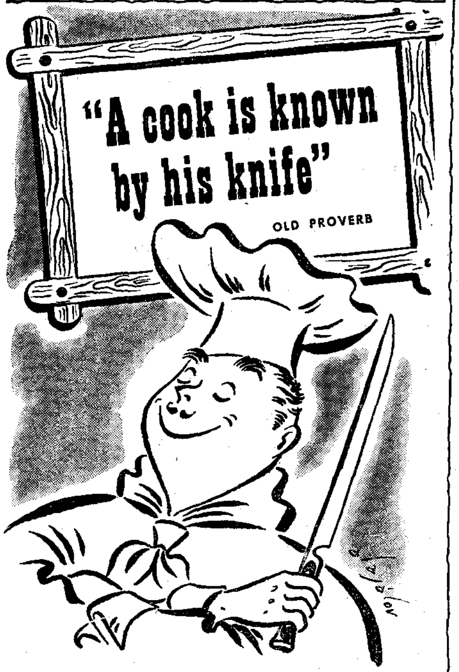
"A cook is known by his knife"
OLD PROVERB

. . . and, of course, a bottle of Maggi's Seasoning

Also remember a few dashes of Maggi's Seasoning bring out and improve the flavor of soups, stews, gravies, vegetables, meats.

MAGGI'S SEASONING

accept a hundred and thirty dollars for the four bolts.

"But I will have to pay in lire, of course," said the Italian. I relayed the message.

"No!" cried the Greek violently. "No lire. Dollars. Or the pounds with sterling." Sullenly, he returned the cloth to its suitcase.

I translated, and the Italian said, "But tell him I haven't any dollars or pounds. Only lire."

The Greek began to shake his head again. "Dollars or pounds, dollars or pounds," he muttered with terrible insistence.

It seemed to be a stalemate. I finished my beer and prepared to leave, but then the Italian said, "Have *you* any dollars?"

"Yes, I have," I replied, "but I don't want to buy the cloth."

"No," said the Italian. "You don't buy the cloth. But you give him a hundred and thirty dollars, and I will give you"—he thought for a moment—"I will give you a hundred thousand lire. You make money that way."

"No, thank you," I said, but although I had no real intention of playing an active role in the business, I did some mental arithmetic. The Italian was offering me seven hundred and sixty-nine lire to the dollar. The free-market rate was less than six-fifty. The Italian guessed that I was impressed by his proposal, and he was right. He pursued his advantage. "It would be very good," he said. "He would profit, you would profit, I would profit. We would all profit." He smiled, as though he were interested in everyone's welfare.

"No," I repeated. "I'm sorry, but I don't want to do it."

The morning was suddenly flat; the fun had gone out of the adventure, for I was now personally involved. I started to rise, and then the Greek said, with a tormented voice that might have been torn right out of his soul, "One hundred dollars." He told me (and with much difficulty I understood) that he had to catch a train in half an hour in order to get to the place where his boat was docked, and he had to sell the cloth before going back to Greece. A hundred thousand lire for a hundred dollars. It was tempting.

"Do you have a hundred thousand lire with you?" I asked the Italian.

He laughed. "No," he answered. "I don't carry that much money with me, naturally, but I have it at home."

The Greek was looking at his watch. "Twelve-o'clock train," he said, having

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APPLE SAUCE

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WOVEN NAME TAPES
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CASH'S, South Norwalk 7, Conn.

changed the burden of his song. "Twelve-o'clock train." It was now twenty-five minutes of twelve, and I pointed out to the Italian that there was no time to go first to his house for the lire and then to my hotel for the dollars—not if the sailor was going to catch that twelve-o'clock train.

"All right," said the Italian. "We will go to your hotel, you will give him the dollars, and he will catch his train. Then we will take the cloth to my house and I will give you the lire." He was very earnest. "Come on. I will pay for the taxi," he said, as though that should have been the final inducement.

Perhaps it *was* final in its way, for, already uncomfortable, I had a sudden feeling of revulsion. I am inclined to trust such feelings. I rose. "I'm sorry," I said. "Thanks for the beer."

"But it is perfectly safe," the Italian cried, rising, too. "You will have the cloth as assurance."

"No. I'm sorry." I shook hands with the sailor and the Italian and went quickly out into the square. As I climbed the steps to the Capitol, I was thinking that they would probably find some other way of reaching an agreement, and I was disgusted with myself for not being sufficiently of the twentieth century to seize the opportunity to exchange a hundred dollars for a hundred thousand lire. Everyone makes a little money that way in Italy. You are as cold and dead, I said sternly to myself, as the venerable stone stairs you are climbing. Sombrely, I accepted this judgment, and then decided to forget the whole business.

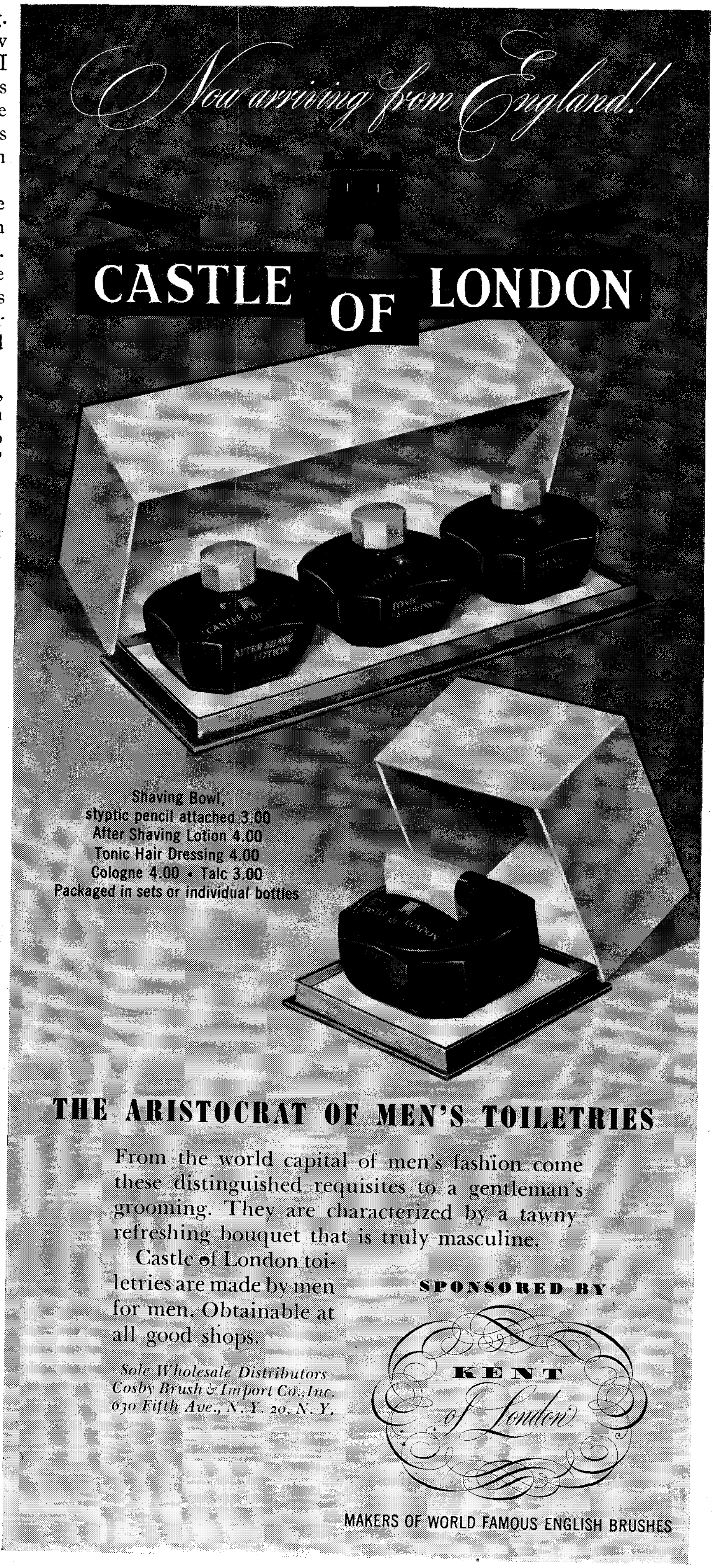
I WAS forced to recall it the other night as I was crossing the Piazza Barberini, the heart of the new foreign quarter of Rome, on my way to have a drink with a friend of mine, an American correspondent. A young boy—he could not have been more than sixteen—carrying a shabby imitation-leather suitcase stopped me and showed me a piece of paper on which was written in pencil, "British Trading Corporation," with some address. "Please," he said in English, with a heavy accent, "where is this?"

"I don't know," I replied, and then something nudged my mind. "Don't you speak Italian?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Syrian," he replied. "From Palestine."

A pleasant, well-dressed Italian joined us. "What's the matter?" he asked. I explained, and the Italian said, "Tell him to ask the police."

The boy shook his head again, this



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time with a look of fright on his face, and pointed to the suitcase in his hand. "No police," he said. The Italian looked interested, and I laughed.

"And now, good evening, gentlemen," I said, and as I watched their faces I laughed still louder, and went on my way to the Flora Bar.

"Funny thing," I said to my friend as we drank our whiskey. "The other day, in the Piazza Venezia, a Greek sailor stopped me—"

"He had a suitcase," my friend interrupted, "and then an Italian tailor came along, who didn't speak any English." He laughed. "I hope you didn't fall for it," he said.

"Almost," I said, and told him how close I had come to being taken in.

"I thought you had more sense than that."

"But it was very plausible. What would they have done if I had fallen for it?"

"Why, any number of things," my friend replied. "Depending on you. You'd have given the hundred dollars to the sailor and he'd have gone off. Then the Italian might have pulled out a phony police badge and threatened you with arrest for dealing in the black market. He might have tried to extort a bribe from you, if he thought he could get away with it. If that didn't work, he would have agreed to let you go, and probably you would have been so relieved you wouldn't have raised a stink. Don't forget you're a stranger in a strange land. Your Italian isn't very fluent, you know."

"But what if I hadn't given in?"

"Then he'd just have disappeared and let you keep the suitcase. Did you examine the cloth?"

I shook my head. "I wouldn't have known what it was worth anyway."

"There you are. You'd have ended up, at best, with ten or fifteen dollars' worth of imitation wool in return for your hundred dollars. You couldn't have gone to the police, of course. It's an old, old con game." He drank his whiskey. "But I admit the Italians do it beautifully."

"They do," I agreed, feeling foolish but better informed. "They do everything beautifully." —GORDON SAGER

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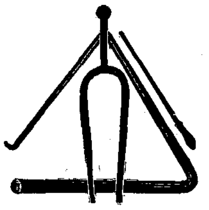
MUSICAL EVENTS

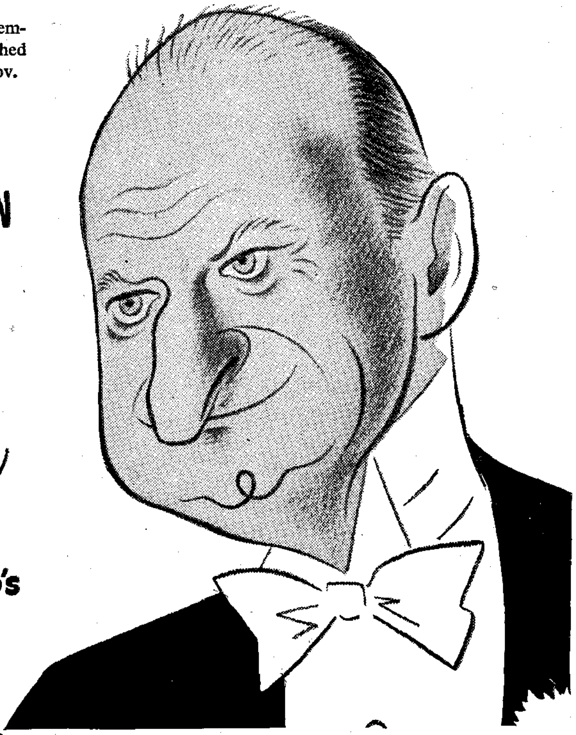
Symphonic and Choral



THE orchestral program at Carnegie Hall last week was pretty heavily weighted with symphonies, both new and familiar. The Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Alexander Hilsberg, came to town with Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony" and Beethoven's "Eroica," and the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the direction of Charles Münch, played Schubert's Fifth and Darius Milhaud's Second, which was having its New York première.

As you may remember, Mr. Hilsberg, who is regularly the concertmaster of the Philadelphia group, directed that orchestra here last season when Eugene Ormandy was unable to appear because of illness. At that time, Mr. Hilsberg showed that he is an able and impressive conductor, and last week, directing a program of his own, he displayed the same competence. In addition to the two symphonies, he came up with Mozart's Fifth Violin Concerto, to which Jacques Thibaud, as soloist, contributed an excellent performance. This succession of formal, or fairly formal, music constituted a difficult assignment for Mr. Hilsberg, because there's nothing as likely to reveal where a conductor's work comes apart, if it does, as a concert of well-known pieces that are classical in design. Mr. Hilsberg's work, I am glad to say, didn't come apart at all. He projected each composition with an understanding of both its general scheme and its detail, and he always maintained structural and stylistic unity. The only fault I had to find with his conducting—and it's certainly a minor one—is that he might have made something more than he did of the humor of Prokofieff's symphony, whose "classicism" at times serves merely as an excuse for waggishness.

The Milhaud Second Symphony, as interpreted by Mr. Münch, was a new and compelling indication of its composer's skill and sensitivity. The work has five movements, all of which are interesting, and the final section, "Alléluia," concludes brilliantly. I must say that in spite of Milhaud's obviously great artistry the symphony somehow fails to make a strong single impact, probably because it seeks to convey too



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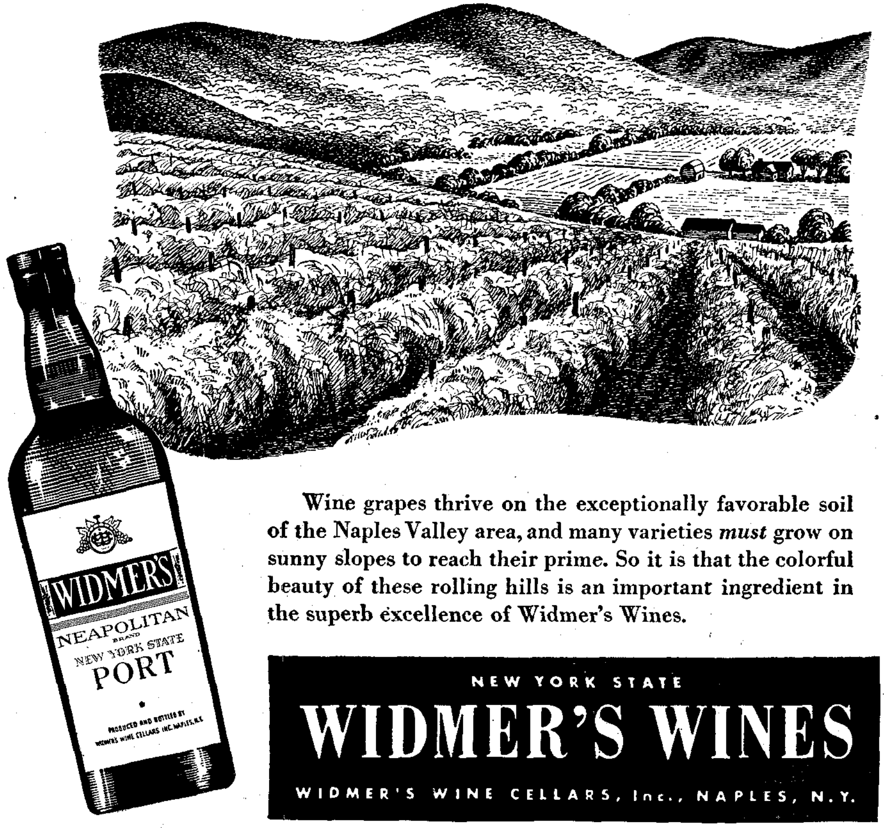

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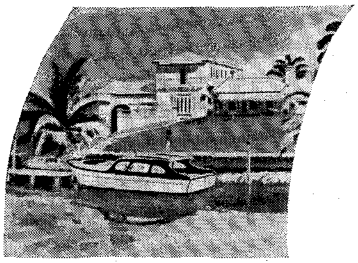

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many different impressions. Schubert's Fifth, which is heard nearly as often as the "Unfinished" around here nowadays, is, as you know, the type of simple, engaging music that makes few demands on an orchestra or an audience. The Philharmonic-Symphony's version of it was smooth and likable but did not manage to get across all of the piece's intimate, rather Viennese charm. During the same concert, Mr. Münch and the orchestra did extremely well by Ernest Bloch's fine Concerto Grosso for Strings with Piano Obbligato, with Walter Hendl playing the obbligato. The program ended, briskly and jauntily, with Dukas's "L'Apprenti Sorcier."

THE Little Orchestra Society finished its first season at Town Hall last week, by joining the chorus and soloists of the Westminster Choir in a sound and sturdy presentation of Haydn's "Seven Last Words of Christ." The orchestra, on its own, also took on Alexander Tscherepnin's Concerto for Flute, Violin, and Chamber Orchestra, which proved to be concise and agreeable, if not strikingly important.

THE Dessoff Choirs turned up at Town Hall last week with a program of music by Josquin des Prés, whose Renaissance compositions were offered as a kind of musical supplement to the current exhibit of French tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Josquin, or des Prés (he is listed both ways in reference books), wrote his remarkable religious and secular works almost five hundred years ago, but they don't sound the least bit archaic. The performances, which were directed, knowledgeably and devotedly, by Paul Boepple, were very stirring indeed, and the enterprise was an altogether happy one. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

Four of a Kind

THERE are new recordings of four orchestral suites by twentieth-century composers of four nationalities. An interesting thing about the pieces is that they have more in common than their rather loose contemporaneity (two were written during the twenties, the others within the last ten years)—that is, enthusiasm and a slick, popular appeal, which are their most disarming qualities. The older pair—Jacques Ibert's "Escales" (Victor DV-10) and Ottorino Respighi's "Feste Romane" (Columbia 707)—are the more substan-

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tial. Of the two, I prefer the "Feste Romane." This composition, which was designed to complete the picture of Rome begun in Respighi's symphonic poems "Fountains of Rome" and "Pines of Rome," describes four striking scenes: the Circus Maximus, as wild beasts are let loose upon Christian martyrs; the Jubilee, as pilgrims walking along a highway suddenly see the Holy City from the summit of Mount Mario; the October harvest festival, with echoes of the hunt and sensuous evening songs; and a street celebration on the night before Epiphany. Each is presented in superb orchestral colors and fascinating detail, and the suite reaches an exciting climax in the swirling street scene, in which the music of a barrel organ and the rollicking phrases of a cheap band are introduced into the metropolitan clamor with the same sort of crazy-quilt effect and artfulness that Puccini achieved in the second act of "La Bohème." The music is richly played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy's direction.

The "Escales," sensitively presented by the San Francisco Symphony, with Pierre Monteux conducting, is an effort to evoke some of the feelings experienced by Ibert on a Mediterranean cruise. "Rome-Palermo," the first of the three movements, is the most heady. It is an impressionistic episode with a strong flavor of Debussy. In "Tunis-Nefta," an oboe plays a snaky Oriental tune above a throbbing rhythm, which is a curious anticipation of that in Cole Porter's "What Is This Thing Called Love?" "Valencia," the closing section, is noisy and Spanish, and I'm not sure that it accomplishes its purpose any better than the popular song of the same name, same period. "Escales" is diverting, in a way, but I think only the first movement is affecting as well.

The two newer suites are "Masquerade," by Aram Khatchatourian (Victor 1166), and Morton Gould's "Interplay" (Columbia 289). The former, offered by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, led by Arthur Fiedler, was assembled from a score that Khatchatourian wrote for a recent production of "Masquerade," Lermontov's play about Russian society in the eighteen-thirties. It takes a rather flip, patronizing attitude toward high life in that period. The suite, made up of a romance, a nocturne, a waltz, a mazurka, and a polka, has a musical-comedy brightness and superficiality. The waltz seemed to me to seek the same modest level as Richard Rodgers' merry-go-round opening for "Carousel" but to reach a lower one. The

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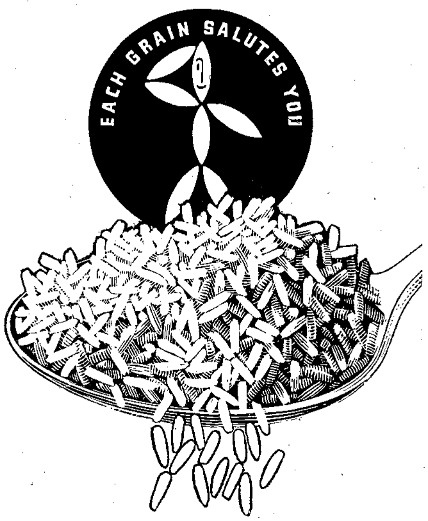

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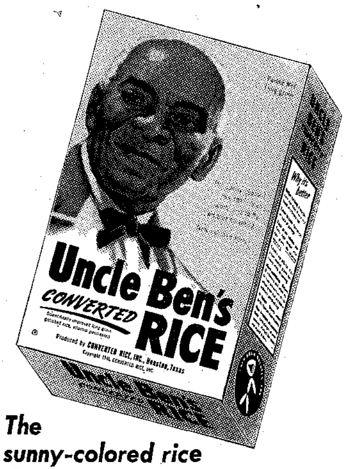

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romance is melodious, wistful, and very much in the style of Tschaikowsky. The three other parts have no such close associations, but even so they are not especially distinctive. The best I can say for "Masquerade" is that it is lively, for the most part, and well performed. In "Interplay," a work for piano and orchestra in which Gould takes part as conductor and soloist with the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra, of Philadelphia, I came upon little that is stimulating, aside from a meditative blues section, done with exactly the right emphasis. The opening and closing movements have, at best, a barren sort of vigor, and there is a gavotte that has some grace but no genuine charm. The playing is expert.

THE perceptive singing of Maggie Teyte may be heard in Victor set 1169, in which the soprano, accompanied by an orchestra, delivers, in French, six attractive operatic arias, all but one from the eighteenth century. The physical demands of the music occasionally trouble her, but her rendition of the pieces is astute and delightful. She does Zerbina's air, from Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona;" two Monsigny selections ("La Sagesse Est un Trésor," from "Rose et Colas," and "Adieu, Chère Louise," from "Le Déserteur"); a pair by Grétry ("Rose Chérie," from "Zémire et Azor," and "Vous Etiez Ce Que Vous N'Etes Plus," from "Le Tableau Parlant"); and a nineteenth-century song, "Je Sais Attacher des Rubans," from Dourlen's "Les Oies de Frère Phillippe."

HOWARD HANSON'S Third Symphony has been admirably recorded by the Boston Symphony, to whose conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, the work is dedicated (Victor 1170). The composition is long and deadly serious, and I think you may find all but the andante, which has a broad, panoramic loveliness about it, a bit tiresome. I detected an oppressive and, to me, dismaying suggestion of Sibelius in the conception and development of the symphony. The work takes up only nine of the ten sides; the last is devoted, by coincidence, to a delicate performance of Sibelius's "Maiden with the Roses," from "Swan White." This piece fits into that enormous collection of soporific trivia classified as dinner music.

NOW I'd like to comment briefly on several new and engaging recordings of more familiar orchestral works. Tschaikowsky's Violin Concerto

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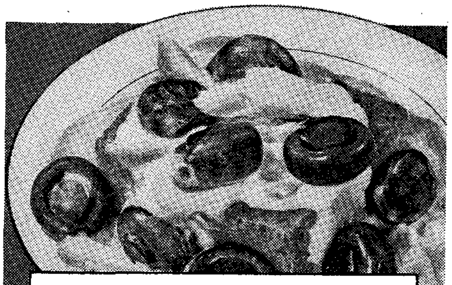

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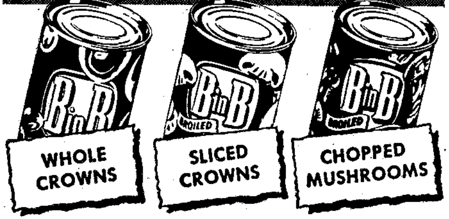

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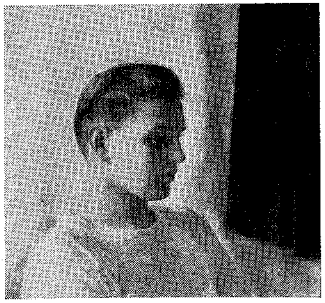

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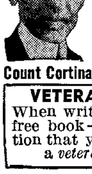

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is played superbly by Erica Morini and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Désiré Defauw, in Victor set 1168. This is one of the finest performances of this popular concert item I can recall hearing. Miss Morini strikes the right tone—sympathetic but not sticky, brilliant but not cold. Then, there is a masterful version of Beethoven's warm Fourth Symphony, performed by the Cleveland Orchestra, under the direction of George Szell (Columbia album 705), as well as a lovely and impeccable reading of Mozart's Symphony No. 35 in D, the "Haffner" Symphony, by the N.B.C. Orchestra, under Toscanini (Victor set 1172). Finally, Mahler fans, among whom I cannot be included, will no doubt be delighted by an affectionate performance—by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter, who was one of Mahler's closest friends—of the grandiose Fifth Symphony (Columbia album 718). The interesting pages in this symphony are too few to cause me to overlook its staggering verbosity.

A REALLY stunning version of Chopin's "Etudes," all twenty-seven of them, is provided by Alexander Brailowsky in Victor set 1171. These incomparable piano works require insight and a sturdy technique, both of which Brailowsky seems to possess in unusual measure.

AS for the new singles, I think you'll enjoy Gregor Piatigorsky's arrangements for cello of Schubert's Adagio in G Minor and "Three Minuets," beautifully played by Mr. Piatigorsky with piano accompaniment (Columbia No. 72373). The instrument he uses, by the way, was made in Italy in 1739 and has a wonderfully rich tone. . . . Richard Tucker's first operatic recording (Columbia No. 72399) presents him in moving renditions of "Cielo e Mar," from Act II of "La Gioconda," and "O Paradiso," from Act IV of "L'Africana." The accompaniments, by the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, Emil Cooper conducting, are especially good. . . . Berlioz's vigorous overture to "Le Corsaire" is given a first-rate performance by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under Sir Thomas Beecham, on Victor No. 11-9955. —D. W.

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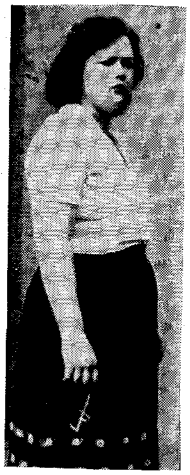

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THAT WAS NEW YORK

CROWNINSHIELD

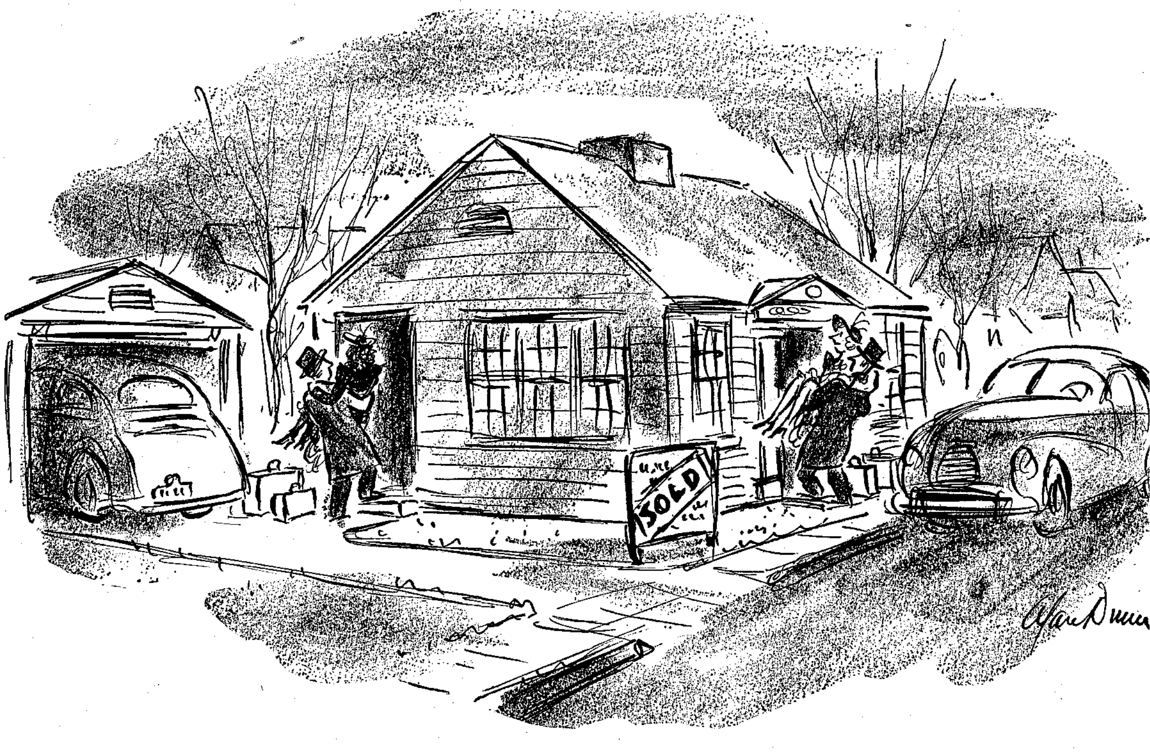
Frank Crowninshield, who died three days after Christmas, at the age of seventy-five, was born in the Pavillon de Rohan, a small Paris hotel later torn down to make way for the Louvre department store, and this circumstance, like most other circumstances of his long and witty life, interested him mainly as an excuse for some conversational fun. Whenever he was in Paris, he liked to take friends up to the second floor of the store, point to the corset department, and tell them that he was born there. His father was an American painter who lived mostly abroad, and Frank went to a number of European schools, several of which he was asked to leave because he was too mischievous. He was expelled from one for burning a pair of rubbers in the furnace the day of a big charity entertainment, which turned out to be rather smelly. He went to work, at Putnam's publishing house, when he was eighteen, and found, to his joy, that this firm, then on West Twenty-third Street, was near the Eden Musée, which contained waxworks and a chamber of horrors. "It was an ideal place to meet ladies," he recalled more than fifty years later, "especially the tunnel leading to the gold mine." When, at twenty-three, he left Putnam's to become publisher of the *Bookman*, William Dean Howells, a great friend of his family, wrote him:

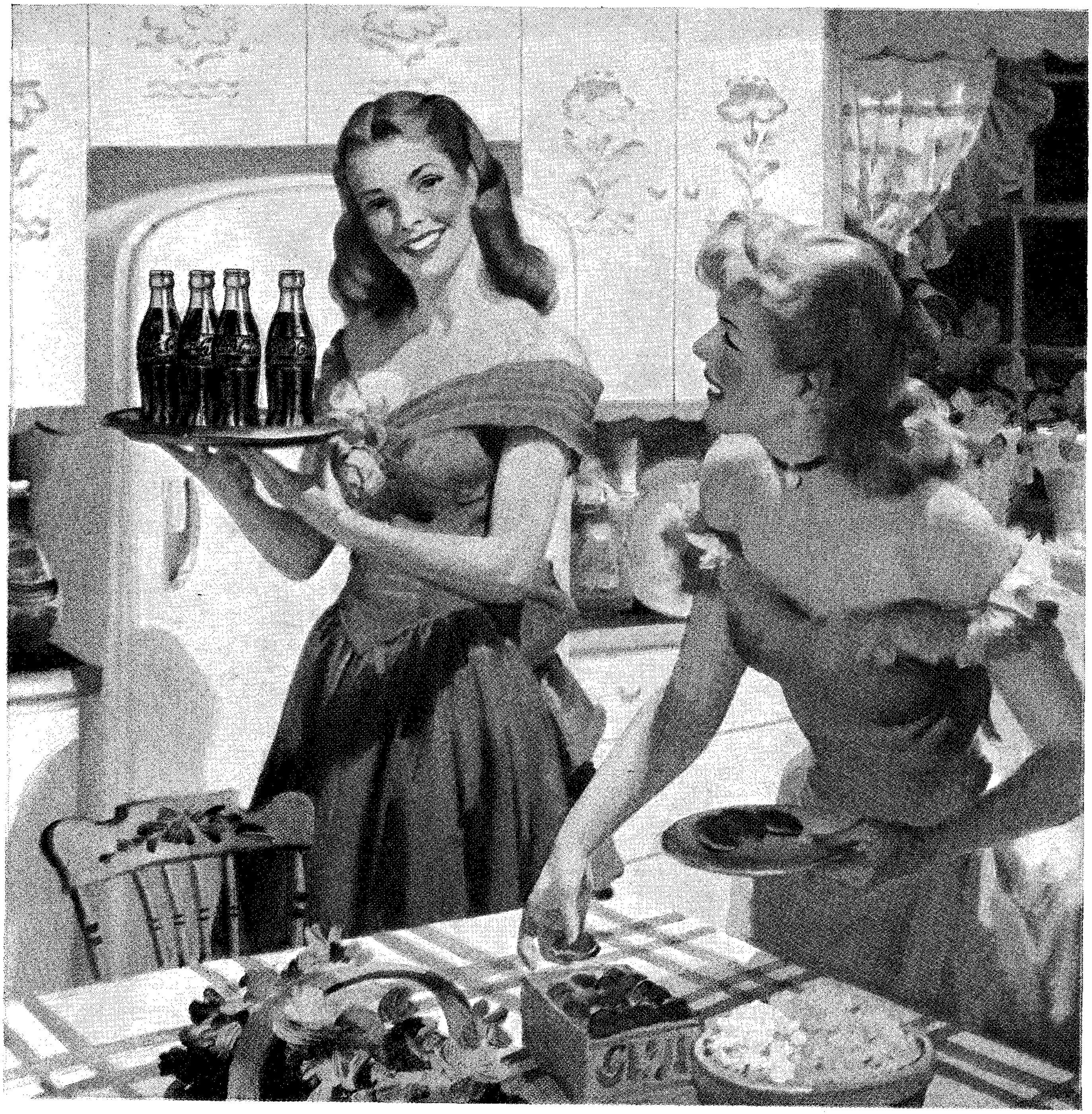
> My dear Frank: I am heartily glad of what seems a forward step for you, and I know you will make it an advantage to others as well as yourself. It is always pleasant to think of you, because you have not only a good head but, what is much rarer, a good heart; and your life is the daily effect of right feeling and right thinking in a world where there is so much of neither.

Crowninshield's favorite word was "serendipity." As the frequent recipient of unsolicited, talented contributions during his editorship of *Vanity Fair*, and as the acquirer of valuable paintings he more or less happened upon, he often exhibited that quality himself, sometimes on highly unlikely occasions. In 1910, when he was art editor of the *Century*, he invited his boss, Robert Underwood Johnson, to lunch. "Now, I want you to come with me to a little place I have run into by chance, where they serve awfully good food," he said, and took Johnson to a Childs. "He could order a can of sardines," Richard Simon, the publisher, once said, "and give you the impression it was a distinguished and festive thing to do."

To help out hostesses, Crowninshield enjoyed reseating dinner parties to which he had been invited by shuffling the place cards around, and when he was a house guest he always rearranged the furniture in his bedroom so that he would get as much fresh air as possible at night. He was an alert sleeper, and sometimes, when candidly snoring through male after-dinner political conversation, which he loathed, he would wake up and take issue with someone over a point that had just been made. He hated the radio, the movies, and fountain pens, and had a passion for ice-cream sodas, chocolate, baseball, Kleenex, modern paintings, plaid cotton bow ties, wrapping packages, red crayons, and people, especially young people. He encouraged Tallulah Bankhead in her career when she was twenty, and once wrote her, "You have been the unseen sugar in my very dark coffee, the little threads of red that run through the dull gray pattern of a Persian rug, the figure of Pierrot amid a company of tragic muses." He had two nieces, who adored him and were often embarrassed by him. Some years ago, when they were in their late teens, and he was squiring them in a crowded streetcar in which they were all standing, he said loudly, "Well, you girls aren't making much of a hit with the men in this car." Four men sprang up, tipped their hats, and offered their seats.

Although Crowninshield liked young people, and even children, he did not admire babies. One summer in the Berkshires, when an infant, in the care of a pretty young nurse, was being shown to him, he remarked, "Personally, I feel far too much has been said about the child and not half enough about the nurse." He was devoted to his family and respected their literary standards. "Now, my sister, Mrs. de Gersdorff, wouldn't understand that," he once admonished a writer whose story he was criticizing in his role as editor of *Vanity Fair*. He held this post for the twenty-two years of the magazine's existence, during which period he developed an interesting technique for hiring stenographers. He never asked them anything about typing; he simply showed them a photograph of some Isadora Duncan dancers, in diaphanous costumes, and said, "These are some of my stenographers, and this is what we do Saturday afternoons." During the past decade, as fine-arts editor of *Vogue*, he worked home mornings. Two years ago, when a new secretary came to his apartment to take dictation, he pulled out a painting of a reclining nude and said, "My former secretary—she was awfully good at shorthand. I hope you'll do as well." He often took groups of six *Vanity Fair* secretaries to lunch at Schrafft's. One evening, after such a session, one of these guests saw





Hospitality in Your Hands

Everybody prizes hospitality—the know-how of providing welcome refreshment and putting guests at ease. Such is the why and wherefore of the popularity of *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola. You can get Coke in the 6-bottle carton or in the 24-bottle case.

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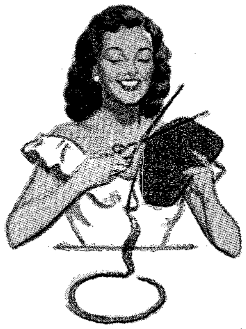
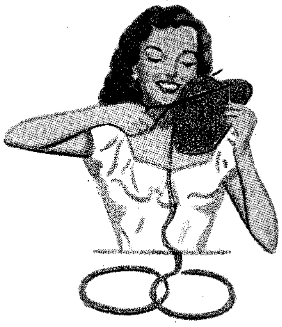
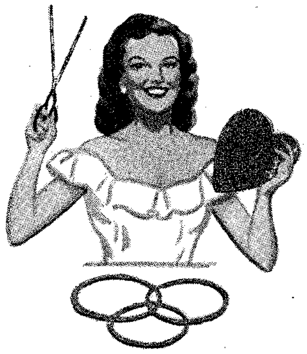


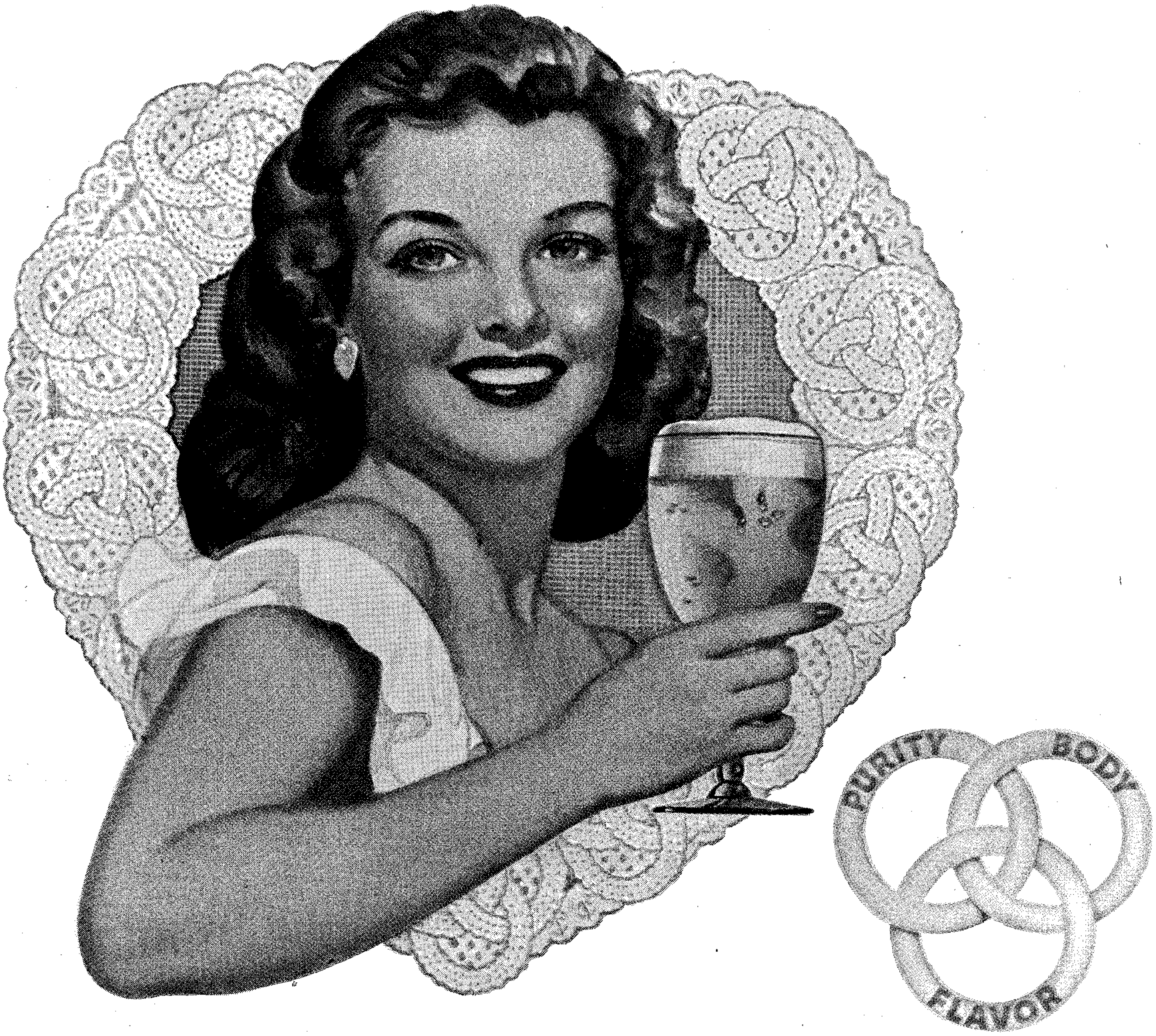
One ring for **purity**



a second for **body**



a third for **flavor**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him on Broadway, in opera hat and cape. "This creature from another world!" she said. "I didn't dare say hello to him."

In the twenties, Crowninshield wrote innumerable letters of introduction for girls who wanted to get into the "Follies" or other shows. They invariably began, "The tottering old lady who bears you this note . . ." He never married; when he was seventy, he said, "My sense of loneliness was not particularly great until I reached sixty. From that time on, I would have given an ex-king's ransom if I had been able, in my youth, to seduce a lady into thinking of me as a provider and handyman around the house." He enjoyed discussing changes in manners and morals, many of which he attributed to the telephone and the automobile. "In my day," he once said, "when you called on a girl, her mother was always hollering down to see if she was still unraped, the maid would look in, her father would shuffle his feet in another room. Today, the boy calls up, says, 'Meet you at the back door of Stern's.' In half an hour they're out of town, where no one knows them. In my day, you hired a buggy in Stockbridge, drove on one or two roads; everyone knew the Crowninshield boy had such-and-such a horse. There were back roads, and you might stop, but the horse was always there, and you had to be back for tea."

CROWNINSHIELD spent part of several recent summers in Stockbridge, where he played eighteen holes of golf a day. The second hole of the Stockbridge Golf Club course commands a view of a cemetery, and a few summers ago he commented upon an enormous new headstone there. "That's So-and-So's," said his companion, naming a man with whom Crowninshield had often played golf. "Ah, dead to the hole at last," Crowninshield said. He was sniffy about stinginess, and once told a friend he hadn't asked a certain lady to marry him because she looked too long for lost golf balls. He carried generosity to considerable lengths. "He'd give away everything you gave him," one of his nieces said recently. "You'd see a scarf you'd given him being worn by a friend, and so forth. One Christmas, I thought I'd beat this —I gave him a lot of golf balls. At a family lunch a day or two later, my brother said to me, 'Uncle Frank gave me the most enormous assortment of golf balls for Christmas.' "

The last two years of his life, Crowninshield worked on a tremendous tome to be called "The Art of the World Today." His attitude toward collecting was clearly set forth in a remark he once made about his famous collection of African sculptures: "I have never collected an object or figure, from Africa or Oceania, because of anything curious about it, or because of its utility or historic interest. Everything has been chosen entirely because of its *aesthetic* significance; its form, feeling, structure, and plastic values." He was especially tactful with artists. In 1929, when Segonzac, one of the many modern French painters whose work he bought, came to this country, Crowninshield gave a lunch for him. Segonzac arrived at his host's apartment to find the walls of the living room, dining room, hall, and bedroom almost completely covered by his own canvases, drawings, and water colors. One of the last things Crowninshield did before going to the hospital where he died was to write a hundred and fifty collectors and art dealers asking them to contribute works of art for a United Hospitals Fund auction. He gave a Despiau bronze himself and then told his secretary to try to bid it in, instructing her to go up to four hundred dollars; it fetched six hundred and fifty. He left five thousand dollars in his will to the Memorial Hospital for the Treatment of Cancer and Allied Diseases, and his friends, who were requested by the family to contribute to this institution instead of buying flowers for his funeral, sent $10,000. He made out a list of his pallbearers before he died.

Crowninshield spent a couple of years in London, four decades ago, as Frank Munsey's literary agent and social mentor, and he often visited England afterward. He loved to rib the British. Once, arriving in London, he advised reporters that he was "Mr. Crunchell from Niffels," then spelled out his name and that of his country seat—Niagara Falls. One of his favorite stories involved a conversation he had with the Duke of Portland while dining at Lady Paget's. "I asked him what club I'd like," the story went, "if I could afford it and had enough friends in it to get me in, and he said, 'I use a filthy thing called the Albemarle. They have all the sporting papers. You can smoke a pipe anywhere. The food and wines are capital. I'm a great fellow for gluing and they have glue in the library. But the principal reason I like it is I don't know any of the members.' "

A SCHOLARLY young man I know who had planned, five or six years ago, to write a Ph.D. thesis

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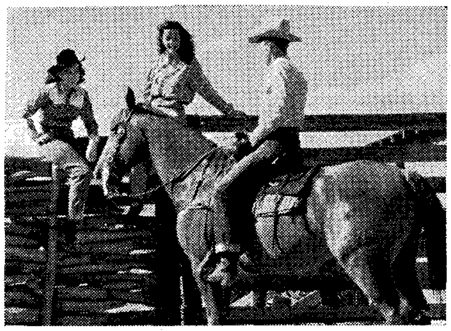

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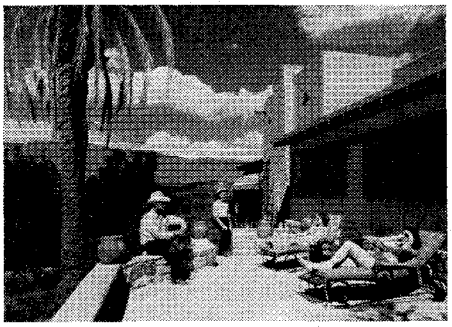

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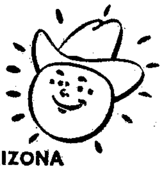

on Crowninshield but abandoned it in order to become a stockbroker has sent me a sheaf of his source-material correspondence. Three excerpts follow:

CONDÉ NAST: A trait in F.C. which has always interested me is his concern over the aged, the sick, the underprivileged, and forlorn. (His friendships with servants always seem as close as those he maintains with their employers.) He has a remarkable way of continuing an active contact with old friends. A happy result, for our publishing organization, of his wide acquaintanceship has been that if a friendly contact had to be established, he seemed certain either to know the men and women we were after or to sense exactly how to bring them into line. It was always, for example, easy for him to persuade Joseph H. Choate to write for us, or Irene Castle to pose for photographs, or John Sargent to permit our use of his sketches, or Aldous Huxley to work on our staff, or Joe Louis to pass an hour or two before the cameras in our studio, or persuade August Belmont and Harry Payne Whitney to coöperate in photographing their horses in their stables, or Isadora Duncan to help in a benefit dance recital, or Geraldine Farrar to do us any order of favor.

CLARE BOOTHE: 'Twixt card tricks and African sculpture, Mr. Crowninshield laid glibly before the [*Vanity Fair*] editors, for their distracted consideration, the serious articles on labor, politics, and science which Mr. Nast was then [1932] ordering from Jay Franklin, Walter Lippmann, and Matthew Woll, in the days when not only *Vanity Fair* was dying but the very world it stood for. Mr. Crowninshield, alas, was not the man to outflank the world of Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Van Rensselaer, even with the help of Matthew Woll. He was spiritually, if not intellectually, too much a part of that world. For the rest, he is the most thoughtful, punctilious, and at the same time whimsical man who ever lived. His wit is Rabelaisian, but his language is strangely Victorian.

CROWNINSHIELD: My interest in society—at times so pronounced that the word "snob" comes a little to mind—derives from the fact that I like an immense number of things which society, money, and position bring in their train: painting, tapestries, rare books, smart dresses, dances, gardens, country houses, correct cuisine, and pretty women. I think I come by this taste from my mother, who was immensely social in her makeup. She took her social obligations very seriously: dinner debts, R.S.V.P.'s, P.P.C.'s, the turned-down visiting card, the well-served dinner, the passion for introducing people, for great entertainments, for "at homes," for —in the old days—horses, carriages, and race meets, and for society generally. Mixed with that, her heart was the warmest and the most responsive I have ever known.... I have been thinking a little of weaknesses, failures, and vulnerable points. The first, I suppose, would be snobbery—a too great interest in the world of high (and rich) society. Second, my failure to establish, firmly, any business or periodical, literary agency, etc. Third, a perhaps preposterous liking for the new,

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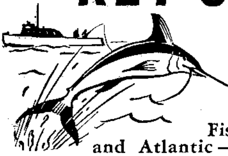

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as against the old, in painting, music, architecture, night clubs, dances, food, and women. Fourth, there is my almost inhuman avoidance of alcohol. I am probably the only man you ever met who has never so much as drunk a glass of wine, whiskey, beer, claret, white wine, cocktail, etc. I suppose, too, that I am vulnerable as regards the matter of sincerity, since I am always making new friends, acquiring new fads, going to new places and trying new restaurants, tailors, authors, shaving creams. Perhaps, also, there is a certain superficiality in my knowledge; reading, as I do, everything a little hurriedly and not studying profoundly any subject in particular.

The concern with the afflicted to which Nast referred once prompted Crowninshield to solicit funds from twenty-three friends of the late James L. Ford, the literary and dramatic critic, at a time when Ford was hopelessly ill and didn't have the money to pay for proper care. With their contributions and a sizable one of his own, he was able to set up a fund sufficient to rent a house for Ford and give him medical care until he died, five years later. Notified by Ford's doctor that the end was nearing, Crowninshield gave a lunch, in Nast's apartment, at which Ford was the guest of honor. There were thirty other guests, tributes to the guest of honor, flowers, gifts, and fine fare. The following week, Crowninshield went to Ford's home in Long Island and stayed with him until he died, ten days afterward.

Crowninshield appeared to be not much concerned about his own final illness. In the hospital, he dictated letters and telegrams to his secretary, directed the sending of fifteen hundred Christmas cards and forty presents, played the gallant with his four nurses, worked on newspaper crossword puzzles when he was nearly blind from morphine, told a lady who, lately recovered from a serious operation, visited him during his last week, "You're the kind of woman they shoot from cannons," and, shortly before he died, when his surgeon, an old friend, asked him whether there was anything he could do, said, "Yes, get me a wife exactly like yours." A member of his family, clearing up his hospital room after he died, found a number of notes scrawled in his writing on the yellow slips that he used for chits. "Send $50 to ——," one read, and another, "Give Dr. —— bottle of champagne on dresser."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

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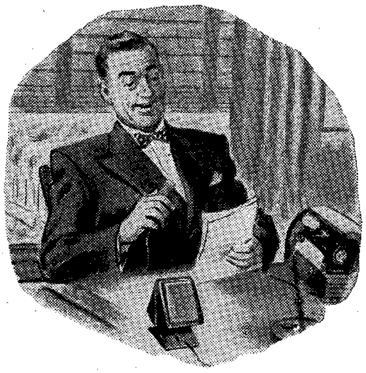

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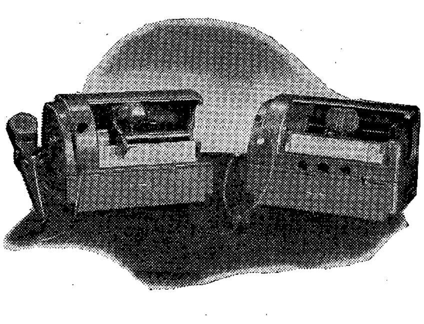

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BOOKS

Briefly Noted

FICTION

THE GESTURE, by John Cobb (Harper). The story of an enthusiastic American air officer's attempts to rouse the sluggish morale of a battle-weary squadron. His methods, which include an increase in the tempo of combat operations and the addition of a volume of classical records to the music library of the officers' club, earn him the admiration of his superiors and the unanimous enmity of his men. Even his superiors turn on him, however, when one of his reforms—billeting Negro and white officers together, in order to speed the repairing of a damaged airstrip—causes a small riot. He is eventually killed on a special mission over Germany, and the reaction to his death adds the final touch to the moral of this slight but interesting first novel—that the dedicated man is even more of an affront to his fellows in war than he is in peace.

THE SUN AND THE BARROW, by Edward Verdier (Ziff-Davis). A first novel dealing with the romantic and financial afflictions of a young artist, who winds up as one of the most dexterous and affluent portrait painters in Paris during the nineteen-twenties. His career, which begins in San Francisco and takes him through New York, is marked by two unhappy love affairs, one of them chiefly carnal, and by innumerable degrading jobs, loans, and unpaid bills. A painstaking performance, but not a very scintillating one.

PREMATURELY GAY, by Jack Iams (Morrow). Mr. Iams' first humorous novel since "The Countess to Boot" has to do with the activities of a public-relations counsel who is hired by a hair-oil manufacturer to stimulate demand for his product. The hero achieves a certain amount of personal success with his employer's daughter, but his assault on the public consciousness ends in failure, largely because the preparation that he has been paid to hawk turns out to be more popular as a beverage than as a dressing for the hair. Unflagging in its breeziness.

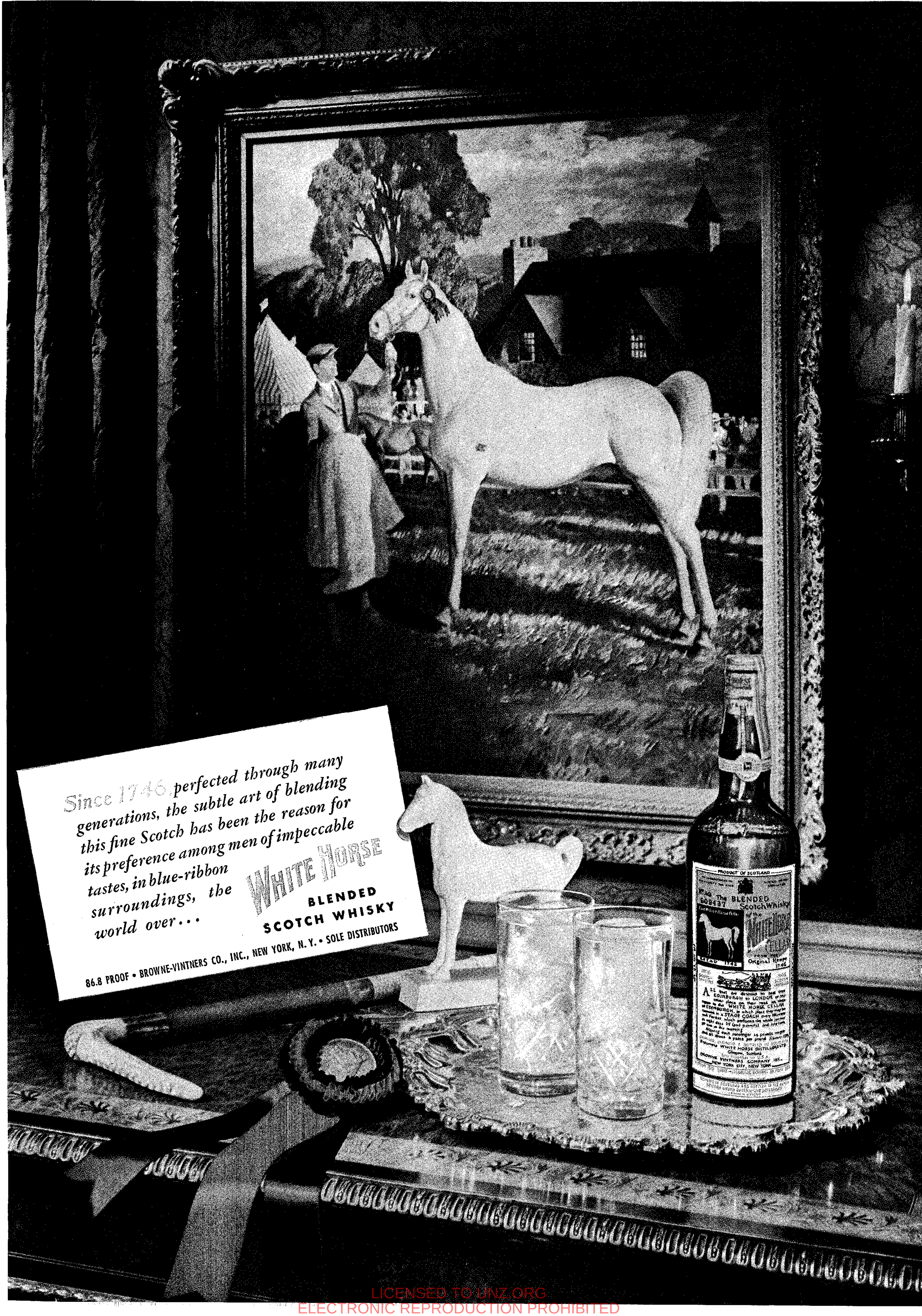
THE GLASS AND THE TRUMPET, by Elizabeth Seifert (Dodd, Mead). The heroine of Miss Seifert's latest book is an opinionated English girl who marries the eldest son of a patriarchal Southern family during the recent war. She isn't particularly taken with the inflated moral standards of her new relatives at first, but when one of her husband's brothers is killed in a shooting fray, she is completely won over to the code of Mississippi River honor. Harmless.

STRAW TO MAKE BRICK, by Alan Marcus (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A first novel about the seemingly futile struggle to erect some kind of democratic structure in the chaos of the American occupation zone in Germany, a project hampered by Army red tape, a stubbornly unregenerate citizenry, and the many officers and enlisted men who lack the moral and intellectual equipment for the job. To save a rapidly worsening situation, brought about by the presence in the local government of some former Nazis, an enlightened Military Government officer takes action on his own. A subordinate, whose conduct has been censured by the officer, ruins the plan. Neatly interwoven with these activities is an affair between a G.I. and a *Fräulein.* A satisfactory effort, on the whole, because of its uncluttered style and its clear-cut portrayal of a few soldiers.

THE SLEEPWALKERS, by Hermann Broch (Pantheon). A new edition of this remarkable trilogy, first published in 1932, which concerns the gradual desiccation of European society between 1888 and the end of the first World War. Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir.

GENERAL

TWO QUIET LIVES, by Lord David Cecil (Bobbs-Merrill). Two literary studies, the first of which deals with Dorothy Osborne, wife of Sir William Temple, and the second with the life and times of Thomas Gray, the poet. This is the sort of thing Lord David Cecil does extremely well, since he is fortified by a perfect amalgam of talents—for literary criticism, for analytical psychology, and for prose. Dorothy Osborne, known almost solely for her love letters to the husband she was so long in getting, is carefully posed against the turbulent



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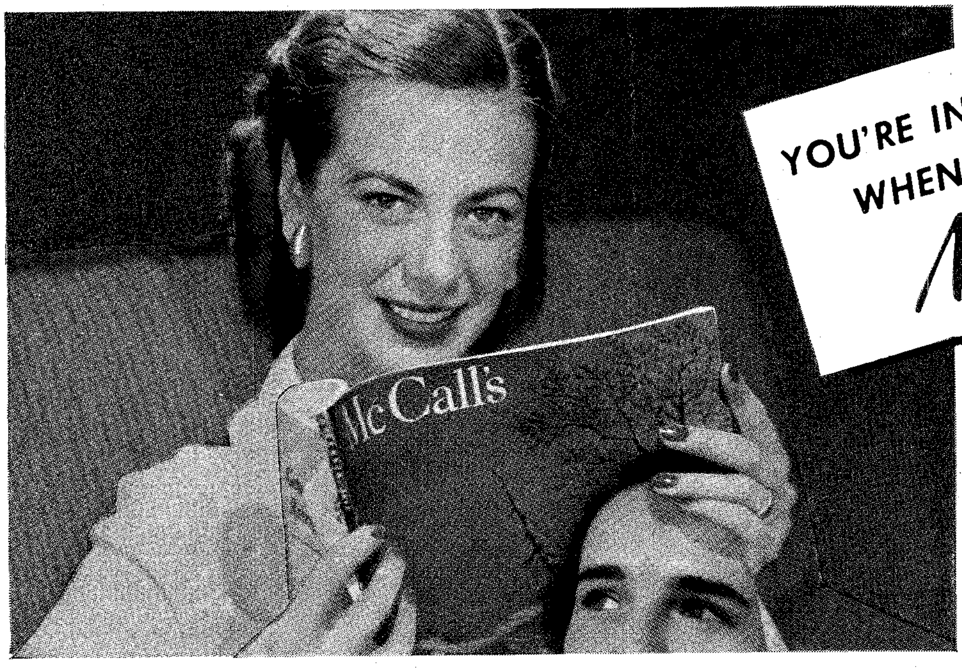

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background of Cromwell's England, and Gray, the retiring Cambridge don, is just as neatly placed in his time, a century later. These people, though not totally obscure, did not dominate their worlds but were merely a part of them; consequently, an account of their lives by such a perceptive analyst as Lord David Cecil leads to a greater understanding of their periods than any number of biographies of their more flamboyant contemporaries.

THE HUNTERS AND THE HUNTED, by Sacheverell Sitwell (Macmillan). Mr. Sitwell, overcome by a powerful fit of aristocratic and intellectual nostalgia, lets his mind wander in and out of history and the arts. In his graceful meanderings, he describes the tapestries of "Les Belles Chasses de Maximilien," discusses an ancient Etruscan mirror and a bout of fox-tossing at the court of Augustus the Strong of Saxony, moves on to such things as the Book of Hours of the Duc de Berry and the Blue Period of Picasso, and finally darts off into ornithology. These little sorties are tied together by an almost invisible narrative. Puzzling, but a pretty remarkable feat, just the same.

A TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN, by M. P. Willcocks (Allen & Unwin-Macmillan). A rousing biography of Henry Fielding, one of the ornaments of England's Age of Reason. Mr. Willcocks, after considering all the phases of Fielding's vigorous career as playwright, satirical journalist, novelist, and county Justice of the Peace, concludes that he was one of the finest minds of his century, and a man whose roast-beef-and-good-sense philosophy and scorn for the adulation of "great men" are particularly refreshing today.

WE CALLED IT CULTURE, by Victoria and Robert Ormond Case (Doubleday). An amusing but not very

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solidly written history of the Chautauqua show, from its early, stationary days on the shores of Lake Chautauqua to the frenzied years of the early part of this century, when thirty million people, in twelve thousand American towns, annually paid up to enter the big brown tent and get a load of culture on the hoof. The authors pay special attention to some of the more picturesque Chautauqua drawing cards, such as William Jennings Bryan, who bellowed his famous "Prince of Peace" lecture up to the year of his death, and the redoubtable Dr. Russell H. Conwell, who delivered his inspirational talk "Acres of Diamonds" six thousand times, with inexplicable success, to unfailingly wide-eyed audiences.

I SAW POLAND BETRAYED, by Arthur Bliss Lane (Bobbs-Merrill). An account of his tour of duty by our Ambassador to Poland from 1944 to 1947. Mr. Lane resigned his job in order to be free to tell the American people what is going on there. What is going on there, he says, is the dirtiest kind of totalitarian politics. He accuses the Russians of purposely delaying help to General Bór's revolt in Warsaw and he is not too sure that the Russians did not murder those ten thousand Polish officers in the Katyn woods after all, but he is very sure that, by guile and terror, secret and open, they have enslaved Poland. Very strong stuff.

CAUSES OF CATASTROPHE, by L. Don Leet (Whittlesey House). A simply written and engrossing treatise on hurricanes, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, tidal waves, and similar destructive acts of God, by a Harvard seismologist. Professor Leet explains, with the help of pictures and diagrams, the causes—or, at least, as many as are known—of these great phenomena, and deflates most of the myths and Sunday-supplement ideas about them, including the wartime notion that the volcanoes in Japan could be "activated" by dropping bombs into them. He also describes some of the more notable catastrophes, such as the depopulation of St. Pierre by volcanic gas in 1902, the Tokyo earthquake of 1923, and the San Francisco earthquake.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HANGING JUDGE, by Bruce Hamilton (Harper). One of those grimly ironic situations admired by almost every

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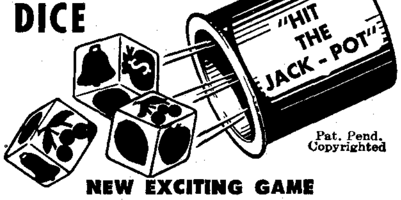

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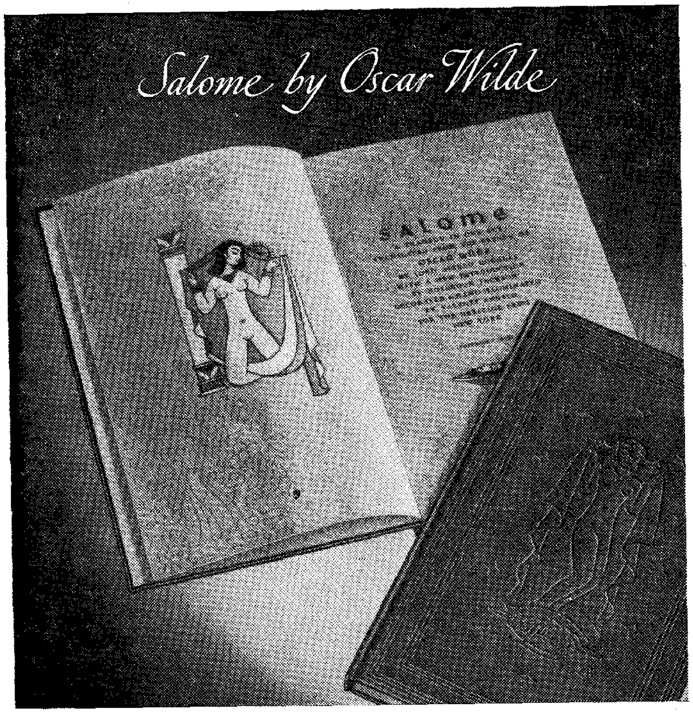

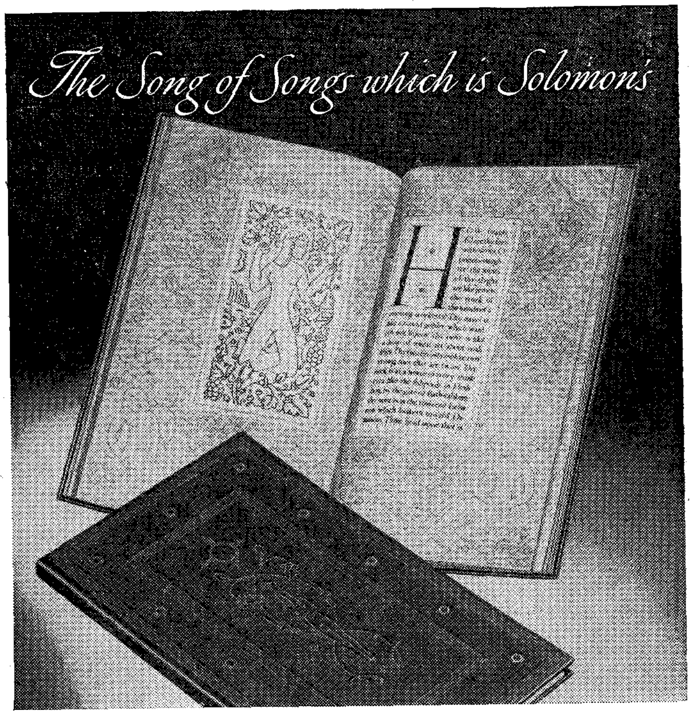

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type of mystery reader is deftly presented in this account of the arrest and trial, on a murder charge, of a British judge noted for the severity of his decisions. The old curmudgeon's plight is, of course, due to some retributive monkey business and in less skillful hands might have seemed entirely too pat. Mr. Hamilton knows his job, though. Most satisfactory.

THE DARK WHEEL, by Philip MacDonald and A. Boyd Correll (Morrow). Cornelius Van Toller, a schizoid New York millionaire, turns into a most elegant menace when he becomes afflicted with an unrequited passion for a young actress. Various people attempt to frustrate Van Toller's unpleasant schemes, but since none of them chooses the obvious course of popping him into a sanitarium, a good deal of mayhem ensues. Overwrought, but expertly plotted.

FLIGHT INTO DARKNESS, by Philip Clark (Simon & Schuster). Hallam Clay, a former Army Intelligence man, finds his wartime training useful when he tries to straighten out the affairs of his foster father, Henry Sturdevant, a delegate to the United Nations and a Presidential possibility. Sturdevant's son, it seems, once collaborated with the Nazis, and one of the young scoundrel's associates has holed up on the old family plantation, plotting blackmail. A couple of murders complicate Clay's task, but he manages to get things fixed up. Above-average suspense stuff.

•

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[From the Springfield (Ohio) Sun]

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